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DRYDEN'S POEMS,

Vol II. forming part of

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SELECT BRITISH POETS,

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Poetic Productions,

Elegantly Embellished.

R. Corbould del.t *C. Warren sculp.t*

Embellished under the direction of C. Cooke. June 21. 1798.

Vide Ode on St. Cecilias Day. Vol. II. Page 81.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays ſurpriſe,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe---
The pow'r of muſic all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was is DRYDEN now. *Pope.*

Behold where DRYDEN's leſs preſumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two courſers of ethereal race
With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-reſounding pace.
Hark, his hands the lyre explore,
Bright-ey'd Fancy hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more--- *Gray.*

VOL. II.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:
Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoſter-Row;
and ſold by all the Bookſellers in
Great Britain and
Ireland.

[1798]

Eigentum
der Stadt Bamberg
Gruppe:
Zahl:

Staatliche
Bibliothek
Bamberg

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN.

CONTAINING HIS

HIND AND PANTHER,	EPILOGUES,
ALEXANDER'S FEAST,	SONGS,
ESSAY ON SATIRE,	EPITAPHS,
EPISTLES,	ELEGIES,
PROLOGUES,	ODES,

&c. &c. &c.

But see where artful DRYDEN next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming e'en in years!
Great DRYDEN next! whose tuneful Muse affords
The sweetest numbers and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall;
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.

Addison.

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A POEM.

IN THREE PARTS.

THE PREFACE.

THE nation is in too high a ferment for me to expect either fair war, or even ſo much as fair quarter, from a reader of the oppoſite party. All men are engaged either on this ſide or that; and though Conſcience is the common word which is given by both, yet if a writer fall among enemies, and cannot give the marks of their conſcience, he is knocked down before the reaſons of his own are heard. A preface, therefore, which is but a beſpeaking of favour, is altogether uſeleſs. What I deſire the reader ſhould know concerning me, he will find in the body of the poem, if he have but the patience to peruſe it; only this advertiſement let him take before hand which relates to the merits of the cauſe. No general characters of parties (call them either ſects or churches) can be ſo fully and exactly drawn as to comprehend all the ſeveral members of them, at leaſt all ſuch as are received under that denomination. For example, there are ſome of the church by law eſtabliſhed who envy not liberty of conſcience to diſſenters, as being well ſatisfied that, according to their own principles, they ought not to perſecute them: yet theſe, by reaſon of their fewneſs, I could not diſtinguiſh from the numbers of the reſt, with whom they are embodied in one common name. On the other ſide, there are many of our ſects, and more indeed than I could reaſonably have hoped, who have withdrawn themſelves from the communion of the Panther, and embraced this gracious indulgence of his majeſty in point of toleration: but neither to the one nor the other of theſe is this ſatire any way intended; it is aimed only at the re-

fractory and disobedient on either side; for those who are come over to the royal party are consequently supposed to be out of gunshot. Our physicians have observed that, in process of time, some diseases have abated of their virulence, and have in a manner worn out their malignity, so as to be no longer mortal: and why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those who have formerly been enemies to kingly government as well as catholic religion? I hope they have now another notion of both, as having found, by comfortable experience, that the doctrine of persecution is far from being an article of our faith.

It is not for any private man to censure the proceedings of a foreign prince; but, without suspicion of flattery, I may praise our own, who has taken contrary measures, and those more suitable to the spirit of Christianity. Some of the dissenters, in their addresses to his majesty, have said, "That he has re-"stored God to his empire over conscience." I confess I dare not stretch the figure to so great a boldness; but I may safely say, that conscience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man; he is absolute in his own breast, and accountable to no earthly power for that which passes only betwixt God and him: those who are driven into the fold are, generally speaking, rather made hypocrites than converts.

This indulgence being granted to all the sects, it ought in reason to be expected that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully; for, at this time of day, to refuse the benefit, and adhere to those whom they have esteemed their persecutors, what is it else but publicly to own that they suffered not before for conscience' sake, but only out of pride and obstinacy to separate from a church for those impositions which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have so long contended for their classical ordination, (not to speak of rites and ceremonies) will they at length submit to an episcopal? If they can go so far out of complaisance to their old

enemies, methinks a little reaſon ſhould perſuade them to take another ſtep, and ſee whither that would lead them.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully, I ſhall ſay no more than that they ought, and I doubt not they will, conſider from what hand they received it. It is not from a Cyrus, a Heathen prince, and a foreigner, but from a Chriſtian king, their native ſovereign, who expects a return in *ſpecie* from them, that the kindneſs which he has graciouſly ſhewn them, may be retaliated on thoſe of his own perſuaſion.

As for the poem in general, I will only thus far ſatisfy the reader, that it was neither impoſed on me, nor ſo much as the ſubject given me by any man. It was written during the laſt winter and the beginning of this ſpring, though with long interruptions of ill health, and other hindrances. About a fortnight before I had finiſhed it, his majeſty's declaration for liberty of conſcience came abroad, which, if I had ſo ſoon expected, I might have ſpared myſelf the labour of writing many things which are contained in the third part of it; but I was always in ſome hope that the church of England might have been perſuaded to have taken off the penal laws and the teſt, which was one deſign of the poem when I propoſed to myſelf the writing of it.

It is evident that ſome part of it was only occaſional, and not firſt intended; I mean that defence of myſelf, to which every honeſt man is bound when he is injuriouſly attacked in print; and I refer myſelf to the judgment of thoſe who have read the Anſwer to the Defence of the late king's papers, and that of the Ducheſs, (in which laſt I was concerned) how charitably I have been repreſented there. I am now informed both of the author and ſupervifors of this pamphlet, and will reply when I think he can affront me; for I am of Socrates' opinion, that all creatures cannot. In the mean time, let him conſider whether he deſerved not a more ſevere reprehenſion than I gave

him formerly, for uſing ſo little reſpect to the memory of thoſe whom he pretended to anſwer; and, at his leiſure, look out for ſome original treatiſe of humility, written by any Proteſtant in Engliſh, I believe I may ſay in any other tongue; for the magnified piece of Duncomb on that ſubject, which either he muſt mean or none, and with which another of his fellows has upbraided me, was tranſlated from the Spaniſh of Rodriguez, though with the omiſſion of the ſeventeenth, the twenty-fourth, the twenty-fifth, and the laſt chapters, which will be found on comparing of the books.

He would have inſinuated to the world that her late Highneſs died not a Roman Catholic. He declares himſelf to be now ſatisfied to the contrary, in which he has given up the cauſe; for matter of fact was the principal debate betwixt us. In the mean time he would diſpute the motives of her change, how preposterouſly let all men judge, when he ſeemed to deny the ſubject of the controverſy, the change itſelf. And becauſe I would not take up this ridiculous challenge, he tells the world I cannot argue; but he may as well infer that a Catholic cannot faſt, becauſe he will not take up the cudgels againſt Mrs. James to confute the Proteſtant religion.

I have but one word more to ſay concerning the poem as ſuch, and abſtracting from the matters, either religious or civil, which are handled in it. The firſt part, conſiſting moſt in general characters and narration, I have endeavoured to raiſe, and give it the majeſtic turn of heroic poeſy. The ſecond, being matter of diſpute, and chiefly concerning church authority, I was obliged to make as plain and perſpicuous as poſſibly I could, yet not wholly neglecting the numbers, though I had not frequent occaſions for the magnificence of verſe. The third, which has more of the nature of domeſtic converſation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two epiſodes or fables, which are interwoven with the main deſign, ſo that they are properly parts of it, though they are alſo diſtinct ſtories of themſelves. In both of theſe I have made uſe of the common places of ſatire, whether true or falſe, which are urged by the members of the one church againſt the other; at which I hope no reader of either party will be ſcandalized, becauſe they are not of my invention, but as old, to my knowledge, as the times of Boccace and Chaucer on the one ſide, and as thoſe of the Reformation on the other.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

PART I.

--------Antiquam exquirite matrem,
Et vera inceſſu patuit Dea.

A MILKWHITE Hind, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the lawns, and in the foreſt rang'd;
Without unſpotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for ſhe knew no ſin:
Yet had ſhe oft been chas'd with horns and hounds,
And Scythian ſhafts, and many winged wounds
Aim'd at her heart; was often forc'd to fly,
And doom'd to death, though fated not to die.
Not ſo her young, for their unequal line
Was Hero's make, half human, half divine:
Their earthly mould obnoxious was to fate,
Th' immortal part aſſum'd immortal ſtate.
Of theſe a ſlaughter'd army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
Their native walk, whoſe vocal blood aroſe,
And cry'd for pardon on their perjur'd foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the ſanguine ſeed,
Endu'd with ſouls, increas'd the ſacred breed.
So captive Iſr'el multiply'd in chains,
A num'rous exile, and enjoy'd her pains.
With grief and gladneſs mix'd the mother view'd
Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd;
Their corpſe to periſh, but their kind to laſt,
So much the deathleſs plant the dying fruit ſurpaſs'd.
Panting and penſive now ſhe rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the kingdoms once her own.
The common hunt, though from their rage reſtrain'd
By ſov'reign pow'r, her company diſdain'd,
Grinn'd as they paſs'd, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy ſigns of ſecret enmity.
'Tis true, ſhe bounded by, and tripp'd ſo light,
They had not time to take a ſteady ſight;
For truth has ſuch a face and ſuch a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be ſeen.

The bloody bear, an independent beaſt,
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate expreſt.
Among the tim'rous kind the quaking hare
Profeſs'd neutrality, but would not ſwear.
Next her the buffoon ape, as atheiſts uſe,
Mimic'd all ſects, and had his own to chuſe;
Still when the lion look'd his knees he bent,
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.
The briſtled baptiſt boar, impure as he,
But whiten'd with the foam of ſanctity,
With fat pollutions fill the ſacred place,
And mountains levell'd in his furious race;
So firſt rebellion founded was in grace.
But, ſince the mighty ravage which he made
In German foreſts had his guilt betray'd,
With broken tuſks, and with a borrow'd name,
He ſhunn'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the ſhame;
So lurk'd in ſects unſeen. With greater guile
Falſe Reynard fed on conſecrated ſpoil;
The graceleſs beaſt by Athanaſius firſt
Was chas'd from Nice, then by Socinus nurs'd;
His impious race their blaſphemy renew'd,
And Nature's king through Nature's optics view'd;
Revers'd they view'd him leſſen'd to their eye,
Nor in an infant could a god deſcry:
New ſwarming ſects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end.
What weight of ancient witneſs can prevail
If private reaſon hold the public ſcale?
But, gracious God! how well doſt thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide?
Thy throne is darkneſs in th'abyſs of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the ſight.
O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
And ſearch no farther than thyſelf reveal'd;
But her alone for my director take
Whom thou haſt promis'd never to forſake!
My thoughtleſs youth was wing'd with vain deſires,
My manhood, long miſled by wand'ring fires,

Follow'd falſe lights, and, when their glimpſe was gone,
My pride ſtruck out new ſparkles of her own.
Such was I, ſuch by nature ſtill I am;
Be thine the glory, and be mine the ſhame.
Good life be now my taſk: my doubts are done;
What more could fright my faith than Three in One!
Can I believe eternal God could lie
Diſguis'd in mortal mould and infancy,
That the great Maker of the world could die;
And, after that, truſt my imperfect ſenſe,
Which calls in queſtion his omnipotence?
Can I my reaſon to my faith compel?
And ſhall my ſight, and touch, and taſte, rebel?
Superior faculties are ſet aſide;
Shall their ſubſervient organs be my guide?
Then let the moon uſurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers ſhew the ſun his way;
For what my ſenſes can themſelves perceive
I need no revelation to believe.
Can they, who ſay the hoſt ſhould be deſcry'd
By ſenſe, define a body glorify'd?
Impaſſable, and penetrating parts?
Let them declare by what myſterious arts
He ſhot that body through th' oppoſing might
Of bolts and bars, impervious to the light,
And ſtood before his train confeſs'd in open ſight:
For ſince thus wondrouſly he paſs'd, 'tis plain
One ſingle place two bodies did contain;
And ſure the ſame Omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.
Let Reaſon then at her own quarry fly,
But how can finite graſp infinity?
'Tis urg'd again, that faith did firſt commence
By miracle, which are appeals to ſenſe,
And thence concluded that our ſenſe muſt be
The motive ſtill of credibility;
For later ages muſt on former wait,
And what began belief muſt propagate.
But winnow well this thought, and you ſhall find
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.

Were all thoſe wonders wrought by pow'r divine
As means or ends of ſome more deep deſign?
Moſt ſure as means, whoſe end was this alone,
To prove the Godhead of th' eternal Son.
God thus aſſerted, man is to believe
Beyond what ſenſe and reaſon can conceive,
And for myſterious things of faith rely
On the proponent, heav'n's authority.
If then our faith we for our guide admit,
Vain is the farther ſearch of human wit;
As when the building gains a ſurer ſtay,
We take th' unuſeful ſcaffolding away.
Reaſon by ſenſe no more can underſtand;
The game is play'd into another hand.
Why chuſe we then like bilanders to creep
Along the coaſt, and land in view to keep,
When ſafely we may launch into the deep?
In the ſame veſſel which our Saviour bore,
Himſelf the pilot, let us leave the ſhore,
And with a better guide a better world explore.
Could he his Godhead veil with fleſh and blood,
And not veil theſe again to be our food?
His grace in both is equal in extent;
The firſt affords us life, the ſecond nouriſhment.
And if he can, why all this frantic pain
To conſtrue what his cleareſt words contain,
And make a riddle what he made ſo plain?
To take up half on truſt, and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
Both knave and fool the merchant we may call,
To pay great ſums, and to compound the ſmall:
For who would break with heav'n, and would not break for all?

Reſt then, my ſoul! from endleſs anguiſh freed,
Nor ſciences thy guide nor ſenſe thy creed.
Faith is the beſt inſurer of thy bliſs;
The bank above muſt fail before the venture miſs.
But heav'n and heav'n-born faith are far from thee,
Thou firſt apoſtate to divinity;

Unkennell'd range in thy Polonian plains,
A fiercer foe th' inſatiate wolf remains.
Too boaſtful Britain! pleaſe thyſelf no more
That beaſts of prey are baniſh'd from thy ſhore;
The bear, the boar, and ev'ry ſavage name,
Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
Lay waſte thy woods, deſtroy thy bliſsful bow'r,
And, muzzled though they ſeem, the mutes devour.
More haughty than the reſt the wolfiſh race
Appear, with belly gaunt and famiſh'd face;
Never was ſo deform'd a beaſt of grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
Cloſe clapp'd for ſhame; but his rough creſt he rears,
And pricks up his predeſtinating ears.
His wild diſorder'd walk, his haggard eyes,
Did all the beſtial citizens ſurpriſe:
Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd awhile
As captain or companion of the ſpoil.
Full many a year his hateful head had been
For tribute paid, nor ſince in Cambria ſeen;
The laſt of all the litter, 'ſcap'd by chance,
And from Geneva firſt infeſted France.
Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,
But others write him of an upſtart race,
Becauſe of Wickliff's brood no mark he brings,
But his innate antipathy to kings.
Theſe laſt deduce him from th' Helvetian kind,
Who near the Leman lake his conſort lin'd;
That fiery Zuinglius firſt th' affection bred,
And meagre Calvin bleſs'd the nuptial bed.
In Iſr'el ſome believe him whelp'd long ſince,
When the proud ſanhedrim oppreſs'd the prince;
Or, ſince he will be Jew, derive him higher,
When Corah with his brethren did conſpire
From Moſes' hand the ſov'reign ſway to wreſt,
And Aaron of his ephod to diveſt;
Till op'ning earth made way for all to paſs,
And could not bear the burden of a claſs.
The fox and he came ſhuffled in the dark,
If ever they were ſtow'd in Noah's ark;

Perhaps not made; for all their barking train
The dog (a common ſpecies) will contain;
And ſome wild curs, who from their maſter ran,
Abhorring the ſupremacy of man,
In woods and caves the rebel race began.

O happy pair! how well have you increas'd!
What ills in church and ſtate have you redreſs'd?
With teeth untry'd, and rudiments of claws,
Your firſt eſſay was on your native laws:
Thoſe having torn with eaſe, and trampled down,
Your fangs you faſten'd on the mitred crown,
And freed from God and monarchy your town.
What though your native kennel be but ſmall,
Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall?
Yet your victorious colonies are ſent
Where the north ocean girds the continent;
Quicken'd with fire below, your monſters breed
In fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed;
And like the firſt the laſt affects to be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
As where in fields the fairy rounds are ſeen,
A rank ſour herbage riſes on the green,
So, ſpringing where thoſe midnight elves advance,
Rebellion prints the footſteps of the dance.
Such are their doctrines, ſuch contempt they ſhow
To heav'n above, and to their prince below,
As none but traitors and blaſphemers know.
God like the tyrant of the ſkies is plac'd,
And kings like ſlaves beneath the crowd debas'd.
So fulſome in their food, that flocks refuſe
To bite, and only dogs for phyſic uſe.
As where the lightning runs along the ground,
No huſbandry can heal the blaſting wound,
Nor bladed graſs nor bearded corn ſucceeds,
But ſcales of ſcurf and putrefaction breeds;
Such wars, ſuch waſte, ſuch fiery tracks of dearth
Their zeal has left, and ſuch a teemleſs earth.
But as the poiſons of the deadlieſt kind
Are to their own unhappy coaſts confin'd,

As only Indian ſhades of ſight deprive,
And magic plants will but in Colchos thrive;
So Preſbyt'ry and peſtilential Zeal
Can only flouriſh in a commonweal.
From Celtic woods is chas'd the wolfiſh crew;
But, ah! ſome pity e'en to brutes is due:
Their native walks methinks they might enjoy,
Curb'd of their native malice to deſtroy.
Of all the tyrannies on humankind
The worſt is that which perſecutes the mind.
Let us but weigh at what offence we ſtrike,
'Tis but becauſe we cannot think alike.
In puniſhing of this we overthrow
The laws of nations and of nature too.
Beaſts are the ſubjects of tyrannic ſway,
Where ſtill the ſtronger on the weaker prey;
Man only of a ſofter mould is made,
Not for his fellows' ruin, but their aid;
Created kind, beneficent and free,
The noble image of the Deity.
One portion of informing fire was giv'n
To brutes, th' inferior family of heav'n:
The ſmith divine, as with a careleſs beat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat;
But when arriv'd at laſt to human race,
The Godhead took a deep conſid'ring ſpace;
And, to diſtinguiſh man from all the reſt,
Unlock'd the ſacred treaſures of his breaſt,
And mercy, mix'd with reaſon, did impart,
One to his head, the other to his heart:
Reaſon to rule, but mercy to forgive;
The firſt is law, the laſt prerogative:
And like his mind his outward form appear'd,
When, iſſuing naked to the wond'ring herd,
He charm'd their eyes; and, for they lov'd, they fear'd:
Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,
Or claws to ſeize their furry ſpoils in fight,
Or with increaſe of feet t'o'ertake 'em in their flight:

Of eaſy ſhape, and pliant ev'ry way,
Confeſſing ſtill the ſoftneſs of his clay,
And kind as kings upon their coronation day;
With open hands and with extended ſpace
Of arms to ſatisfy a large embrace.
Thus kneaded up with milk, the new-made man
His kingdom o'er his kindred world began,
Till knowledge miſapply'd, miſunderſtood,
And pride of empire, ſour'd his balmy blood:
Then firſt rebellion his own ſtamp he coins,
The murd'rer Cain was latent in his loins,
And blood began its firſt and loudeſt cry,
For diff'ring worſhip of the Deity.
Thus perſecution roſe, and farther ſpace
Produc'd the mighty hunter of his race.
Not ſo the bleſſed Pan his flock increas'd,
Content to fold 'em from the famiſh'd beaſt:
Mild were his laws; the ſheep and harmleſs hind
Were never of the perſecuting kind.
Such pity now the pious paſtor ſhows,
Such mercy from the Britiſh lion flows,
That both provide protection from their foes.
  Oh, happy regions! Italy and Spain,
Which never did thoſe monſters entertain.
The wolf, the bear, the boar, can there advance
No native claim of juſt inheritance;
And ſelf-preſerving laws, ſevere in ſhow,
May guard their fences from th' invading foe.
Where birth has plac'd 'em, let 'em ſafely ſhare
The common benefit of vital air:
Themſelves unharmful, let them live unharm'd,
Their jaws diſabled, and their claws diſarm'd:
Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,
They dare not ſeize the hind, nor leap the fold:
More pow'rful, and as vigilant as they,
The lion awfully forbids the prey:
Their rage repreſs'd, tho' pinch'd with famine ſore,
They ſtand aloof, and tremble at his roar:
Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.

These are the chief; to number o'er the reſt,
And ſtand, like Adam, naming ev'ry beaſt,
Were weary work; nor will the muſe deſcribe
A ſlimy-born and ſun-begotten tribe,
Who far from ſteeples and their ſacred ſound,
In fields their ſullen conventicles found.
These groſs half-animated lumps I leave,
Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive;
But if they think at all, 'tis ſure no higher
Than matter put in motion may aſpire:
Souls that can ſcare ferment their maſs of clay,
So droſſy, ſo diviſible are they,
As would but ſerve pure bodies for allay:
Such ſouls as ſhards produce, ſuch beetle things
As only buz to heav'n with ev'ning wings;
Strike in the dark, offending but by chance;
Such are the blindfold blows of Ignorance:
They know not beings, and but hate a name;
To them the Hind and Panther are the ſame.
The Panther, ſure the nobleſt next the Hind,
And faireſt creature of the ſpotted kind,
Oh, could her inborn ſtains be waſh'd away,
She were too good to be a beaſt of prey!
How can I praiſe or blame and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
Her faults and virtues lie ſo mix'd, that ſhe
Nor wholly ſtands condemn'd nor wholly free.
Then like her injur'd lion let me ſpeak;
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and eſtrang'd in part,
The wolf begins to ſhare her wand'ring heart;
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits who ſins but in her will.
If, as our dreaming Platoniſts report,
There could be ſpirits of a middle ſort,
Too black for heav'n, and yet too white for hell,
Who juſt dropp'd half-way down, nor lower fell;
So pois'd, ſo gently ſhe deſcends from high,
It ſeems a ſoft diſmiſſion from the ſky,

Her houſe not ancient, whatſo'er pretence
Her clergy-heralds make in her defence,
A ſecond century not half-way run,
Since the new honours of her blood begun:
A lion old, obſcene and furious made
By luſt, compreſs'd her mother in a ſhade;
Then by a left-hand marriage weds the dame,
Cov'ring adult'ry with a ſpecious name:
So Schiſm begot; and Sacrilege and ſhe,
A well-match'd pair, got graceleſs Hereſy.
God's and kings' rebels have the ſame good cauſe
To trample down divine and human laws:
Both would be call'd Reformers, and their hate
Alike deſtructive both to church and ſtate.
The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawleſs prince
By ruins charity; by riots abſtinence;
Confeſſions, faſts, and penance, ſet aſide:
Oh, with what eaſe we follow ſuch a guide,
Where ſouls are ſtarv'd, and ſenſes gratify'd!
Where marriage-pleaſures midnight pray'r ſupply,
And matin bells, a melancholy cry,
Are turn'd to merrier notes, increaſe and multiply.
Religion ſhows a roſy-colour'd face,
Not batter'd out with drudging works of grace:
A downhill reformation rolls apace.
What fleſh and blood would crowd the narrow gate,
Or, till they waſte their pamper'd paunches, wait?
All would be happy at the cheapeſt rate.
Tho' our lean faith theſe rigid laws has giv'n,
The full-fed Muſſulman goes fat to heav'n;
For his Arabian prophet with delights
Of ſenſe allur'd his Eaſtern proſelytes.
The jolly Luther reading him began
T' interpret ſcriptures by his Alcoran;
To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
And make the paths of Paradiſe more ſweet;
Bethought him of a wife ere half-way gone,
(For 'twas uneaſy travelling alone)

And in this maſquerade of mirth and love
Miſtook the bliſs of heav'n for Bacchannals above.
Sure he preſum'd of praiſe who came to ſtock
Th' ethereal paſtures with ſo fair a flock,
Burniſh'd and batt'ning on their food to ſhow
Their diligence of careful herds below.
Our Panther, tho' like theſe ſhe chang'd her head,
Yet as the miſtreſs of a monarch's bed,
Her front erect with majeſty ſhe bore,
The croſier wielded, and the mitre wore.
Her upper part, of decent diſcipline,
Shew'd affectation of an ancient line;
And fathers, councils, church, and churches' head,
Were on her rev'rend phylacteries read:
But what diſgrac'd and diſavow'd the reſt
Was Calvin's brand that ſtigmatiz'd the beaſt.
Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth ſhe lives confin'd;
To foreign lands no ſound of her is come,
Humbly content to be deſpis'd at home.
Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
At leaſt ſhe leaves the refuſe of the bad:
Nice in her choice of ill, tho' not of beſt,
And leaſt deform'd, becauſe deform'd the leaſt.
In doubtful points betwixt her diff'ring friends,
Where one for ſubſtance one for ſign contends,
Their contradicting terms ſhe ſtrives to join,
Sign ſhall be ſubſtance, ſubſtance ſhall be ſign.
A real preſence all her ſons allow,
And yet 'tis flat idolatry to bow,
Becauſe the Godhead's there they know not how.
Her novices are taught that bread and wine
Are but the viſible and outward ſign
Receiv'd by thoſe who in communion join;
But th' inward grace, or the thing ſignify'd
His blood and body, who to ſave us dy'd.
The faithful this thing ſignify'd receive;
What is't thoſe faithful then partake or leave?
For what is ſignify'd and underſtood
Is, by her own confeſſion, fleſh and blood:

Then by the ſame acknowledgment we know
They take the ſign and take the ſubſtance too.
The lit'ral ſenſe is hard to fleſh and blood,
But nonſenſe never can be underſtood.
Her wild belief on ev'ry wave is toſt,
But ſure no church can better morals boaſt:
True to her king her principles are found;
Oh that her practice were but half ſo ſound!
Stedfaſt in various turns of ſtate ſhe ſtood,
And ſeal'd her vow'd affection with her blood.
Nor will I meanly tax her conſtancy,
That int'reſt or obligement made the tie,
Bound to the fate of murder'd monarchy.
Before the ſounding axe ſo falls the vine,
Whoſe tender branches round the poplar twine.
She choſe her ruin, and reſign'd her life,
In death undaunted as an Indian wife;
A rare example! but ſome ſouls we ſee
Grow hard, and ſtiffen with adverſity;
Yet theſe by Fortune's favours are undone;
Reſolv'd into a baſer form they run,
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the ſun.
Let this be nature's frailty, or her fate,
Or Iſgrim's counſel, her new-choſen mate,
Still ſhe's the faireſt of the fallen crew,
No mother more indulgent but the true.
Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
Becauſe ſhe wants innate authority:
For how can ſhe conſtrain them to obey
Who has herſelf caſt off the lawful ſway!
Rebellion equals all, and thoſe who toil
In common theft will ſhare the common ſpoil.
Let her produce the title and the right
Againſt her old ſuperiors firſt to fight;
If ſhe reform by text, e'en that's as plain
For her own rebels to reform again.
As long as words a diff'rent ſenſe will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Our airy faith will no foundation find;
The word's a weathercock for ev'ry wind:

The bear, the fox, the wolf, by turns prevail;
The moſt in pow'r ſupplies the preſent gale:
The wretched Panther cries aloud for aid
To church and councils whom ſhe firſt betray'd;
No help from Fathers' or Tradition's train;
Thoſe ancient guides ſhe taught us to diſdain,
And by that ſcripture which ſhe once abus'd
To reformation ſtands herſelf accus'd.
What bills for breach of laws can ſhe prefer,
Expounding which ſhe owns herſelf may err;
And, after all her winding ways are try'd,
If doubts ariſe ſhe ſlips herſelf aſide,
And leaves the private conſcience for the guide:
If then that conſcience ſets th' offender free,
It bars her claim to church-authority.
How can ſhe cenſure, or what crime pretend,
But ſcripture may be conſtru'd to defend?
E'en thoſe whom for rebellion ſhe tranſmits
To civil pow'r her doctrine firſt acquits;
Becauſe no diſobedience can enſue
Where no ſubmiſſion to a judge is due;
Each judging for himſelf by her conſent,
Whom thus abſolv'd ſhe ſends to puniſhment.
Suppoſe the magiſtrate revenge her cauſe,
'Tis only for tranſgreſſing human laws.
How anſw'ring to its end a church is made,
Whoſe pow'r is but to counſel and perſuade!
O ſolid rock, on which ſecure ſhe ſtands!
Eternal houſe not built with mortal hands!
O ſure defence againſt th' infernal gate,
A patent during pleaſure of the ſtate!
Thus is the Panther neither lov'd nor fear'd,
A mere mock queen of a divided herd,
Whom ſoon by lawful pow'r ſhe might control,
Herſelf a part ſubmitted to the whole:
Then, as the moon who firſt receives the light,
By which ſhe makes our nether regions bright,
So might ſhe ſhine, reflecting from afar
The rays ſhe borrow'd from a better ſtar;

Big with the beams which from her mother flow,
And reigning o'er the rising tides below:
Now mixing with a savage crowd she goes,
And meanly flatters her invet'rate foes,
Rul'd while she rules, and losing ev'ry hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious pow'r.

One evening, while the cooler shade she sought,
Revolving many a melancholy thought,
Alone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
With rueful visage, for her vanish'd train;
None of her sylvan subjects made their court,
Levées and couchées passed without resort;
So hardly can usurpers manage well
Those whom they first instructed to rebel.
More liberty begets desire of more;
The hunger still increases with the store:
Without respect they brush'd along the wood,
Each in his clan, and, fill'd with loathsome food,
Ask'd no permission to the neighb'ring flood.
The Panther, full of inward discontent,
Since they would go, before them wisely went,
Supplying want of pow'r by drinking first,
As if she gave 'em leave to quench their thirst.
Among the rest the Hind, with fearful face,
Beheld from far the common wat'ring place,
Nor durst approach, till with an awful roar
The sov'reign lion bade her fear no more.
Encourag'd thus she brought her younglings nigh,
Watching the motions of her patron's eye,
And drank a sober draught; the rest amaz'd
Stood mutely still, and on the stranger gaz'd,
Survey'd her part by part, and sought to find
The ten-horn'd monster in the harmless Hind,
Such as the wolf and Panther had design'd.
They thought at first they dream'd, for 'twas offence
With them to question certitude of sense,
Their guide in faith; but nearer when they drew,
And had the faultless object full in view,
Lord, how they all admir'd her heav'nly hue!

Some, who before her fellowſhip diſdain'd,
Scarce, and but ſcarce, from inborn rage reſtrain'd,
Now friſk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.
Whether for love or int'reſt, ev'ry ſect
Of all the ſavage nation ſhew'd reſpect.
The viceroy Panther could not awe the herd;
The more the company the leſs they fear'd.
The ſurly wolf with ſecret envy burſt,
Yet could not howl; the Hind had ſeen him firſt;
But what he durſt not ſpeak the Panther durſt.
For when the herd, ſuffic'd, did late repair
To ferny heaths, and to their foreſt lare,
She made a mannerly excuſe to ſtay,
Proff'ring the Hind to wait her half the way;
That, ſince the ſky was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,
To chat a while on their adventures paſs'd;
Nor had the grateful Hind ſo ſoon forgot
Her friend and fellow-ſuff'rer in the plot:
Yet wond'ring how of late ſhe grew eſtrang'd,
Her forehead cloudy and her count'nance chang'd,
She thought this hour th' occaſion would preſent
To learn her ſecret cauſe of diſcontent,
Which well ſhe hop'd might be with eaſe redreſt,
Conſidering her a well-bred civil beaſt,
And more a gentlewoman than the reſt.
After ſome common talk what rumours ran,
The lady of the ſpotted muff began.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

PART II.

" DAME," ſaid the Panther, " times are mended well
" Since late among the Philiſtines you fell.
" The toils were pitch'd, a ſpacious track of ground
" With expert huntſmen was encompaſs'd round;
" Th' encloſure narrow'd, the ſagacious pow'r
" Of hounds and death drew nearer ev'ry hour:
" 'Tis true the younger lion 'ſcap'd the ſnare,
" But all your prieſtly calves lay ſtruggling there,
" As ſacrifices on their altars laid,
" While you their careful mother wiſely fled,
" Nor truſting Deſtiny to ſave your head:
" For whate'er promiſes you have apply'd
" To your unfailing church, the ſurer ſide
" Is four fair legs, in danger to provide:
" And whate'er tales of Peter's chair you tell,
" Yet ſaving rev'rence of the miracle,
" The better luck was your's to 'ſcape ſo well.
" As I remember," ſaid the ſober Hind,
" Thoſe toils were for your own dear ſelf deſign'd
" As well as me; and with the ſelf-ſame throw
" To catch the quarry and the vermine too;
" Forgive the ſland'rous tongues that call'd you ſo.
" Howe'er you take it now, the common cry
" Then ran you down for your rank loyalty.
" Beſides, in Popery they thought you nurſt,
" As evil tongues will ever ſpeak the worſt,
" Becauſe ſome forms, and ceremonies ſome,
" You kept, and ſtood in the main queſtion dumb.
" Dumb you were born indeed; but thinking long,
" The teſt it ſeems at laſt has loos'd your tongue.
" And to explain what your forefathers meant
" By real preſence in the ſacrament,
" After long fencing puſh'd againſt a wall,
" Your ſalvo comes, that he's not there at all:
" There chang'd your faith, and what may change
" may fall.

" Who can believe what varies ev'ry day,
" Nor ever was nor will be at a ſtay?"
" Tortures may force the tongue untruths to tell,
" And I ne'er own'd myſelf infallible,"
Reply'd the Panther. " Grant ſuch preſence were,
" Yet in your ſenſe I never own'd it there.
" A real virtue we by faith receive,
" And that we in the ſacrament believe."
" Then," ſaid the Hind, " as you the matter ſtate,
" Not only Jeſuits can equivocate;
" For real, as you now the word expound,
" From ſolid ſubſtance dwindles to a ſound.
" Methinks an Æſop's fable you repeat;
" You know who took the ſhadow for the meat:
" Your church's ſubſtance thus you change at will,
" And yet retain your former figure ſtill.
" I freely grant you ſpoke to ſave your life,
" For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife.
" Long time you fought, redoubled batt'ry bore,
" But, after all, againſt yourſelf you ſwore;
" Your former ſelf for ev'ry hour you form
" Is chopp'd and chang'd, like winds before a ſtorm.
" Thus fear and int'reſt will prevail with ſome,
" For all have not the gift of martyrdom."
The Panther grinn'd at this, and thus reply'd;
" That men may err was never yet deny'd:
" But if that common principle be true,
" The canon, dame, is levell'd full at you.
" But, ſhunning long diſputes, I fain would ſee
" That wondrous wight Infallibility:
" Is he from heav'n, this mighty champion, come,
" Or lodg'd below in ſubterranean Rome?
" Firſt ſeat him ſomewhere, and derive his race,
" Or elſe conclude that nothing has no place."
" Suppoſe, tho' I diſown it," ſaid the Hind,
" The certain manſion were not yet aſſign'd,
" The doubtful reſidence no proof can bring
" Againſt the plain exiſtence of the thing.

" Becauſe philoſophers may diſagree,
" If ſight b' emiſſion or reception be,
" Shall it be thence inferr'd I do not ſee?
" But you require an anſwer poſitive,
" Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give,
" For fallacies in univerſals live.
" I then affirm that this unfailing guide
" In Pope and gen'ral councils muſt reſide;
" Both lawful, both combin'd, what one decrees
" By num'rous votes the other ratifies:
" On this undoubted ſenſe the church relies.
" 'Tis true ſome doctors in a ſcantier ſpace,
" I mean in each apart contract the place:
" Some, who to greater length extend the line,
" The church's after-acceptation join.
" This laſt circumference appears too wide;
" The church diffus'd is by the council ty'd;
" As members by their repreſentatives,
" Oblig'd to laws which prince and ſenate gives.
" Thus ſome contract, and ſome enlage the ſpace;
" In Pope and council who denies the place,
" Aſſiſted from above with God's unfailing grace?
" Thoſe canons all the needful points contain,
" Their ſenſe ſo obvious, and their words ſo plain,
" That no diſputes about the doubtful text
" Have hitherto the lab'ring world perplex'd;
" If any ſhould in after-times appear,
" New councils muſt be call'd to make the meaning clear;
" Becauſe in them the pow'r ſupreme reſides,
" And all the promiſes are to the guides.
" This may be taught with ſound and ſafe defence;
" But mark how ſandy is your own pretence,
" Who, ſetting councils, Pope, and church, aſide,
" Are ev'ry man his own preſuming guide.
" The ſacred books, you ſay, are full and plain,
" And ev'ry needful point of truth contain;
" All who can read interpreters may be:
" Thus, though your ſev'ral churches diſagree,
" Yet ev'ry ſaint has to himſelf alone
" The ſecret of *this* philoſophic ſtone.

" Theſe principles your jarring ſects unite,
" When diff'ring doctors and diſciples fight.
" Though Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy chiefs,
" Have made the battle-royal of beliefs,
" Or, like wild horſes, ſev'ral ways have whirl'd
" The tortur'd text about the Chriſtian world,
" Each Jehu laſhing on with furious force,
" That Turk or Jew could not have us'd it worſe;
" No matter what diſſenſion leaders make,
" Where ev'ry private man may ſave a ſtake;
" Rul'd by the ſcripture and his own advice,
" Each has a blind bypath to Paradiſe,
" Where driving in a circle ſlow or faſt,
" Oppoſing ſects are ſure to meet at laſt.
" A wondrous charity you have in ſtore
" For all reform'd to paſs the narrow door;
" So much, that Mahomet had ſcarcely more:
" For he, kind prophet! was for damning none,
" But Chriſt and Moſes were to ſave their own:
" Himſelf was to ſecure his choſen race,
" Though reaſon good for Turks to take the place,
" And he allow'd to be the better man,
" In virtue of his holier Alcoran.
" True," ſaid the Panther, " I ſhall ne'er deny
" My brethren may be ſav'd as well as I:
" Though Huguonots condemn our ordination,
" Succeſſion, miniſterial vocation,
" And Luther, more miſtaking what he read,
" Misjoins the ſacred body with the bread;
" Yet, lady, ſtill remember I maintain
" The word in needful points is only plain."
" Needleſs, or needful, I not now contend,
" For ſtill you have a loop-hole for a friend,"
Rejoin'd the matron; " but the rule you lay
" Has led whole flocks, and leads them ſtill, aſtray
" In weighty points, and full damnation's way:
" For did not Arius firſt, Socinus now,
" The Son's eternal Godhead diſavow?
" And did not theſe by goſpel-texts alone
" Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their own?

" Have not all heretics the ſame pretence
" To plead the ſcriptures in their own defence?
" How did the Nicene council then decide
" That ſtrong debate? was it by ſcripture try'd?
" No, ſure; to that the rebel would not yield;
" Squadrons of texts he marſhall'd in the field;
" That was but civil war, an equal ſet,
" Where piles with piles, and eagles eagles met.
" With texts point blank and plain he fac'd the foe,
" And did not Satan tempt our Saviour ſo?
" The good old biſhops took a ſimpler way;
" Each aſk'd but what he heard his father ſay,
" Or how he was inſtructed in his youth,
" And by tradition's force upheld the truth."
The Panther ſmil'd at this: " And when," ſaid ſhe,
" Were thoſe firſt councils diſallow'd by me?
" Or where did I at ſure tradition ſtrike,
" Provided ſtill it were apoſtolic?
" Friend," ſaid the Hind, " you quit your former [ground,
" Where all your faith you did on ſcripture found:
" Now 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ;
" But thus your memory betrays your wit."
" No," ſaid the Panther, " for in that I view
" When your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true;
" I ſet 'em by the rule, and as they ſquare
" Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there
" This oral fiction, that old faith declare."
HIND. " The council ſteer'd it ſeems a diff'rent courſe;
" They try'd the ſcripture by tradition's force;
" But you tradition by the ſcripture try;
" Purſu'd by ſects, from this to that you fly,
" Nor dare on one foundation to rely.
" The world is then depos'd, and in this view
" You rule the ſcripture, not the ſcripture you."
Thus ſaid the dame, and, ſmiling, thus purſu'd;
" I ſee tradition then is diſallow'd
" When not evinc'd by ſcripture to be true,
" And ſcripture as interpreted by you:
" But here you tread upon unfaithful ground,
" Unleſs you could infallibly expound,

" Which you reject as odious Popery,
" And throw that doctrine back with scorn on me.
" Suppose we on things traditive divide,
" And both appeal to scripture to decide,
" By various texts we both uphold our claim,
" Nay, often ground our titles on the same:
" After long labour lost, and time's expence,
" Both grant the words, and quarrel for the sense.
" Thus all disputes for ever must depend,
" For no dull rule can controversies end.
" Thus, when your said tradition must be try'd
" By sacred writ, whose sense yourselves decide,
" You said no more but that yourselves must be
" The judges of the scripture sense, not we.
" Against your church tradition you declare,
" And yet your clerks would sit in Moses' chair:
" At least 'tis prov'd against your argument,
" The rule is far from plain where all dissent."
" If not by scriptures, how can we be sure,"
Reply'd the Panther, " what tradition's pure?
" For you may palm upon us new for old:
" All, as they say, that glitters is not gold."
" How but by foll'wing her," reply'd the dame,
" To whom deriv'd from fire to son they came;
" Where ev'ry age does one another move,
" And trusts no farther than the next above;
" Where all the rounds like Jacob's ladder rise,
" The lowest hid in earth, the topmost in the skies?"
Sternly the savage did her answer mark,
Her glowing eyeballs glitt'ring in the dark,
And said but this; " Since lucre was your trade,
" Succeeding times such dreadful gaps have made,
" 'Tis dang'rous climbing; to your sons and you
" I leave the ladder and its omen too."
HIND. " The Panther's breath was ever fam'd for [sweet,
" But from the wolf such wishes oft I meet;
" You learn'd this language from the blatant beast,
" Or rather did not speak, but were possest.
" As for your answer, 'tis but barely urg'd,
" You must evince tradition to be forg'd;

" Produce plain proofs, unblemiſh'd authors uſe
" As ancient as thoſe ages they accuſe;
" Till when, 'tis not ſufficient to defame;
" An old poſſeſſion ſtands till elder quits the claim.
" Then for our int'reſt, which is nam'd alone
" To load with envy, we retort your own;
" For when traditions in your faces fly,
" Reſolving not to yield, you muſt decry:
" As when the cauſe goes hard, the guilty man
" Excepts, and thins his jury all he can;
" So when you ſtand of other aid bereft,
" You to the twelve apoſtles would be left.
" Your friend, the Wolf, did with more craft provide
" To ſet theſe toys, traditions, quite aſide;
" And fathers too, unleſs when, reaſon ſpent,
" He cites 'em but ſometimes for ornament.
" But, Madam Panther, you, tho' more ſincere,
" Are not ſo wiſe as your adulterer;
" The private ſpirit is a better blind
" Than all the dodging tricks your authors find;
" For they who left the ſcripture to the crowd,
" Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd,
" The way to pleaſe 'em was to make them proud.
" Thus with full ſails they ran upon the ſhelf;
" Who could ſuſpect a coz'nage from himſelf?
" On his own reaſon ſafer 'tis to ſtand
" Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at ſecond-hand:
" But you, who fathers and traditions take,
" And garble ſome, and ſome you quite forſake,
" Pretending church-authority to fix,
" And yet ſome grains of private ſpirit mix,
" Are, like a mule, made up of diff'ring ſeed,
" And that's the reaſon why you never breed;
" At leaſt not propagate your kind abroad,
" For home Diſſenters are by ſtatutes aw'd;
" And yet they grow upon you ev'ry day,
" While you (to ſpeak the beſt) are at a ſtay,
" For ſects, that are extremes, abhor a middle way.

" Like tricks of ſtate, to ſtop a raging flood,
" Or mollify a mad brain'd ſenate's mood;
" Of all expedients never one was good.
" Well may they argue, nor can you deny,
" If we muſt fix on church authority,
" Beſt on the beſt, the fountain, not the flood,
" That muſt be better ſtill if this be good.
" Shall ſhe command who has herſelf rebell'd?
" Is Antichriſt by Antichriſt expell'd?
" Did we a lawful tyranny diſplace,
" To ſet aloft a baſtard of the race?
" Why all theſe wars to win the book, if we
" Muſt not interpret for ourſelves, but ſhe?
" Either be wholly ſlaves, or wholly free.
" For purging fires traditions muſt not fight;
" But they muſt prove epiſcopacy's right.
" Thus thoſe led horſes are from ſervice freed,
" You never mount 'em but in time of need:
" Like mercenaries, hir'd for home defence,
" They will not ſerve againſt their native prince.
" Againſt domeſtic foes of hierarchy
" Theſe are drawn forth to make fanatics fly;
" But when they ſee their countrymen at hand,
" Marching againſt them under church command,
" Straight they forſake their colours and diſband."
Thus ſhe, nor could the Panther well enlarge
With weak defence againſt ſo ſtrong a charge,
But ſaid; " For what did Chriſt his word provide,
" If ſtill his church muſt want a living guide?
" And if all ſaving doctrines are not there,
" Or ſacred penmen could not make them clear,
" From after ages we ſhould hope in vain
" For truths which men inſpir'd could not explain."
" Before the word was written," ſaid the Hind,
" Our Saviour preach'd his faith to humankind:
" From his apoſtles the firſt age receiv'd
" Eternal truth, and what they taught believ'd.
" Thus by tradition faith was planted firſt,
" Succeeding flocks ſucceeding paſtors nurs'd.

" This was the way our wiſe redeemer choſe,
" Who ſure could all things for the beſt diſpoſe,
" To fence his fold from their encroaching foes.
" He could have writ himſelf, but well foreſaw
" Th' event would be like that of Moſes' law;
" Some diff'rence would ariſe, ſome doubts remain
" Like thoſe which yet the jarring Jews maintain.
" No written laws can be ſo plain, ſo pure,
" But wit may gloſs, and malice may obſcure;
" Not thoſe endited by his firſt command,
" A prophet grav'd the text, an angel held his hand.
" Thus faith was ere the written word appear'd,
" And men believ'd not what they read, but heard:
" But ſince th' apoſtles could not be confin'd
" To theſe, or thoſe but ſev'rally deſign'd,
" Their large commiſſion round the world to blow,
" To ſpread their faith they ſpread their labours too:
" Yet ſtill their abſent flock their pains did ſhare,
" They hearken'd ſtill, for love produces care;
" And as miſtakes aroſe, or diſcords fell,
" Or bold ſeducers taught them to rebel,
" As charity grew cold, or faction hot,
" Or long neglect their leſſons had forgot,
" For all their wants they wiſely did provide,
" And preaching by epiſtles was ſupply'd.
" So great phyſicians cannot all attend,
" But ſome they viſit, and to ſome they ſend.
" Yet all thoſe letters were not writ to all,
" Nor firſt intended but occaſional;
" Their abſent ſermons; nor if they contain
" All needful doctrines, are thoſe doctrines plain.
" Clearneſs by frequent preaching muſt be wrought;
" They writ but ſeldom, but they daily taught;
" And what one ſaint has ſaid of holy Paul,
" 'He darkly writ,' is true apply'd to all.
" For this obſcurity would heav'n provide
" More prudently than by a living guide,
" As doubts aroſe, the diff'rence to decide?
" A guide was therefore needful, therefore made,
" And if appointed, ſure to be obey'd.

" Thus, with due rev'rence to th' apoſtles writ,
" By which my ſons are taught, to which ſubmit,
" I think thoſe truths their ſacred works contain,
" The church alone can certainly explain;
" That following ages, leaning on the paſt,
" May reſt upon the primitive at laſt.
" Nor would I thence the word no rule infer,
" But none without the church interpreter;
" Becauſe, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,
" And is itſelf the ſubject of diſpute.
" But what th' apoſtles their ſucceſſors taught,
" They to the next, from them to us is brought
" Th' undoubted ſenſe which is in ſcripture ſought.
" From hence the church is arm'd, when errors riſe,
" To ſtop their entrance, and prevent ſurpriſe,
" And, ſafe entrench'd within, her foes without defies.
" By theſe all feſt'ring ſores her councils heal,
" Which time or has diſclos'd or ſhall reveal;
" For diſcord cannot end without a laſt appeal.
" Nor can a council national decide
" But with ſubordination to her guide:
" I wiſh the cauſe were on that iſſue try'd:
" Much leſs the ſcripture; for, ſuppoſe debate
" Betwixt pretenders to a fair eſtate,
" Bequeath'd by ſome legator's laſt intent,
" (Such is our dying Saviour's Teſtament)
" The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;
" The doubtful heirs their diff'ring titles plead;
" All vouch the words their int'reſt to maintain,
" And each pretends by thoſe his cauſe is plain:
" Shall then the teſtament award the right:
" No, that's the Hungary for which they fight:
" The field of battle, ſubject of debate;
" The thing contended for, the fair eſtate.
" The ſenſe is intricate; 'tis only clear
" What vowels and what conſonants are there:
" Therefore 'tis plain its meaning muſt be try'd
" Before ſome judge appointed to decide."
" Suppoſe," the fair apoſtate ſaid, " I grant
" The faithful flock ſome living guide ſhould want,

" Your arguments an endleſs chaſe purſue;
" Produce this vaunted leader to our view,
" This mighty Moſes of the choſen crew."
The dame, who ſaw her fainting foe retir'd,
With force renew'd, to victory aſpir'd;
And, looking upward to her kindred ſky,
As once our Saviour own'd his Deity,
Pronounc'd his words—" She whom you ſeek am I."
Nor leſs amaz'd this voice the Panther heard
Than were thoſe Jews to hear a God declar'd.
Then thus the matron modeſtly renew'd;
" Let all your prophets and their ſects be view'd,
" And ſee to which of them yourſelves think fit
" The conduct of your conſcience to ſubmit:
" Each proſelyte would vote his doctor beſt,
" With abſolute excluſion to the reſt:
" Thus would your Poliſh diet diſagree,
" And end as it began in anarchy.
" Yourſelf the faireſt for election ſtand,
" Becauſe you ſeem crown-gen'ral of the land,
" But ſoon againſt your ſuperſtitious lawn
" Some Preſbyterian ſabre would be drawn.
" In your eſtabliſh'd laws of ſovereignty
" The reſt ſome fundamental flaw would ſee,
" And call rebellion goſpel-liberty.
" To church decrees your articles require
" Submiſſion mollify'd, if not entire.
" Homage deny'd, to cenſures you proceed;
" But when Curtana will not do the deed,
" You lay that pointleſs clergy weapon by,
" And to the laws, your ſword of juſtice, fly.
" Now this your ſects the more unkindly take,
" (Thoſe prying varlets hit the blots you make)
" Becauſe ſome ancient friends of your's declare
" Your only rule of faith the ſcriptures are,
" Interpreted by men of judgment ſound,
" Which ev'ry ſect will for themſelves expound,
" Nor think leſs rev'rence to their doctors due
" For ſound interpretation than to you.

" If then by able heads are underſtood
" Your brother prophets who reform'd abroad,
" Thoſe able heads expound a wiſer way,
" That their own ſheep their ſhepherd ſhould obey:
" But if you mean yourſelves are only ſound,
" That doctrine turns the reformation round,
" And all the reſt are falſe reformers found;
" Becauſe in ſundry points you ſtand alone,
" Not in communion join'd with any one,
" And therefore muſt be all the church or none.
" Then, till you have agreed whoſe judge is beſt,
" Againſt this forc'd ſubmiſſion they proteſt,
" While ſound and ſound a diff'rent ſenſe explains,
" Both play at hardhead till they break their brains,
" And from their chairs each other's force defy,
" While unregarded thunders vainly fly.
" I paſs the reſt, becauſe your church alone
" Of all uſurpers beſt could fill the throne:
" But neither you nor any ſect beſide
" For this high office can be qualified
" With neceſſary gifts requir'd in ſuch a guide:
" For that which muſt direct the whole muſt be
" Bound in one bond of faith and unity;
" But all your ſev'ral churches diſagree.
" The conſubſtantiating church and prieſt
" Refuſe communion to the Calviniſt;
" The French reform'd from preaching you reſtrain,
" Becauſe you judge their ordination vain;
" And ſo they judge of your's; but donors muſt ordain.
" In ſhort, in doctrine, or in diſcipline,
" Not one reform'd can with another join;
" But all from each as from damnation fly;
" No union they pretend but in non-popery:
" Nor ſhould their members in a ſynod meet,
" Could any church preſume to mount the ſeat
" Above the reſt their diſcords to decide;
" None would obey, but each would be the guide;
" And, face to face, diſſentions would increaſe,
" For only diſtance now preſerves the peace:

" All, in their turns, accuſers and accus'd,
" Babel was never half ſo much confus'd.
" What one can plead the reſt can plead as well:
" For amongſt equals lies no laſt appeal,
" And all confeſs themſelves are fallible.
" Now, ſince you grant ſome neceſſary guide,
" All who can err are juſtly laid aſide;
" Becauſe a truſt ſo ſacred to confer
" Shews want of ſuch a ſure interpreter;
" And how can he be needful who can err?
" Then granting that unerring guide we want,
" That ſuch there is you ſtand oblig'd to grant;
" Our Saviour elſe were wanting to ſupply
" Our needs, and obviate that neceſſity.
" It then remains that church can only be
" The guide which owns unfailing certainty;
" Or elſe you ſlip your hold, and change your ſide,
" Relapſing from a neceſſary guide.
" But this annex'd condition of the crown,
" Immunity from errors, you diſown: [down.
" Here then you ſhrink, and lay your weak pretenſions
" For petty royalties you raiſe debate;
" But this unfailing univerſal ſtate
" You ſhun, nor dare ſucceed to ſuch a glorious weight.
" And for that cauſe thoſe promiſes deteſt
" With which our Saviour did his church inveſt;
" But ſtrive t'evade, and fear to find them true,
" As conſcious they were never meant to you;
" All which the mother-church aſſerts her own,
" And with unrival'd claim aſcends the throne:
" So when of old th' Almighty Father ſate
" In council to redeem our ruin'd ſtate,
" Millions of millions at a diſtance round,
" Silent the ſacred conſiſtory crown'd, [pound:
" To hear what mercy, mix'd with juſtice, could pro-
" All prompt with eager pity to fulfil
" The full extent of their Creator's will:
" But when the ſtern conditions were declar'd,
" A mournful whiſper through the hoſt was heard,

" And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down,
" Submiſſively declin'd the pond'rous proffer'd crown.
" Then, not till then, th' eternal Son from high
" Roſe in the ſtrength of all the Deity,
" Stood forth t'accept the terms, and underwent
" A weight which all the frame of heaven had bent,
" Nor he himſelf could bear, but as omnipotent.
" Now, to remove the leaſt remaining doubt,
" That e'en the blear-ey'd ſects may find her out,
" Behold what heavenly rays adorn her brows!
" What from his wardrobe her belov'd allows
" To deck the wedding-day of his unſpotted Spouſe!
" Behold what marks of majeſty ſhe brings,
" Richer than ancient heirs of eaſtern kings!
" Her right hand holds the ſceptre and the keys,
" To ſhew whom ſhe commands, and who obeys;
" With theſe to bind, or ſet the ſinner free,
" With that t' aſſert ſpiritual royalty.
" One in herſelf, not rent by ſchiſm, but ſound,
" Entire, one ſolid ſhining diamond;
" Not ſparkles, ſhatter'd into ſects, like you;
" One is the church, and muſt be, to be true:
" One central principle of unity,
" As undivided, ſo from errors free,
" As one in faith, ſo one in ſanctity.
" Thus ſhe, and none but ſhe, th' inſulting rage
" Of heretics oppos'd from age to age:
" Still when the giant-brood invades her throne,
" She ſtoops from heaven, and meets them half way down,
" And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.
" But like Egyptian ſorcerers you ſtand,
" And vainly lift aloft your magic wand,
" To ſweep away the ſwarms of vermin from the land:
" You could, like them, with like infernal force,
" Produce the plague, but not arreſt the courſe;
" But when the boils and blotches, with diſgrace
" And public ſcandal, ſat upon the face,

" Themſelves attack'd, the Magi ſtrove no more,
" They ſaw God's finger, and their fate deplore;
" Themſelves they could not cure of the diſhoneſt ſore.
" Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely ſpread,
" Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed;
" From eaſt to weſt triumphantly ſhe rides,
" All ſhores are water'd by her wealthy tides:
" The goſpel-ſound diffus'd from pole to pole,
" Where winds can carry, and where waves can roll;
" The ſelf-ſame doctrine of the ſacred page
" Convey'd to ev'ry clime in ev'ry age.
" Here let my ſorrow give my ſatire place,
" To raiſe new bluſhes on my Britiſh race;
" Our ſailing ſhips like common ſewers we uſe,
" And through our diſtant colonies diffuſe
" The draught of dungeons, and the ſtench of ſtews;
" Whom, when their homebred honeſty is loſt,
" We diſembogue on ſome far Indian coaſt:
" Thieves, panders, paillards, ſins of ev'ry ſort,
" Thoſe are the manufactures we export,
" And theſe the miſſioners our zeal has made;
" For, with my country's pardon be it ſaid,
" Religion is the leaſt of all our trade.
" Yet ſome improve their traffic more than we,
" For they on gain, their only god, rely,
" And ſet a public price on piety.
" Induſtrious of the needle and the chart,
" They run full ſail to their Japannian mart;
" Prevention fear, and, prodigal of fame,
" Sell all of chriſtian to the very name,
" Nor leave enough of that to hide their naked ſhame.
" Thus of three marks which in the Creed we view,
" Not one of all can be apply'd to you;
" Much leſs the fourth: in vain, alas! you ſeek
" Th' ambitious title of apoſtolic:
" Godlike deſcent! 'tis well your blood can be
" Prov'd noble in the third or fourth degree;
" For all of ancient that you had before,
" (I mean what is not borrow'd from our ſtore)
" Was error fulminated o'er and o'er;

" Old hereſies, condemn'd in ages paſt,
" By care and time recover'd from the blaſt.
" 'Tis ſaid with eaſe, but never can be prov'd,
" The church her old foundations has remov'd,
" And built new doctrines on unſtable ſands;
" Judge that, ye winds and rains, you prov'd her, yet
ſhe ſtands.
" Thoſe ancient doctrines charg'd on her for new,
" Shew when, and how, and from what hands they
" We claim no power, when hereſies grow bold, [grew.
" To coin new faith, but ſtill declare the old:
" How elſe could that obſcene diſeaſe be purg'd,
" When controverted texts are vainly urg'd?
" To prove tradition new, there's ſomewhat more
" Requir'd than ſaying 'twas not us'd before.
" Thoſe monumental arms are never ſtirr'd
" Till ſchiſm or hereſy call down Goliath's ſword.
" Thus what you call corruptions are in truth
" The firſt plantations of the goſpel's youth;
" Old ſtandard faith: but caſt your eyes again,
" And view thoſe errors which new ſects maintain,
" Or which of old diſturb'd the church's peaceful reign.
" And we can point each period of the time
" When they began, and who begot the crime;
" Can calculate how long th' eclipſe endur'd,
" Who interpos'd, what digits were obſcur'd:
" Of all which are already paſs'd away
" We know the riſe, the progreſs, and decay.
" Deſpair at our foundation then to ſtrike,
" Till you can prove your faith apoſtolic;
" A limpid ſtream drawn from the native ſource,
" Succeſſion lawful in a lineal courſe.
" Prove any church, oppos'd to this our head,
" So one, ſo pure, ſo unconfin'dly ſpread,
" Under one chief of the ſpiritual ſtate,
" The members all combin'd, and all ſubordinate;
" Shew ſuch a ſeamleſs coat, from ſchiſm ſo free,
" In no communion join'd with hereſy.

" If ſuch a one you find, let truth prevail;
" Till when your weights will in the balance fail;
" A church unprincipled kicks up the ſcale.
" But if you cannot think (nor ſure you can
" Suppoſe in God what were unjuſt in man)
" That he, the fountain of eternal grace,
" Should ſuffer Falſhood, for ſo long a ſpace,
" To baniſh Truth, and to uſurp her place;
" That ſeven ſucceſſive ages ſhould be loſt,
" And preach damnation at their proper coſt;
" That all your erring anceſtors ſhould die,
" Drown'd in th' abyſs of deep idolatry.
" If piety forbid ſuch thoughts to riſe,
" Awake and open your unwilling eyes:
" God hath left nothing for each age undone,
" From this to that wherein he ſent his ſon; [done.
" Then think but well of him, and half your work is
" See how his church, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
" With open arms, a kind forgiving face,
" Stands ready to prevent her long-loſt ſon's embrace.
" Not more did Joſeph o'er his brethren weep,
" Nor leſs himſelf could from diſcov'ry keep,
" When in the crowd of ſuppliants they were ſeen,
" And in their crew the beſt-beloved Benjamin.
" That pious Joſeph in the church behold,
" To feed your famine, and refuſe your gold;
" The Joſeph you exil'd, the Joſeph whom you ſold!"
Thus while with heavenly charity ſhe ſpoke,
A ſtreaming blaze the ſilent ſhadows broke,
Shot from the ſkies a cheerful azure light;
The birds obſcene to foreſts wing'd their flight,
And gaping graves receiv'd the wand'ring guilty ſprite.
Such were the pleaſing triumphs of the ſky
For James's late nocturnal victory;
The pledge of his almighty Patron's love,
The fireworks which his angels made above.
I ſaw myſelf the lambent eaſy light
Gild the brown horror, and diſpel the night;

The meſſenger with ſpeed the tidings bore;
News which three lab'ring nations did reſtore;
But heaven's own nuncius was arriv'd before.
By this the Hind had reach'd her lonely cell,
And vapours roſe, and dews unwholeſome fell;
When ſhe, by frequent obſervation wiſe,
As one who long on heaven had fix'd her eyes,
Diſcern'd a change of weather in the ſkies.
The weſtern borders were with crimſon ſpread,
The moon deſcending look'd all flaming red;
She thought good manners bound her to invite
The ſtranger dame to be her gueſt that night.
'Tis true, coarſe diet, and a ſhort repaſt,
She ſaid, were weak inducements to the taſte
Of one ſo nicely bred, and ſo unus'd to faſt:
But what plain fare her cottage could afford,
A hearty welcome at a homely board,
Was freely her's; and, to ſupply the reſt,
An honeſt meaning, and an open breaſt:
Laſt, with content of mind, the poor man's wealth,
A grace-cup to their common patron's health.
This ſhe deſir'd her to accept, and ſtay,
For fear ſhe might be wilder'd in her way,
Becauſe ſhe wanted an unerring guide;
And then the dew-drops on her ſilken hide
Her tender conſtitution did declare,
Too lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air;
But moſt ſhe fear'd that travelling ſo late,
Some evil-minded beaſts might lie in wait,
And, without witneſs, wreak their hidden hate.
The Panther, though ſhe lent a liſt'ning ear,
Had more of lion in her than to fear;
Yet wiſely weighing, ſince ſhe had to deal
With many foes, their numbers might prevail,
Return'd her all the thanks ſhe could afford,
And took her friendly hoſteſs at her word,
Who ent'ring firſt her lowly roof, a ſhed,
With hoary moſs and winding ivy ſpread,
Honeſt enough to hide an humble hermit's head.

Thus graciouſly beſpoke her welcome gueſt:
"So might theſe walls, with your fair preſence bleſt,
"Become your dwelling-place of everlaſting reſt;
"Not for a night, or quick revolving year,
"Welcome an owner, not a ſojourner:
"This peaceful ſeat my poverty ſecures
"War ſeldom enters but where wealth allures.
"Nor yet deſpiſe it; for this poor abode
"Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives a god;
"A god victorious of a Stygian race,
"Here laid his ſacred limbs, and ſanctified the place.
"This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain;
"Be emulous of him, and pomp diſdain,
"And dare not to debaſe your ſoul to gain."
The ſilent ſtranger ſtood amaz'd to ſee
Contempt of wealth, and wilful poverty:
And though ill habits are not ſoon controll'd,
Awhile ſuſpended her deſire of gold,
But civilly drew in her ſharpen'd paws,
Not violating hoſpitable laws,
And pacify'd her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws.
The Hind did firſt her country cates provide,
Then couch'd herſelf ſecurely by her ſide.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

PART III.

MUCH malice, mingled with a little wit,
Perhaps may cenſure this myſterious writ;
Becauſe the muſe has peopled Caledon
With panthers, bears, and wolves, and beaſts unknown.
As if we were not ſtock'd with monſters of our own.
Let Æſop anſwer, who has ſet to view
Such kinds as Greece and Phrygia never knew;
And Mother Hubbard, in her homely dreſs,
Has ſharply blam'd a Britiſh lioneſs:
That queen, whoſe feaſt the factious rabble keep,
Expos'd obſcenely naked and aſleep.
Led by thoſe great examples, may not I
The wanted organs of their words ſupply?
If men tranſact like brutes, 'tis equal then
For brutes to claim the privilege of men.
Others our Hind of folly will endite,
To entertain a dang'rous gueſt by night:
Let thoſe remember that ſhe cannot die
Till rolling time is loſt in round eternity;
Nor need ſhe fear the Panther, tho' untam'd,
Becauſe the lion's peace was now proclaim'd;
The wary ſavage would not give offence,
To forfeit the protection of her prince;
But watch'd the time her vengeance to complete,
When all her furry ſons in frequent ſenate met.
Mean-while ſhe quench'd her fury at the flood,
And with a lenten ſallad cool'd her blood.
Their commons, tho' but coarſe, were nothing ſcant,
Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.
For now the Hind, whoſe noble nature ſtrove
T' expreſs her plain ſimplicity of love,
Did all the honours of her houſe ſo well,
No ſharp debates diſturb'd the friendly meal:
She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
To common dangers paſt, a ſadly-pleaſing theme:

Rememb'ring ev'ry ſtorm which toſs'd the ſtate,
When both were objects of the public hate,
And dropt a tear betwixt for her own children's fate.
Nor fail'd ſhe then a full review to make
Of what the Panther ſuffer'd for her ſake;
Her loſt eſteem, her truth, her loyal care,
Her faith unſhaken to an exil'd heir.
Her ſtrength t' endure, her courage to defy,
Her choice of honourable infamy.
On theſe, prolixly thankful, ſhe enlarg'd,
Then with acknowledgment herſelf ſhe charg'd;
For friendſhip, of itſelf an holy tie,
Is made more ſacred by adverſity.
Now ſhould they part, malicious tongues would ſay
They met like chance-companions on the way,
Whom mutual fear of robbers had poſſeſs'd;
While danger laſted, kindneſs was profeſs'd;
But that once o'er, the ſhort-liv'd union ends;
The road divides, and there divide the friends.
The Panther nodded when her ſpeech was done,
And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone;
But ſaid her gratitude had gone too far
For common offices of chriſtian care.
If to the lawful heir ſhe had been true,
She paid but Cæſar what was Cæſar's due,
"I might," ſhe added, "with like praiſe deſcribe
"Your ſuff'ring ſons, and ſo return your bribe;
"But incenſe from my hands is poorly priz'd;
"For gifts are ſcorn'd where givers are deſpis'd.
"I ſerv'd a turn, and then was caſt away;
"You, like the gaudy fly, your wings diſplay,
"And ſip the ſweets, and baſk in your great patron's
This heard, the matron was not ſlow to find [day."
What ſort of malady had ſeized her mind:
Diſdain, with gnawing Envy, felt deſpight,
And canker'd Malice ſtood in open fight,
Ambition, Int'reſt, Pride without control,
And Jealouſy, the jaundice of the ſoul;
Revenge, the bloody miniſter of ill,
With all the lean tormentors of the will.

'Twas eaſy now to gueſs from whence aroſe
Her new-made union with her ancient foes,
Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,
Affected kindneſs with an alter'd face,
Yet durſt ſhe not too deeply probe the wound,
As hoping ſtill the nobler parts were ſound;
But ſtrove with anodynes t' aſſuage the ſmart,
And mildly thus her med'cine did impart.
" Complaints of lovers help to eaſe their pain;
" It ſhows a reſt of kindneſs to complain;
" A friendſhip loath to quit its former hold,
" And conſcious merit may be juſtly bold;
" But much more juſt your jealouſy would ſhew
" If others' good were injury to you;
" Witneſs, ye heav'ns! how I rejoice to ſee
" Rewarded worth and riſing loyalty.
" Your warrior offspring that upheld the crown,
" The ſcarlet honour of your peaceful gown,
" Are the moſt pleaſing objects I can find,
" Charms to my ſight, and cordials to my mind.
" When Virtue ſpumes before a proſp'rous gale,
" My heaving wiſhes help to fill the ſail;
" And if my pray'rs for all the brave were heard, [ward.
" Cæſar ſhould ſtill nave ſuch, and ſuch ſhould ſtill re-
" The labour'd earth your pains have ſow'd and till'd;
" 'Tis juſt you reap the product of the field:
" Your's be the harveſt; 'tis the beggar's gain
" To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.
" Such ſcatter'd ears as are not worth your care
" Your charity for alms may ſafely ſpare;
" For alms are but the vehicles of pray'r.
" My daily bread is lit'rally implor'd;
" I have no barns nor granaries to hoard.
" If Cæſar to his own his hand extends,
" Say, which of your's his charity offends: [friends.
" You know he largely gives to more than are his
" Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor?
" Our mite decreaſes nothing of your ſtore.
" I am but few, and by your fare you ſee
" My crying ſins are not of luxury.

" Some juſter motives ſure your mind withdraws,
" And makes you break our friendſhip's holy laws;
" For barefac'd envy is too baſe a cauſe.
" Shew more occaſion for your diſcontent;
" Your love the wolf would help you to invent:
" Some German quarrel, or, as times go now,
" Some French, where force is uppermoſt, will do.
" When at the fountain's head, as merit ought
" To claim the place, you take a ſwilling draught,
" How eaſy 'tis an envious eye to throw,
" And tax the ſheep for troubling ſtreams below,
" Or call her (when no farther cauſe you find)
" An enemy profeſs'd of all your kind;
" But then perhaps the wicked world would think
" The wolf deſign'd to eat as well as drink.
This laſt illuſion gall'd the Panther more,
Becauſe indeed it rubb'd upon the ſore;
Yet ſeem'd ſhe not to winch, tho' ſhrewdly pain'd,
But thus her paſſive characters maintain'd.
" I never grudg'd, whate'er my foes report,
" Your flaunting fortune in the lion's court,
" You have your day, or you are much bely'd,
" But I am always on the ſuff'ring ſide:
" You know my doctrine, and I need not ſay
" I will not, but I cannot, diſobey.
" On this firm principle I ever ſtood;
" He of my ſons who fails to make it good,
" By one rebellious act renounces to my blood."
" Ah!" ſaid the Hind, " how many ſons have you
" Who call you mother, whom you never knew?
" But moſt of them who that relation plead,
" Are ſuch ungracious youths as wiſh you dead:
" They gape at rich revenues which you hold,
" And fain would nibble at your grandam Gold;
" Inquire into your years, and laugh to find
" Your crazy temper ſhews you much declin'd.
" Were you not dim and doted, you might ſee
" A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,
" No more of kin to you than you to me.

" Do you not know that, for a little coin,
" Heralds can foiſt a name into the line?
" They aſk you bleſſing but for what you have,
" But, once poſſeſs'd of what with care you ſave,
" The wanton boys would piſs upon your grave.
" Your ſons of latitude that court your grace,
" Tho' moſt reſembling you in form and face,
" Are far the worſt of your pretended race;
" And, but I bluſh your honeſty to blot,
" Pray God you prove them lawfully begot;
" For in ſome Popiſh libels I have read
" The wolf has been too buſy in your bed;
" At leaſt her hinder parts, the belly-piece,
" The paunch, and all that Scorpio claims, are his.
" Their malice too a ſore ſuſpicion brings;
" For tho' they dare not bark, they ſnarl at kings:
" Nor blame them for intruding on your line;
" Fat biſhoprics are ſtill of right divine.
" Think you your new French proſelytes are come
" To ſtarve abroad becauſe they ſtarv'd at home?
" Your benefices twinkled from afar;
" They found the new Meſſiah by the ſtar:
" Thoſe Swiſſes fight on any ſide for pay,
" And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.
" Mark with what management their tribes divide:
" Some ſtick to you, and ſome to t' other ſide,
" That many churches may for many mouths provide.
" More vacant pulpits would more converts make;
" All would have latitude enough to take;
" The reſt unbenefic'd your ſects maintain
" For ordinations without cures are vain,
" And chamber practice is a ſilent gain.
" Your ſons of breadth at home are much like theſe:
" Their ſoft and yielding metals run with eaſe;
" They melt, and take the figure of the mould,
" But harden, and preſerve it beſt in gold.
" Your Delphic ſword," the Panther then reply'd,
" Is double edg'd, and cuts on either ſide.
" Some ſons of mine, who bear upon the ſhield
" Three ſteeples argent is a ſable field,

" Have ſharply tax'd your converts, who unfed
" Have follow'd you for miracles of bread;
" Such who themſelves of no religion are,
" Allur'd with gain, for any will declare:
" Bare lies with bold aſſertions they can face,
" But dint of argument is out of place:
" The grim logician puts them in a fright;
" 'Tis eaſier far to flouriſh than to fight.
" Thus our eighth Henry's marriage they defame;
" They ſay the ſchiſm of beds began the game,
" Divorcing from the church to wed the dame:
" Tho' largely prov'd, and by himſelf profeſt,
" That conſcience, conſcience would not let him reſt;
" I mean not till poſſeſs'd of her he lov'd,
" And old uncharming Cath'rine was remov'd.
" For ſundry years before he did complain,
" And told his ghoſtly confeſſor his pain;
" With the ſame impudence, without a ground,
" They ſay that, look the reformation round,
" No treatiſe of humility is found;
" But if none were, the Goſpel does not want;
" Our Saviour preach'd it, and I hope you grant
" The ſermon on the mount was proteſtant."
" No doubt," reply'd the Hind, " as ſure as all
" The writings of St. Peter and St. Paul;
" On that deciſion let it ſtand or fall.
" Now, for my converts, who, you ſay, unfed
" Have follow'd me for miracles of bread;
" Judge not by hearſay, but obſerve at leaſt
" If ſince their change their loaves have been increas'd.
" The lion buys no converts, if he did,
" Beaſts would be ſold as faſt as he could bid.
" Tax thoſe of int'reſt who conform for gain,
" Or ſtay the market of another reign;
" Your broadway ſons would never be too nice
" To cloſe with Calvin if he paid their price.
" But, rais'd three ſteeples higher, would change their
" And quit the caſſoc for the canting coat. [note,
" Now, if you damn this cenſure as too bold,
" Jugde by yourſelves, and think not others ſold.

" Meantime my ſons, accus'd by Fame's report,
" Pay ſmall attendance to the lion's court,
" Nor riſe with early crowds, nor flatter late,
" For ſilently they beg who daily wait,
" Preferment is beſtow'd that comes unſought;
" Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought,
" How they ſhould ſpeed their fortune is untry'd,
" For not to aſk is not to be deny'd.
" For what they have their God and king they bleſs,
" And hope they ſhould not murmur had they leſs;
" But if reduc'd ſubſiſtence to implore,
" In common prudence they would paſs your door.
" Unpity'd Hudibras, your champion friend,
" Has ſhewn how far your charities extend:
" This laſting verſe ſhall on his tomb be read,
" 'He ſham'd you living, and upbraids you dead.'
" With odious atheiſt names you load your foes;
" Your lib'ral clergy why did I expoſe;
" It never fails in charities like thoſe.
" In climes where true religion is profeſt,
" That imputation were no laughing jeſt;
" But *Imprimatur*, with a chaplain's name,
" Is here ſufficient licenſe to defame.
" What wonder is't that black detraction thrives?
" The homicide of names is leſs that lives,
" And yet the perjur'd murderer ſurvives!"
This ſaid, ſhe paus'd a little, and ſuppreſt
The boiling indignation of her breaſt;
She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would
Pollute her ſatire with ignoble blood;
Her panting foe ſhe ſaw before her eye,
And back ſhe drew the ſhining weapon dry.
So when the gen'rous lion has in ſight
His equal match, he rouſes for the fight;
But when his foe lies proſtrate on the plain,
He ſheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane,
And, pleas'd with bloodleſs honours of the day,
Walks over, and diſdains th' inglorious prey.
So James, if great with leſs we may compare,
Arreſts his rolling thunderbolts in air,

And grants ungrateful friends a lengthen'd ſpace,
T' implore the remnants of long ſuff'ring grace.
This breathing time the matron took, and then
Reſum'd the thread of her diſcourſe again.
" Be vengeance only left to pow'rs divine,
" And let heav'n judge betwixt your ſons and mine:
" If joys hereafter muſt be purchas'd here
" With loſs of all that mortals hold ſo dear,
" Then welcome infamy and public ſhame,
" And, laſt, a long farewel to worldly fame.
" 'Tis ſaid with eaſe, but, oh! how hardly try'd
" By haughty ſouls, to human honour ty'd!
" O ſharp convulſive pangs of agonizing pride!
" Down then thou rebel, never more to riſe,
" And what thou didſt, and doſt, ſo dearly prize,
" That fame, that darling fame, make that thy ſacrifice.
" 'Tis nothing thou haſt given; then add thy tears
" For a long race of unrepenting years:
" 'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou haſt to give;
" Then add thoſe may-be years thou haſt to live:
" Yet nothing ſtill; then poor and naked come;
" Thy Father will receive his unthrift home,
" And thy bleſt Saviour's blood diſcharge the mighty ſum.
" Thus," ſhe purſu'd, " I diſcipline a ſon,
" Whoſe uncheck'd fury to revenge would run;
" He champs the bit, impatient of his loſs,
" And ſtarts aſide, and flounders at the croſs.
" Inſtruct him better, gracious God! to know,
" As thine is vengeance, ſo forgiveneſs too;
" That, ſuff'ring from ill tongues, he bears no more
" Than what his ſov'reign bears, and what his Saviour bore.
" It now remains for you to ſchool your child,
" And ask why God's anointed he revil'd?
" A king and princeſs dead! did Shimei worſe?
" The curſer's puniſhment ſhould fright the curſe.
" Your ſon was warn'd, and wiſely gave it o'er;
" But he who counſell'd him has paid the ſcore:
" The heavy malice could no higher tend,
" But woe to him on whom the weights deſcend.

" So to permitted ills the demon flies;
" His rage is aim'd at him who rules the ſkies:
" Conſtrain'd to quit his cauſe, no ſuccour found,
" The foe diſcharges ev'ry tire around,
" In clouds of ſmoke abandoning the fight,
" But his own thund'ring peals proclaim his flight.
" In Henry's change his charge as ill ſucceeds;
" To that long ſtory little anſwer needs:
" Confront but Henry's words with Henry's deeds.
" Were ſpace allow'd, with eaſe it might be prov'd
" What ſprings his bleſſed reformation mov'd.
" The dire effects appear'd in open ſight,
" Which from the cauſe he calls a diſtant flight,
" And yet no larger leap than from the ſun to light.
" Now let your ſons a double pæan ſound,
" A treatiſe of humility is found:
" 'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been ſought,
" Than thus in proteſtant proceſſion brought.
" The fam'd original thro' Spain is known,
" Rodriguez' work, my celebrated ſon,
" Which your's, by ill tranſlating, made his own;
" Conceal'd its author, and uſurp'd the name,
" The baſeſt and ignobleſt theft of fame.
" My altars kindled firſt that living coal;
" Reſtore or practiſe better what you ſtole;
" That virtue could this humble verſe inſpire;
" 'Tis all the reſtitution I require."
Glad was the Panther that the charge was clos'd,
And none of all her fav'rite ſons expos'd;
For laws of arms permit each injur'd man
To make himſelf a ſaver where he can.
Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell
The names of pirates in whoſe hands he fell,
But at the dens of thieves he juſtly flies,
And ev'ry Algerine is lawful prize.
No private perſon in the foe's eſtate
Can plead exemption from the public fate;
Yet Chriſtain laws allow not ſuch redreſs;
Then let the greater ſuperſede the leſs;

But let th' abettors of the Panther's crime
Learn to make fairer wars another time.
Some characters may ſure be found to write
Among her ſons; for 'tis no common ſight
A ſpotted dame, and all her offspring white.
The ſavage, tho' ſhe ſaw her plea controll'd,
Yet would not wholly ſeem to quit her hold,
But offer'd fairly to compound the ſtrife,
And judg'd converſion by the convert's life.
" 'Tis true," ſhe ſaid, " I think it ſomewhat ſtrange
" So few ſhould follow profitable change,
" For preſent joys are more to fleſh and blood
" Than a dull proſpect of a diſtant good.
" 'Twas well alluded by a ſon of mine,
" (I hope to quote him is not to purloin)
" Two magnets, heaven and earth, allure to bliſs,
" The larger loadſtone that, the nearer this;
" The weak attraction of the greater fails;
" We nod awhile, but neighbourhood prevails;
" But when the greater proves the nearer too,
" I wonder more your converts come ſo ſlow:
" Methinks in thoſe who firm with me remain,
" It ſhows a nobler principle than gain."
" Your inf'rence would be ſtrong," the Hind reply'd,
" If your's were in effect the ſuff'ring ſide;
" Your clergy's ſons their own in peace poſſeſs,
" Nor are their proſpects in reverſion leſs:
" My proſelytes are ſtruck with awful dread;
" Your bloody comet-laws hang blazing o'er their head.
" The reſpite they enjoy but only lent,
" The beſt they have to hope protracted puniſhment.
" Be judge yourſelf, if int'reſt may prevail,
" Which motives, your's or mine, will turn the ſcale.
" While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous eaſe,
" That is, till man's predom'nant paſſions ceaſe,
" Admire no longer at my ſlow increaſe.
" By education moſt have been miſled;
" So they believe becauſe they ſo were bred;
" The prieſt continues what the nurſe began,
" And thus the child impoſes on the man.

" The reſt I nam'd before, nor need repeat;
" But int'reſt is the moſt prevailing cheat,
" The ſly ſeducer both of age and youth;
" They ſtudy that, and think they ſtudy truth.
" When int'reſt fortifies an argument,
" Weak reaſon ſerves to gain the will's aſſent;
" For ſouls already warpt receive an eaſy bent.
" Add long preſcription of eſtabliſh'd laws,
" And picque of honour to maintain a cauſe,
" And ſhame of change, and fear of future ill,
" And zeal, the blind conductor of the will,
" And, chief among the ſtill-miſtaking crowd,
" The ſame of teachers obſtinate and proud,
" And, more than all, the private judge allow'd,
" Diſdain of fathers, which the dance began,
" And laſt uncertain whoſe the narrower ſpan,
" The clown unread, and half-read gentleman."
To this the Panther, with a ſcornful ſmile;
" Yet ſtill you travel with unweary'd toil,
" And range around the realm without control,
" Among my ſons for proſelytes to prowl,
" And here and there you ſnap ſome ſilly ſoul.
" You hinted fears of future change in ſtate;
" Pray heav'n you did not propheſy your fate.
" Perhaps you think your time of triumph near,
" But may miſtake the ſeaſon of the year;
" The ſwallow's fortune gives you cauſe to fear."
" For charity" reply'd the matron, " tell
" What ſad miſchance thoſe pretty birds befel."
" Nay, no miſchance," the ſavage Dame reply'd,
" But want of wit in their unerring guide,
" And eager haſte, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride.
" Yet, wiſhing timely warning may prevail,
" Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale."

The ſwallow, priviledg'd above the reſt
Of all the birds, as man's familiar gueſt,
Purſues the ſun in ſummer, briſk and bold,
But wiſely ſhuns the perſecuting cold;
Is well to chancels and to chimnies known,
Tho' 'tis not thought ſhe feeds on ſmoke alone;

From hence ſhe has been held of heav'nly line,
Endu'd with particles of ſoul divine.
This merry choriſter had long poſſeſt
Her ſummer-ſeat, and feather'd well her neſt,
Till frowning ſkies began to change their cheer,
And Time turn'd up the wrong ſide of the year.
The ſhedding trees began the ground to ſtrow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blaſts to blow;
Sad auguries of winter thence ſhe drew,
Which by inſtinct or propheſy ſhe knew;
When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
And ſeek a better heav'n and warmer climes.
Her ſons were ſummon'd on a ſteeple's height,
And, call'd in common council, vote a flight:
The day was nam'd, the next that ſhould be fair;
All to the gen'ral rendezvous repair, [air:
They try their flutt'ring wings, and truſt themſelves in
But whether upward to the moon they go,
Or dream the winter out in caves below,
Or hawk at flies elſewhere, concerns us not to know.
Southwards, you may be ſure, they bent their flight,
And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night:
Next morn they roſe, and ſet up ev'ry ſail;
The wind was fair, but blew a mack'rel gale:
The ſickly young ſat ſhiv'ring on the ſhore,
Abhorr'd ſalt water, never ſeen before,
And pray'd their tender mother's to delay
The paſſage, and expect a fairer day.
With theſe the Martin readily concurr'd,
A church-begot and church-believing bird;
Of little body but of lofty mind,
Round-belly'd, for a dignity deſign'd,
And much a dunce, as martins are by kind;
Yet often quoted canon laws and code,
And fathers which he never underſtood;
But little learning needs in double blood:
For, ſooth to ſay, the ſwallow brought him in
Her houſe-hold chaplain, and her next of kin;
In ſuperſtition ſilly to exceſs,
And caſting ſchemes by planetary gueſs.

In fine, ſhort-wing'd, unfit himſelf to fly,
His fear foretold foul weather in the ſky.
Beſides, a raven from a wither'd oak,
Left of their lodging, was obſerv'd to croak.
That omen lik'd him not; ſo his advice
Was preſent ſafety, bought at any price,
A ſeeming pious care, that cover'd cowardice.
To ſtrenghten this he told a boding dream
Of riſing waters and a troubled ſtream,
Sure ſigns of anguiſh, dangers, and diſtreſs,
With ſomething more, not lawful to expreſs,
By which he ſlily ſeem'd to intimate
Some ſecret revelation of their fate:
For he concluded, once upon a time,
He found a leaf inſcrib'd with ſacred rhyme,
Whoſe antique characters did well denote
The Sibyl's hand of the Camæan grot:
The mad diviner eſs had plainly writ,
A time ſhould come, (but many ages yet)
In which, ſiniſter Deſtinies ordain,
A dame ſhould drown with all her feather'd train,
And ſeas from thence be call'd the Chelidonian main.
At this ſome ſhook for fear, the more devout
Aroſe, and bleſs'd themſelves from head to foot.
'Tis true, ſome ſtagers of the wiſer ſort
Made all theſe idle wonderments their ſport:
They ſaid their only danger was delay,
And he who heard what ev'ry fool could ſay
Wou'd never fix his thought, but trim his time away.
The paſſage yet was good; the wind, 'tis true,
Was ſomewhat high, but that was nothing new,
No more than uſual equinoxes blew.
The ſun, already from the ſcales declin'd,
Gave little hopes of better days behind,
But change from bad to worſe of weather and of wind.
Nor need they fear the dampneſs of the ſky
Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly;
'Twas only water thrown on ſails too dry.
But leaſt of all philoſophy preſumes
Of truth in dreams from melancholy fumes;

Perhaps the Martin, hous'd in holy ground,
Might think of ghoſts that walk their midnight round,
Till groſſer atoms, tumbling in the ſtream
Of fancy, madly met, and clubb'd into a dream:
As little weight his vain preſages bear
Of ill effect to ſuch alone who fear:
Moſt prophecies are of a piece with theſe,
Each Noſtradamus can foretel with eaſe:
Not naming perſons and confounding times,
One caſual truth ſupports a thouſand lying rhymes.
Th' advice was true, but fear had ſeiz'd the moſt,
And all good counſel is on cowards loſt.
The queſtion crudely put, to ſhun delay,
'Twas carry'd by the major part to ſtay.
His point thus gain'd, Sir Martin dated thence
His pow'r, and from a prieſt became a prince.
He order'd all things with a buſy care,
And cells and refectories did prepare,
And large proviſions laid of winter-fare;
But now and then let fall a word or two
Of hope that heav'n ſome miracle might ſhow,
And for their ſakes the ſun ſhould backward go,
Againſt the laws of Nature upward climb,
And mounted on the ram, renew the prime,
For which two proofs in ſacred ſtory lay,
Of Ahaz'dial and of Joſhua's day.
In expectation of ſuch times as theſe,
A chapel hous'd 'em, truly call'd of eaſe;
For Martin much devotion did not aſk:
They pray'd ſometimes, and that was all their taſk.
It happen'd (as beyond the reach of wit
Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit)
That this accompliſh'd, or at leaſt in part,
Gave great repute to their new Merlin's art.
Some Swifts, the giants of the Swallow kind,
Large limb'd, ſtout-hearted, but of ſtupid mind,
(For Swiſſes or for Gibeonites deſign'd)
Theſe lubbers, peeping through a broken pane
To ſuck freſh air, ſurvey'd the neighb'ring plain,

And ſaw (but ſcarcely could believe their eyes)
New bloſſoms flouriſh, and new flow'rs ariſe,
As God had been abroad, and walking there,
Had left his footſteps, and reform'd the year:
The ſunny hills from far were ſeen to glow
With glitt'ring beams, and in the meads below
The burniſh'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold to flow.
At laſt they heard the fooliſh cuckoo ſing,
Whoſe note proclaim'd the holliday of ſpring.
No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
And repoſſeſs their patrimonial ſky,
The prieſt before 'em did his wings diſplay;
And that good omens might attend their way,
As luck would have it, 'twas St. Martin's day.
Who but the Swallow now triumphs alone?
The canopy of heav'n is all her own:
Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,
And glide along in glades, and ſkim in air,
And dip for inſects in the purling ſprings,
And ſtoop on rivers to refreſh their wings.
Their mothers think a fair proviſion made
That ev'ry ſon can live upon his trade;
And now the careful charge is off their hands,
Look out for huſbands, and new nuptial bands.
The youthful widow longs to be ſupply'd,
But firſt the lover is by lawyer's ty'd
To ſettle jointure-chimnies on the bride.
So thick they couple, in ſo ſhort a ſpace,
That Martin's marriage off'rings riſe apace:
Their ancient houſes running to decay,
Are furbiſh'd up, and cemented with clay:
They teem already; ſtore of eggs are laid,
And brooding mothers call Lucina's aid:
Fame ſpreads the news, and foreign fowls appear
In flocks to greet the new-returning year,
To bleſs the founder and partake the cheer.
And now 'twas time, (ſo faſt their numbers riſe)
To plant abroad, and people colonies.
The youth drawn forth as Martin had deſir'd,
(For ſo their cruel deſtiny requir'd)

Were ſent far off on an ill-fated day;
The reſt would needs conduct 'em on their way;
And Martin went, becauſe he fear'd alone to ſtay.
So long they flew with inconſid'rate haſte,
That now their afternoon began to waſte;
And, what was ominous, that very morn
The ſun was enter'd into Capricorn,
Which, by their bad aſtronomer's account,
That week the Virgin Balance ſhould remount:
An infant moon eclips'd him in his way,
And hid the ſmall remainders of his day:
The crowd amaz'd purſu'd no certain mark,
But birds met birds, and juſtled in the dark:
Few mind the public in a panic fright,
And fear increas'd the horror of the night.
Night came, but unattended with repoſe,
Alone ſhe came, no ſleep their eyes to cloſe:
Alone, and black ſhe came, no friendly ſtars aroſe.
What ſhould they do, beſet with dangers round,
No neighb'ring drop, no lodging to be found,
But bleaky plains and bare unhoſpitable ground?
The latter brood, who juſt began to fly,
Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the ſky,
For ſuccour to their helpleſs mother call;
She ſpread her wings; ſome few beneath 'em crawl;
She ſpread 'em wider yet, but could not cover all.
T' augment their woes, the winds began to move,
Debate in air for empty fields above,
Till Boreas got the ſkies, and pour'd amain
His rattling hailſtones, mix'd with ſnow and rain.
The joyleſs morning late aroſe, and found
A dreadful deſolation reign around,
Some bury'd in the ſnow, ſome frozen to the ground.
The reſt were ſtruggling ſtill with death, and lay
The crows' and ravens' right, an undefended prey.
Excepting Martin's race; for they and he
Had gain'd the ſhelter of a hollow tree;
But ſoon diſcover'd by a ſturdy clown,
He headed all the rabble of the town,
And finiſh'd 'em with bats, or poll'd 'em down.

Martin himſelf was caught alive, and try'd
For treas'nous crimes, becauſe the laws provide
No Martin there in winter ſhall abide.
High on an oak, which never leaf ſhall bear,
He breath'd his laſt, expos'd to open air;
And there his corpſe unbleſs'd is hanging ſtill,
To ſhew the change of winds with his prophetic bill.
The patience of the Hind did almoſt fail,
For well ſhe mark'd the malice of the tale,
Which ribald art their church to Luther owes;
In malice it began, by malice grows;
He ſow'd the ſerpent's teeth, an iron harveſt roſe.
But moſt in Martin's character and fate
She ſaw her ſlander'd ſons, the Panther's hate,
The people's rage, the perſecuting ſtate;
Then ſaid, "I take th' advice in friendly part;
"You clear your conſcience, or at leaſt your heart:
"Perhaps you fail'd in your foreſeeing ſkill,
"For Swallows are unlucky birds to kill.
"As for my ſons, the family is bleſt,
"Whoſe ev'ry child is equal to the reſt:
"No church reform'd can boaſt a blameleſs line;
"Such Martins build in your's, and more than mine.
"Or elſe an old fanatic author lies,
"Who ſumm'd their ſcandals up by centuries:
"But through your parable I plainly ſee
"The bloody laws, the crowd's barbarity;
"The ſunſhine that offends the purblind ſight;
"Had ſome their wiſhes, it would ſoon be night.
"Miſtake me not, the charge concerns not you;
"Your ſons are malcontents, but yet are true,
"As far as non-reſiſtance makes 'em ſo;
"But that's a word of neutral ſenſe, you know,
"A paſſive term which no relief will bring,
"But trims betwixt a rebel and a king."
"Reſt well aſſur'd," the Pardalis reply'd,
"My ſons would all ſupport the regal ſide, [try'd.
"Though heav'n forbid, the cauſe by battle ſhould be
The matron anſwer'd with a loud "Amen,"
And thus purſu'd her argument again.

" If, as you ſay, and as I hope no leſs,
" Your ſons will practiſe what yourſelves profeſs,
" What angry pow'r prevents our preſent peace?
" The lion, ſtudious of her common good,
" Deſires, and kings' deſires are ill withſtood,
" To join our nations in a laſting love;
" The bars betwixt are eaſy to remove,
" For ſanguinary laws were never made above.
" If you condemn that prince of tyranny,
" Whoſe mandate forc'd your Gallic friends to fly,
" Make not a worſe example of your own,
" Or ceaſe to rail at cauſeleſs rigour ſhown,
" And let the guiltleſs perſon throw the ſtone.
" His blunted ſword your ſuff'ring brotherhood
" Have ſeldom felt; he ſtops it ſhort of blood:
" But you have ground the perſecuting knife,
" And ſet it to a razor-edge on life.
" Curs'd be the wit which cruelty refines,
" Or to his father's rod the ſcorpion's joins!
" Your finger is more groſs than the great monarch's
" But you perhaps remove that bloody note, [loins.
" And ſtick it on the firſt reformer's coat.
" Oh, let their crime in long oblivion ſleep!
" 'Twas their's indeed to make, 'tis your's to keep.
" Unjuſt or juſt is all the queſtion now;
" 'Tis plain that not repealing you allow.
" To name the teſt would put you in a rage;
" You charge not that on any former age,
" But ſmile to think how innocent you ſtand,
" Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand;
" Yet ſtill remember that you wield a ſword
" Forg'd by your foes againſt your ſov'reign lord,
" Deſign'd to hew th' imperial cedar down,
" Defraud ſucceſſion, and diſ-heir the crown.
" T' abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
" Is to hate traitors, and the treaſon love.
" What means it elſe which now your children ſay,
" We made it not, nor will we take away?

" Suppoſe ſome great oppreſſor had, by ſlight
" Of law, diſſeiz'd your brother of his right,
" Your common ſire ſurrend'ring in a fright;
" Would you to that unrighteous title ſtand,
" Left by the villain's will to heir the land?
" More juſt was Judas, who his Saviour ſold,
" The ſacrilegious bribe he could not hold,
" Nor hang in peace before he render'd back the gold.
" What more could you have done than now you do,
" Had Oates and Bedlow, and their plot been true?
" Some ſpecious reaſons for thoſe wrongs were found;
" Their dire magicians threw their miſts around,
" And wiſe men walk'd as on enchanted ground:
" But now, when Time has made th' impoſture plain,
" (Late tho' he follow'd Truth, and limping held her
" train)
" What new deluſion charms your cheated eyes again?
" The painted harlot might awhile bewitch,
" But why the hag uncas'd, and all obſcene with itch?
" The firſt reformers were a modeſt race;
" Our peers poſſeſs'd in peace their native place;
" And when rebellious arms o'erturn'd the ſtate,
" They ſuffer'd only in the common fate:
" But now the ſov'reign mounts the regal chair,
" And mitred ſeats are full, yet David's bench is bare.
" Your anſwer is, they were not diſpoſſeſt;
" They need but rub their metal on the teſt
" To prove their ore; 'twere well if gold alone
" Were touch'd and try'd on your diſcerning ſtone;
" But that unfaithful teſt unſound will paſs,
" The droſs of Atheiſts and ſectarian braſs;
" As if th' experiment were made to hold
" For baſe production, and reject the gold.
" Thus men ungodded may to places riſe,
" And ſects may be preferr'd without diſguiſe:
" No danger to the church or ſtate from theſe;
" The Papiſt only has his writ of eaſe.
" No gainful office gives him the pretence
" To grind the ſubject or defraud the prince.

" Wrong conſcience, or no conſcience, may deſerve
" To thrive, but ours alone is privileg'd to ſtarve.
" Still thank yourſelves, you cry; your noble race
" We baniſh not, but they forſake the place:
" Our doors are open; true, but ere they come
" You toſs your 'cenſing teſt and fume the room,
" As if 'twere Toby's rival to expel,
" And fright the fiend who could not bear the ſmell."
To this the Panther ſharply had reply'd;
But having gain'd a verdict on her ſide,
She wiſely gave the loſer leave to chide;
Well ſatisfy'd to have the butt and peace,
And for the plaintiff's cauſe ſhe car'd the leſs,
Becauſe ſhe ſu'd *in forma pauperis*;
Yet thought it decent ſomething ſhould be ſaid,
For ſecret guilt by ſilence is betray'd;
So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,
But anſwer'd with a yawning kind of pride.
" Methinks ſuch terms of proffer'd peace you bring,
" As once Æneas to th' Italian king;
" By long poſſeſſion all the land is mine;
" You ſtrangers come with your intruding line
" To ſhare my ſceptre, which you call to join.
" You plead, like him, an ancient pedigree,
" And claim a peaceful ſeat by Fate's decree.
" In ready pomp your ſacrificer ſtands,
" T' unite the Trojan and the Latin bands,
" And, that the league more firmly may be ty'd,
" Demand the fair Lavinia for your bride.
" Thus plauſibly you veil th' intended wrong,
" But ſtill you bring your exil'd gods along;
" And will endeavour in ſucceeding ſpace
" Thoſe houſehold puppets on our hearths to place.
" Perhaps ſome barb'rous laws have been preferr'd;
" I ſpake againſt the teſt, but was not heard:
" Theſe to reſcind, and peerage to reſtore,
" My gracions ſov'reign would my vote implore;
" I owe him much, but owe my conſcience more."
" Conſcience is then your plea," reply'd the dame,
" Which well-inform'd will ever be the ſame;

" But your's is much of the cameleon hue,
" To change the die with ev'ry diſtant view.
" When firſt the lion ſat with awful ſway,
" Your conſcience taught your duty to obey:
" He might have had your ſtatutes and your teſt;
" No conſcience but of ſubjects was profeſs'd.
" He found your temper, and no farther try'd,
" But on that broken reed your church rely'd.
" In vain the ſects eſſay'd their utmoſt art
" With offer'd treaſure to eſpouſe their part: [heart.
" Their treaſures were a pride too mean to move his
" But when by long experience you had prov'd
" How far he could forgive, how well he lov'd,
" A goodneſs that excell'd his godlike race,
" And only ſhort of heav'n's unbounded grace,
" A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our iſle,
" Calm in the riſe, and fruitful as the Nile,
" Forgetting whence your Egypt was ſupply'd,
" You thought your ſov'reign bound to ſend the tide,
" Nor upward look'd on that immortal ſpring,
" But vainly deem'd he durſt not be a king:
" Then Conſcience, unreſtrain'd by fear, began
" To ſtretch her limits and extend the ſpan,
" Did his indulgence as her gift diſpoſe,
" And make a wiſe alliance with her foes.
" Can Conſcience own th' aſſociating name,
" For ſure ſhe has been thought a baſhful dame.
" But if the cauſe by battle ſhould be try'd,
" You grant ſhe muſt eſpouſe the regal ſide:
" O Proteus Conſcience! never to be ty'd.
" What Phœbus from the tripod ſhall diſcloſe
" Which are, in laſt reſort, your friends or foes!
" Homer, who learn'd the language of the ſky,
" The ſeeming Gordian knot would ſoon untie;
" Immortal pow'rs the term of Conſcience know,
" But int'reſt is her name with men below."
" Conſcience or int'reſt be't, or both in one,"
The Panther anſwer'd in a ſurly tone,
" The firſt commands me to maintain the crown,
" The laſt forbids to throw my barriers down,

" Our penal laws no ſons of your's admit,
" Our text excludes your tribe from benefit.
" Theſe are my banks your ocean to withſtand,
" Which proudly riſing overlooks the land,
" And once let in with unreſiſted ſway
" Would ſweep the paſtors and their flocks away.
" Think not my judgment leads me to comply
" With laws unjuſt, but hard neceſſity:
" Imperious need, which cannot be withſtood,
" Makes ill authentic for a greater good.
" Poſſeſs your ſoul with patience, and attend;
" A more auſpicious planet may aſcend;
" Good Fortune may preſent ſome happier time
" With means to cancel my unwilling crime;
" (Unwilling, witneſs all ye pow'rs above)
" To mend my errors and redeem your love;
" That little ſpace you ſafely may allow;
" Your all-diſpenſing pow'r protects you now.
" Hold," ſaith the Hind, " 'tis needleſs to explain;
" You would poſtpone me to another reign,
" Till when you are content to be unjuſt;
" Your part is to poſſeſs and mine to truſt;
" A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,
" For preſent profit and inheritance.
" Few words will ſerve to finiſh our diſpute;
" Who will not now repeal would perſecute:
" To ripen green revenge your hopes attend,
" Wiſhing that happier planet would aſcend.
" For ſhame! let conſcience be your plea no more:
" To will hereafter, proves ſhe might before;
" But ſhe's a bawd to Gain, and holds the door.
" Your care about your banks infers a fear
" Of threat'ning floods and inundations near;
" If ſo, a juſt repriſe would only be
" Of what the land uſurp'd upon the ſea;
" And all your jealouſies but ſerve to ſhew
" Your ground is, like your neighbour nation, low.
" T' intrench in what you grant unrighteous laws
" Is to diſtruſt the juſtice of your cauſe,

" And argues that the true religion lies
" In thoſe weak adverſaries you deſpiſe.
" Tyrannic force is that which leaſt you fear;
" The ſound is frightful in a Chriſtian's ear:
" Avert it, Heav'n! nor let that plague be ſent
" To us from the diſpeopled continent.
" But piety commands me to refrain;
" Thoſe pray'rs are needleſs in this monarch's reign.
" Behold! how he protects your friends oppreſt,
" Receives the baniſh'd, ſuccours the diſtreſt,
" Behold! for you may read an honeſt open breaſt:
" He ſtands in daylight, and diſdains to hide
" An act to which by honour he is ty'd,
" A gen'rous, laudable, and kingly pride.
" Your teſt he would repeal, his peers reſtore;
" This when he ſays he means, he means no more."
" Well," ſaid the Panther, " I believe him juſt,
" And yet———"
" And yet 'tis but becauſe you muſt;
" You would be truſted, but you would not truſt."
The Hind thus briefly; and diſdain'd t' enlarge
On pow'r of kings and their ſuperior charge,
As heav'n's truſtees before the people's choice;
Though ſure the Panther did not much rejoice
To hear thoſe echoes giv'n of her once loyal voice.
The matron woo'd her kindneſs to the laſt,
But could not win: her hour of grace was paſt:
Whom, thus perſiſting, when ſhe could not bring
To leave the wolf, and to believe her king,
She gave her up, and fairly wiſh'd her joy
Of her late treaty with her new ally;
Which well ſhe hop'd would more ſucceſsful prove
Than was the Pigeon's and the Buzzard's love.
The Panther aſk'd what concord there could be
Betwixt two kinds whoſe natures diſagree?
The dame reply'd, " 'Tis ſung in ev'ry ſtreet,
" The common chat of goſſips when they meet;
" But, ſince unheard by you, 'tis worth your while
" To take a wholeſome tale, tho' told in homely ſtyle."

A plain good man, whoſe name is underſtood,
(So few deſerve the name of great and good)
Of three fair lineal lordſhips ſtood poſſeſt,
And liv'd, as reaſon was, upon the beſt.
Inur'd to hardſhips from his early youth,
Much had he done and ſuffer'd for his truth;
At land, and ſea, in many a doubtful fight,
Was never known a more advent'rous knight,
Who oft'ner drew his ſword, and always for the right.
As Fortune would, (his fortune came, tho' late)
He took poſſeſſion of his juſt eſtate,
Nor rack'd his tenants with increaſe of rent,
Nor liv'd too ſparing, nor too largely ſpent,
But overlook'd his hinds their pay was juſt
And ready, for he ſcorn'd to go on truſt:
Slow to reſolve, but in performance quick;
So true, that he was awkward at a trick:
For little ſouls on little ſhifts rely,
And cowards arts of mean expedients try;
The noble mind will dare do any thing but lie.
Falſe friends, his deadlieſt foes, could find no way,
But ſhows of honeſt bluntneſs to betray:
That unſuſpected plainneſs he believ'd;
He look'd into himſelf, and was deceiv'd.
Some lucky planet ſure attends his birth,
Or heav'n would make a miracle on earth;
For proſp'rous honeſty is ſeldom ſeen
To bear ſo dead a weight, and yet to win.
It looks as Fate with Nature's laws would ſtrive;
To ſhew plain dealing once an age may thrive:
And when ſo tough a frame ſhe could not bend,
Exceeded her commiſſion to befriend.
This grateful man, as heav'n increas'd his ſtore,
Gave God again, and daily fed his poor:
His houſe with all convenience was purvey'd;
The reſt he found, but rais'd the fabric where he pray'd,
And in that ſacred place his beauteous wife
Employ'd her happieſt hours of holy life.
Nor did their alms extend to thoſe alone
Whom common faith more ſtrictly made their own;

A ſort of doves were hous'd too near their hall,
Who croſs the proverb, and abound with gall.
Though ſome 'tis true, are paſſively inclin'd,
The greater part degen'rate from their kind;
Voracious birds, that hotly bill and breed,
And largely drink, becauſe on ſalt they feed.
Small gain from them their bounteous owner draws,
Yet, bound by promiſe, he ſupports their cauſe,
As corporations privileg'd by laws.
That houſe, which harbour to their kind affords,
Was built long ſince, God knows, for better birds:
But flutt'ring there they neſtle near the throne,
And lodge in habitations not their own,
By their high crops and corny gizzards known.
Like harpies they could ſcent a plenteous board;
Then to be ſure they never fail'd their lord;
The reſt was form, and bare attendance paid;
They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd:
The more they fed they raven'd ſtill for more;
They drain'd from Dan, and left Beerſheba poor.
All this they had by law, and none repin'd;
The pref'rence was but due to Levi's kind;
But when ſome lay-preferment fell by chance,
The Gourmands made it their inheritance.
When once poſſeſt they never quit their claim,
For then 'tis ſanctify'd to heav'n's high name;
And hallow'd thus, they cannot give conſent
The gift ſhould be profan'd by worldly management.
Their fleſh was never to the table ſerv'd,
Though 'tis not thence infer'd the birds were ſtarv'd,
But that their maſter did not like the food,
As rank, and breeding melancholy blood:
Nor did it with his gracious nature ſuit,
E'en tho' they were not doves, to perſecute:
Yet he refus'd (nor could they take offence)
Their glutton kind ſhould teach him abſtinence;
Nor conſecrated grain their wheat he thought,
Which new from treading in their bills they brought,
But left his hinds each in his private pow'r,
That thoſe who like the bran might leave the flour.

He for himſelf, and not for others, choſe,
Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impoſe;
But in their faces his devotion paid,
And ſacrifice with ſolemn rites was made,
And ſacred incenſe on his altars laid.
Beſides theſe jolly birds, whoſe corps impure
Repaid their commons with their ſalt manure,
Another farm he had behind his houſe,
Not overſtock'd, but barely for his uſe,
Wherein his poor domeſtic poultry fed,
And from his pious hands receiv'd their bread;
Our pamper'd pigeons, with malignant eyes,
Beheld theſe inmates and their nurſeries:
Though hard their fare, at ev'ning and at morn
A cruſe of water and an ear of corn,
Yet ſtill they grudg'd that modicum, and thought
A ſheaf in ev'ry ſingle grain was brought:
Fain would they filch that little food away,
While unreſtrain'd thoſe happy gluttons prey;
And much they griev'd to ſee ſo nigh their hall
The bird that warn'd St. Peter of his fall;
That he ſhould raiſe his mitred creſt on high,
And clap his wings, and call his family
To ſacred rites, and vex th' ethereal pow'rs
With midnight matins at uncivil hours:
Nay more, his quiet neighbours ſhould moleſt,
Juſt in the ſweetneſs of their morning reſt:
Beaſt of a bird! ſupinely when he might
Lie ſnug and ſleep, to riſe before the light!
What if his dull forefathers us'd that cry,
Could he not let a bad example die?
The world has fallen into an eaſier way;
This age knew better than to faſt and pray;
Good ſenſe in ſacred friendſhip would appear
So to begin as they might end the year:
Such feats in former times had wrought the falls
Of crowing chanticleers in cloiſter'd walls.
Expell'd for this, and for their lands they fled,
And ſiſter partlet with her hooded head
Was hooted hence, becauſe ſhe would not pray abed.

The way to win the reſtiff world to God
Was to lay by the diſciplining rod,
Unnatural faſts, and foreign forms of pray'r,
Religion frights us with a mien ſevere:
'Tis prudence to reform her into eaſe,
And put her in undreſs to make her pleaſe:
A lively faith will bear aloft the mind,
And leave the luggage of good works behind.
Such doctrines in the pigeon-houſe were taught,
You need not aſk how wondrouſly they wrought;
But ſure the common cry was all for theſe
Whoſe life and precepts both encourag'd eaſe:
Yet fearing thoſe alluring baits might fail,
And holy deeds o'er all their arts prevail,
(For Vice, though frontleſs, and of harden'd face,
Is daunted at the ſight of awful grace)
An hideous figure of their foes they drew,
Nor lines, nor looks, nor ſhades, nor colours true,
And this groteſque deſign expos'd to public view.
One would have thought it ſome Egyptian piece,
With garden-gods, and barking deities,
More thick than Ptolemy has ſtuck the ſkies.
All ſo perverſe a draught, ſo far unlike,
It was no libel where it meant to ſtrike:
Yet ſtill the daubing pleas'd, and great and ſmall
To view the monſter crowded pigeon-hall;
There chanticleer was drawn upon his knees,
Adoring ſhrines, and ſtocks of ſainted trees,
And by him a misſhapen ugly race;
The curſe of God was ſeen on ev'ry face:
No Holland emblem could that malice mend,
But ſtill the worſe the look the fitter for a fiend.
The maſter of the farm, diſpleas'd to find
So much of rancour in ſo mild a kind,
Inquir'd into the cauſe, and came to know
The paſſive church had ſtruck the foremoſt blow;
With groundleſs fears and jealouſies poſſeſt,
As if this troubleſome intruding gueſt
Would drive the birds of Venus from their neſt.

A deed his inborn equity abhorr'd,
But int'reſt will not truſt, though God ſhould plight his word.
A law, the ſource of many future harms,
Had baniſh'd all the poultry from the farms
With loſs of life, if any ſhould be found
To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.
That bloody ſtatute chiefly was deſign'd
For chanticleer the white, of clergy kind;
But after-malice did not long forget
The lay that wore the robe and coronet.
For them, for their inferiors and allies,
Their foes a deadly Shibboleth deviſe;
By which unrighteouſly it was decreed,
That none to truſt, or profit ſhould ſucceed
Who would not ſwallow firſt a pois'nous wicked weed;
Or that to which old Socrates was curſt,
Or henbane juice, to ſwell them till they burſt.
The patron, as in reaſon, thought it hard
To ſee this inquiſition in his yard,
By which the ſov'reign was of ſubjects' uſe debarr'd.
All gentle means he try'd, which might withdraw
Th' effects of ſo unnatural a law,
But ſtill the dovehouſe obſtinately ſtood
Deaf to their own and to their neighbours' good;
And, which was worſe, if any worſe could be,
Repented of their boaſted loyalty:
Now made the champions of a cruel cauſe,
And drunk with fumes of popular applauſe;
For thoſe whom God to ruin has deſign'd,
He fits for fate, and firſt deſtroys their mind.
New doubts, indeed, they daily ſtrove to raiſe,
Suggeſted dangers, interpos'd delays,
And emiſſary pigeons had in ſtore,
Such as the Meccan Prophet us'd of yore,
To whiſper counſels in their patron's ear,
And veil'd their falſe advice with zealous fear.
The maſter ſmil'd to ſee them work in vain,
To wear him out, and make an idle reign:
He ſaw, but ſuffer'd their protractive arts,
And ſtrove by mildneſs to reduce their hearts;

But they abus'd that grace to make allies,
And fondly clos'd with former enemies;
For fools are doubly fools, endeav'ring to be wise.
After a grave consult what course were best,
One more mature in folly than the rest,
Stood up and told them with his head aside,
That desp'rate cures must be to desp'rate ills apply'd;
And therefore, since their main impending fear
Was from th' increasing race of chanticleer,
Some potent bird of prey they ought to find,
A foe profess'd to him and all his kind;
Some haggar'd hawk, who had her eyry nigh,
Well pounc'd to fasten, and well wing'd to fly;
One they might trust their common wrongs to wreak;
The musquet and the coystrel were too weak;
Too fierce the falcon; but, above the rest,
The noble buzzard ever pleas'd me best;
Of small renown, 'tis true, for, not to lie,
We call him but a hawk by courtesy;
I know he hates the pigeon-house and farm,
And more in time of war has done us harm;
But all his hate on trivial points depends;
Give up our forms, and we shall soon be friends:
For pigeon's flesh he seems not much to care,
Cramm'd chickens are a more delicious fare.
On this high potentate, without delay,
I wish you would confer the sov'reign sway;
Petition him t' accept the government,
And let a splendid embassy be sent.
This pithy speech prevail'd, and all agreed,
Old enmities forgot, the buzzard should succeed.
Their welcome suit was granted soon as heard,
His lodgings furnish'd and a train prepar'd,
With B's upon their breast, appointed for his guard.
He came, and, crown'd with great solemnity,
God save king buzzard! was the gen'ral cry.
A portly prince, and goodly to the sight,
He seem'd a son of Anach for his height;
Like those whom stature did to crowns prefer,
Black-brow'd and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter:

Broad-back'd, and brawny-built, for love's delight,
A prophet form'd to make a female proſelyte:
A theologue more by need than genial bent,
By breeding ſharp, by nature confident.
Int'reſt in all his actions was diſcern'd;
More learn'd than honeſt, more a wit than learn'd.
Or forc'd by fear, or by his profit led,
Or both conjoin'd, his native clime he fled,
But brought the virtues of his heav'n along,
A fair behaviour and a fluent tongue;
And yet with all his arts he could not thrive,
The moſt unlucky paraſite alive.
Loud praiſes to prepare his paths he ſent,
And then himſelf purſu'd his compliment;
But by reverſe of fortune chas'd away,
His gifts no longer than their author ſtay:
He ſhakes the duſt againſt th' ungrateful race,
And leaves the ſtench of ordures in the place.
Oft has he flatter'd and blaſphem'd the ſame,
For in his rage he ſpares no ſov'reign's name;
The hero and the tyrant change their ſtyle
By the ſame meaſure that they frown or ſmile.
When well receiv'd by hoſpitable foes,
The kindneſs he returns is to expoſe;
For courteſies, though undeſerv'd and great,
No gratitude in felon minds beget;
As tribute to his wit the churl receives the treat.
His praiſe of foes is venemouſly nice:
So touch'd it turns a virtue to a vice:
"A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice."
Seven ſacraments he wiſely does diſown,
Becauſe he knows confeſſion ſtands for one,
Where ſins to ſacred ſilence are convey'd,
And not for fear or love to be betray'd:
But he, uncall'd, his patron to control,
Divulg'd the ſecret whiſpers of his ſoul;
Stood forth th' accuſing Satan of his crimes,
And offer'd to the Moloch of the times.
Prompt to aſſail, and careleſs of defence,
Invulnerable in his impudence,

He dares the world; and, eager of a name,
He thruſts about, and juſtles into fame.
Frontleſs, and ſatire-proof, he ſcours the ſtreets,
And runs an Indian-muck at all he meets:
So fond of loud report, that not to miſs
Of being known (his laſt and utmoſt bliſs)
He rather would be known for what he is.

Such was, and is, the captain of the teſt,
Though half his virtues are not here expreſt,
The modeſty of fame conceals the reſt.
The ſpleenful pigeons never could create
A prince more proper to revenge their hate:
Indeed more proper to revenge than ſave!
A king whom in his wrath th' Almighty gave;
For all the grace the landlord had allow'd
But made the buzzard and the pigeons proud;
Gave time to fix their friends and to ſeduce the crowd;
They long their fellow ſubjects to enthral,
Their patron's promiſe into queſtion call,
And vainly think he meant to make them lords of all.

Falſe fears their leaders fail'd not to ſuggeſt,
As if the doves were to be diſpoſſeſt;
Nor ſighs nor groans, nor goggling eyes did want,
For now the pigeons too had learn'd to cant.
The houſe of pray'r is ſtock'd with large increaſe,
Nor doors nor windows can contain the preſs;
For birds of ev'ry feather fill th' abode;
E'en atheiſts out of envy own a god;
And, reeking from the ſtews, adult'rers come,
Like Goths and Vandals, to demoliſh Rome.
That conſcience, which to all their crimes was mute,
Now calls aloud, and cries to perſecute;
No rigour of the laws to be releas'd,
And much the leſs becauſe it was their lord's requeſt;
They thought it great their ſov'reign to control,
And nam'd their pride nobility of ſoul.

'Tis true, the pigeons, and their prince elect,
Were ſhort of pow'r their purpoſe to effect;
But with their quills did all the hurt they could,
And cuff'd the tender chickens from their food;

And much the buzzard in their cauſe did ſtir,
Though naming not the patron, to infer,
With all reſpect, he was a groſs idolater.
But when th' imperial owner did eſpy
That thus they turn'd his grace to villany,
Not ſuff'ring wrath to diſcompoſe his mind,
He ſtrove a temper for th' extremes to find,
So to be juſt, as he might ſtill be kind;
Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a doom
Of ſacred ſtrength for ev'ry age to come.
'By this the doves their wealth and ſtate poſſeſs,
No rights infring'd, but licenſe to oppreſs:
Such pow'r have they as factious lawyers long
To crowns aſcrib'd, that kings can do no wrong:
But ſince his own domeſtic birds have try'd,
The dire effects of their deſtructive pride,
He deems that proof a meaſure to the reſt,
Concluding well within his kingly breaſt,
His fowls of nature too unjuſtly were oppreſt.
He therefore makes all birds of ev'ry ſect
Free of his farm, with promiſe to reſpect
Their ſev'ral kinds alike, and equally protect.
His gracious edict the ſame franchiſe yields
To all the wild increaſe of woods and fields,
And who in rocks aloof, and who in ſteeples builds:
To crows the like impartial grace affords,
And choughs and daws, and ſuch republic birds:
Secur'd with ample privilege to feed,
Each has his diſtrict and his bounds decreed,
Combin'd in common int'reſt with his own,
But not to paſs the pigeon's Rubicon.
Here ends the reign of his pretended dove,
All prophecies accompliſh'd from above,
For Shiloh comes the ſceptre to remove.
Reduc'd from her imperial high abode,
Like Dionyſius to a private rod,
The paſſive church, that with pretended grace
Did her diſtinctive mark in duty place,
Now touch'd, reviles her maker to his face.

What after happen'd is not hard to gueſs,
The ſmall beginning had a large increaſe,
And arts and wealth ſucceed, the ſacred ſpoils of peace.
'Tis ſaid the doves repented, though too late,
Become the ſmiths of their own fooliſh fate;
Nor did their owner haſten their ill hour,
But, ſunk in credit, they decreas'd in pow'r;
Like ſnows in warmth that mildly paſs away,
Diſſolving in the ſilence of decay.
The buzzard, not content with equal place,
Invites the feather'd Nimrod's of his race
To hide the thinneſs of their flock from ſight,
And all together make a ſeeming goodly flight;
But each have ſep'rate int'reſts of their own;
Two czars are one too many for a throne:
Nor can th' uſurper long abſtain from food;
Already he has taſted pigeon's blood,
And may be tempted to his former fare,
When this indulgent lord ſhall late to heav'n repair.
Bare benting times and moulting months may come,
When, lagging late, they cannot reach their home;
Or, rent in ſchiſm, (for ſo their fate decrees)
Like the tumultuous college of the bees,
They fight their quarrel, by themſelves oppreſt,
The tyrant ſmiles below, and waits the falling feaſt.
Thus did the gentle Hind her fable end,
Nor would the Panther blame it nor commend;
But, with affected yawnings, at the cloſe
Seem'd to require her natural repoſe:
For now the ſtreaky light began to peep,
And ſetting ſtars admoniſh'd both to ſleep.
The dame withdrew, and, wiſhing to her gueſt
The peace of heav'n, betook herſelf to reſt.
Ten thouſand angels on her ſlumbers wait,
With glorious viſions of her future ſtate!

ALEXANDER'S FEAST:
OR, THE
POWER OF MUSIC.
AN ODE.
IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

'TWAS at the royal feaſt, for Perſia won
By Philip's warlike ſon:
Aloft in awful ſtate
The godlike hero ſate
On his imperial throne.
His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roſes and with myrtles bound;
(So ſhould deſert in arms be crown'd)
The lovely Thais by his ſide
Sate like a blooming eaſtern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves the fair.

CHORUS.

" Happy, happy, happy pair!
" None but the brave,
" None but the brave,
" None but the brave deſerves the fair."

II.

Timotheus plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre;
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky,
And heav'nly joys inſpire.
The ſong began from Jove,
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above,
(Such is the pow'r of mighty love)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god;
Sublime on radiant ſpires he rode;
When he to fair Olympia preſt,
And while he ſought her ſnowy breaſt;
Then round her ſlender waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſov'reign of the [world.

The liſt'ning crowd admire the lofty ſound;
A preſent Deity! they ſhout around;
A preſent Deity! the vaulted roofs rebound;
With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears;
Aſſumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

CHORUS.

" With raviſh'd ears
" The monarch hears;
" Aſſumes the god,
" Affects to nod,
" And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres."

III.

The praiſe of Bacchus then the ſweet muſician ſung;
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums:
Fluſh'd with a purple grace,
He ſhews his honeſt face.
Now give the hautboys breath. He comes! he comes!
Bacchus! ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain;
Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure;
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure:
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure;
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

CHORUS.

" Bacchus bleſſings are a treaſure;
" Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure:
" Rich the treaſure,
" Sweet the pleaſure;
" Sweet is pleaſure after pain."

IV.

Sooth'd with the ſound the king grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he ſlew the [ſlain.

The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes,
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride.
He choſe a mournful muſe,
Soft pity to infuſe:
He ſung Darius, great and good!
By too ſevere a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high eſtate,
And welt'ring in his blood:
Deſerted at his utmoſt need
By thoſe his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to cloſe his eyes.
With downcaſt looks the joyleſs victor ſate,
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a ſigh he ſtole,
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

" Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
" The various turns of chance below;
" And now and then a ſigh he ſtole,
" And tears began to flow."

V.

The mighty maſter ſmil'd to ſee
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred ſound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly ſweet, in Lydian meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.
War, he ſung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying,
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais ſits beſide thee;
Take the good the gods provide thee.

The many rend the ſkies with loud applauſe:
So love was crown'd, but muſic won the cauſe.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſt,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

CHORUS.

" The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
" Gaz'd on the fair
" Who caus'd his care,
" And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
" Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again.
" At length, with love and wine at once oppreſt,
" The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

VI.

Now ſtrike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain.
Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
And rouſe him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid ſound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd he ſtares around.
Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the furies ariſe!
See the ſnakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their hair!
And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes!
Behold a ghaſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Thoſe are Grecian ghoſts, that in battle were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toſs their torches on high,

How they point to the Perſian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hoſtile gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy,
And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau with zeal to deſtroy:
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS.

" And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau with zeal to deſtroy:
" Thais led the way,
" To light him to his prey,
" And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy."

VII.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And ſounding lyre,
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage or kindle ſoft deſire.
At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies,
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

" At laſt divine Cecilia came,
" Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
" The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
" Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
" And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
" With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
" Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
" Or both divide the crown;
" He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies,
" She drew an angel down."

THE SECULAR MASQUE.

Enter JANUS.

JAN. CHRONOS, Chronos mend thy pace;
An hundred times the rolling ſun
Around the radiant belt has run
In his revolving race.
Behold, behold, the goal in ſight,
Spread thy fans, and wing thy flight.

Enter CHRONOS, *with a ſcythe in his hand, and a globe on his back; which he ſets down at his entrance.*

CHRO. Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me drop my freight,
And leave the world behind.
I could not bear
Another year
The load of humankind.

Enter MOMUS *laughing.*

MOM. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! well haſt thou done
To lay down thy pack,
And lighten thy back,
The world was a fool e'er ſince it begun:
And ſince neither Janus, nor Chronos, nor I,
Can hinder the crimes,
Or mend the bad times,
'Tis better to laugh than to cry.
CHO. *of all three.*] "'Tis better to laugh than to cry."
JAN. Since Momus comes to laugh below,
Old Time begin the ſhow,
That he may ſee in ev'ry ſcene
What changes in this age have been.
CHRO. Then goddeſs of the ſilver bow, begin.

[*Horns, or hunting muſic within.*]

Enter DIANA.

DIA. With horns and with hounds I waken the day,
And hye to the woodland-walks away;
I tuck up my robe, and am buſkin'd ſoon,
And tie to my forehead a wexing moon;
I courſe the fleet ſtag, unkennel the fox,
And chaſe the wild goats o'er ſummits of rocks;

With ſhouting and hooting we pierce thro' the ſky,
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.
CHO. *of all.*] " With ſhouting and hooting we pierce
" through the ſky,
" And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry."
JAN. Then our age was in its prime;
CHRO. Free from rage,
DIA. ——————And free from crime.
MOM. A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.
CHO. *of all.*] " Then our age was in its prime;
" Free from rage, and free from crime.
" A very merry, dancing, drinking,
" Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time."

[*Dance of* DIANA'S *attendants.*]

Enter MARS.

MARS. Inſpire the vocal braſs, inſpire;
The world is paſt its infant age:
Arms and honour,
Arms and honour,
Set the martial mind on fire,
And kindle manly rage.
Mars has look'd the ſky to red,
And Peace, the lazy god, is fled.
Plenty, Peace, and Pleaſure fly;
The ſprightly green
In woodland walks no more is ſeen;
The ſprightly green has drank the Tyrian dye.
CHO. *of all.*] " Plenty, Peace, and Pleaſure fly;
" The ſprightly green
" In woodland walks no more is ſeen;
" The ſprightly green has drank the Tyrian dye."
MARS. Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
Through all the world around
Sound a reveille, ſound, ſound;
The warrior god is come.
CHO. *of all.*] " Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
" Through all the world around
" Sound a reveille, ſound, ſound;
" The warrior god is come."

MOM. Thy ſword within the ſcabbard keep,
And let mankind agree:
Better the world were faſt aſleep
Than kept awake by thee.
The fools are only thinner,
With all our coſt and care,
But neither ſide a winner,
For things are as they were.
CHO. *of all.*] " The fools are only thinner,
" With all our coſt and care,
" But neither ſide a winner,
" For things are as they were."

Enter VENUS.

VEN. Calms appear when ſtorms are paſt;
Love will have his hour at laſt:
Nature is my kindly care;
Mars deſtroys, and I repair.
Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not ev'ry day.
CHO. *of all.*] " Take her, take her, while you may,
" Venus comes not ev'ry day."
CHRO. The world was then ſo light,
I ſcarcely felt the weight;
Joy rul'd the day, and Love the night:
But ſince the queen of Pleaſure left the ground,
I faint, I lag,
And feebly drag
The pond'rous orb around.
MOM. All, all, of a piece throughout;
Pointing to Diana.] Thy chaſe had a beaſt in view;
To Mars.] Thy wars brought nothing about;
To Venus.] Thy lovers were all untrue.
JAN. 'Tis well an old age is out,
CHRO. And time to begin a new.
CHO. *of all.*] " All, all of a piece throughout;
" Thy chaſe had a beaſt in view;
" Thy wars brought nothing about;
" Thy lovers were all untrue.
" 'Tis well an old age is out,
" And time to begin a new."

Dance of huntſmen, nymphs, warriors, and lovers.

A PANEGYRIC ON HIS CORONATION.

IN that wild deluge where the world was drown'd,
When Life and Sin one common tomb had found,
The firſt ſmall proſpect of a riſing hill
With various notes of joy the ark did fill:
Yet when that flood in its own depths was drown'd
It left behind it falſe and ſlipp'ry ground;
And the more ſolemn pomp was ſtill deferr'd
Till new-born Nature in freſh looks appear'd.
Thus, Royal Sir, to ſee you landed here
Was cauſe enough of triumph for a year:
Nor would you care thoſe glorious joys repeat
Till they at once may be ſecure and great;
Till your kind beams, by their continu'd ſtay,
Had warm'd the ground, and call'd the damps away.
Such vapours, while your pow'rful influence dries,
Then ſooneſt vaniſh when they higheſt riſe.
Had greater haſte theſe ſacred rites prepar'd,
Some guilty months had in your triumphs ſhar'd:
But this untainted year is all your own;
Your glories may without our crimes be ſhown.
We had not yet exhauſted all our ſtore
When you refreſh'd our joys by adding more:
As heav'n of old diſpens'd celeſtial dew,
You gave us manna, and ſtill give us new.
Now our ſad ruins are remov'd from ſight,
The ſeaſon too comes fraught with new delight:
Time ſeems not now beneath his years to ſtoop,
Nor do his wings with ſickly feathers droop:
Soft weſtern winds waft o'er the gaudy ſpring,
And open'd ſcenes of flow'rs and bloſſoms bring
To grace this happy day, while you appear
Not king of us alone, but of the year.
All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart;
Of your own pomp yourſelf the greateſt part.
Loud ſhouts the nation's happineſs proclaim,
And heav'n this day is feaſted with your name.

Your cavalcade the fair ſpectators view
From their high ſtandings, yet look up to you.
From your brave train each ſingles out a prey,
And longs to date a conqueſt from your day.
Now charg'd with bleſſings, while you ſeek repoſe,
Officious ſlumbers haſte your eyes to cloſe;
And glorious dreams ſtand ready to reſtore
The pleaſing ſhapes of all you ſaw before.
Next, to the ſacred temple you are led,
Where waits a crown for your more ſacred head:
How juſtly from the church that crown is due,
Preſerv'd from ruin, and reſtor'd by you!
The grateful choir their harmony employ,
Not to make greater, but more ſolemn joy.
Wrapt ſoft and warm, your name is ſent on high,
As flames do on the wings of incenſe fly:
Muſic herſelf is loſt, in vain ſhe brings
Her choiceſt notes to praiſe the beſt of kings:
Her melting ſtrains in you a tomb have found,
And lie like bees in their own ſweetneſs drown'd.
He that brought peace all diſcord could atone,
His name is muſic of itſelf alone.
Now, while the ſacred oil anoints your head,
And fragrant ſcents, begun from you, are ſpread
Thro' the large dome, the people's joyful ſound,
Sent back, is ſtill preſerv'd in hallow'd ground,
Which in one bleſſing mix'd deſcends on you,
As heighten'd ſpirits fall in richer dew.
Not that our wiſhes do increaſe your ſtore,
Full of yourſelf, you can admit no more:
We add not to your glory, but employ
Our time, like angels, in expreſſing joy.
Nor is it duty or our hopes alone
Create that joy, but full fruition:
We know thoſe bleſſings which we muſt poſſeſs,
And judge of future by paſt happineſs.
No promiſe can oblige a prince ſo much
Still to be good, as long to have been ſuch.
A noble emulation heats your breaſt,
And your own fame now robs you of your reſt.

Good actions ſtill muſt be maintain'd with good,
As bodies nouriſh with reſembling food.
You have already quench'd ſedition's brand,
And zeal which burnt it only warms the land.
The jealous ſects that dare not truſt their cauſe
So far from their own will as to the laws,
You for their umpire and their ſynod take,
And their appeal alone to Cæſar make.
Kind heav'n ſo rare a temper did provide,
That guilt repenting might in it confide.
Among our crimes oblivion may be ſet;
But 'tis our king's perfection to forget.
Virtues unknown to theſe rough northern climes
From milder heav'ns you bring, without their crimes.
Your calmneſs does no after ſtorms provide,
Nor ſeeming patience mortal anger hide,
When empire firſt from families did ſpring,
Then ev'ry father govern'd as a king;
But, you that are a ſov'reign prince, allay
Imperial pow'r with your paternal ſway.
From thoſe great cares when eaſe your ſoul unbends,
Your pleaſures are deſign'd to noble ends:
Born to command the miſtreſs of the ſeas,
Your thoughts themſelves in that blue empire pleaſe.
Hither in ſummer ev'nings you repair,
To take the *fraicheur* of the purer air:
Undaunted here you ride, when Winter raves,
With Cæſar's heart, that roſe above the waves.
More I could ſing, but fear my numbers ſtays;
No loyal ſubject dares that courage praiſe.
In ſtately frigates moſt delight you find,
Where well-drawn battles fire your martial mind;
What to your cares we owe is learn'd from hence,
When ev'n your pleaſures ſerve for our defence.
Beyond your court flows in th' admitted tide,
Where in new depths the wond'ring fiſhes glide;
Here in a royal bed the waters ſleep:
When tir'd at ſea, within this bay they creep.
Here the miſtruſtful fowl no harm ſuſpects,
So ſafe are all things which our king protects.

From your lov'd Thames a bleſſing yet is due,
Second alone to that it brought in you;
A queen, near whoſe chaſte womb, ordain'd by fate,
The ſouls of kings unborn for bodies wait.
It was your love before made diſcord ceaſe;
Your love is deſtin'd to your country's peace.
Both Indies, rivals in your bed, provide
With gold or jewels to adorn your bride.
This to a mighty king preſents rich ore,
While that with incenſe does a god implore.
Two kingdoms wait your doom, and, as you chuſe,
This muſt receive a crown, or that muſt loſe.
Thus from your royal oak, like Jove's of old,
Are anſwers ſought, and deſtinies foretold;
Propitious oracles are begg'd with vows,
And crowns that grow upon the ſacred boughs.
Your ſubjects, while you weigh the nation's fate,
Suſpend to both their doubtful love or hate:
Chuſe only, Sir, that ſo they may poſſeſs,
With their own peace, their children's happineſs.

AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE.

BY MR. DRYDEN AND THE E. OF MULGRAVE.

HOW dull and how inſenſible a beaſt
Is man who yet would lord it o'er the reſt?
Philoſophers and poets vainly ſtrove
In ev'ry age the lumpiſh maſs to move;
But thoſe were pedants, when compar'd with theſe,
Who know not only to inſtruct, but pleaſe.
Poets alone found the delightful way
Myſterious morals gently to convey,
In charming numbers; ſo that as men grew
Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiſer too.
Satire has always ſhone among the reſt,
And is the boldeſt way, if not the beſt,
To tell men freely of their fouleſt faults,
To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.
In ſatire, too, the wiſe took diff'rent ways,
To each deſerving *its* peculiar praiſe.

Some did all folly with juſt ſharpneſs blame,
Whilſt others laugh'd and ſcorn'd 'em into ſhame.
But of theſe two the laſt ſucceeded beſt,
As men aim righeſt when they ſhoot in jeſt.
Yet, if we may preſume to blame our guides,
And cenſure thoſe who cenſure all beſides,
In other things they juſtly are preferr'd;
In this alone methinks the ancients err'd;
Againſt the groſſeſt follies they declaim;
Hard they purſue, but hunt ignoble game.
Nothing is eaſier than ſuch blots to hit,
And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit:
Beſides, 'tis labour loſt; for who would preach
Morals to Armſtrong, or dull Aſton teach?
'Tis being devout at play, wiſe at a ball,
Or bringing wit and friendſhip to Whitehall.
But with ſharp eyes thoſe nicer faults to find,
Which lie obſcurely in the wiſeſt mind;
That little ſpeck, which all the reſt does ſpoil,
To waſh off that would be a noble toil;
Beyond the looſe-writ libels of this age,
Or the forc'd ſcenes of our declining ſtage:
Above all cenſure too each little wit
Will be ſo glad to ſee the greater hit,
Who judging better, tho' concern'd the moſt
Of ſuch correction will have cauſe to boaſt.
In ſuch a ſatire all would ſeek a ſhare,
And ev'ry fool will fancy he is there.
Old ſtorytellers too muſt pine and die
To ſee their antiquated wit laid by;
Like her who miſs'd her name in a lampoon,
And griev'd to find herſelf decay'd ſo ſoon.
No common coxcomb muſt be mention'd here,
Nor the dull train of dancing ſparks appear,
Nor flutt'ring officers who never fight;
Of ſuch a wretched rabble who would write?
Much leſs half wits: that's more againſt our rules;
For they are fops, the other are but fools.
Who would not be as ſilly as Dunbar,
As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr?

The cunning courtier ſhould be ſlighted too,
Who with dull knav'ry makes ſo much ado;
Till the ſhrewd fool, by thriving too, too faſt,
Like Æſop's fox, becomes a prey at laſt.
Nor ſhall the royal miſtreſſes be nam'd,
Too ugly, or too eaſy to be blam'd;
With whom each rhyming fool keeps ſuch a pother,
They are as common that way as the other:
Yet ſaunt'ring Charles, between his beaſtly brace,
Meets with diſſembling ſtill in either place,
Affected humour, or a painted face.
In loyal libels we have often told him
How one has jilted him, the other ſold him;
How that affects to laugh, how this to weep;
But who can rail ſo long as he can ſleep?
Was ever prince by two at once miſled,
Falſe, fooliſh, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?
Earnely and Aylſbury, with all that race
Of buſy blockheads, ſhall have here no place;
At council ſet, as foils on Dorſet's ſcore,
To make that great falſe jewel ſhine the more;
Who all that while was thought exceeding wiſe,
Only for taking pains and telling lies.
But there's no meddling with ſuch nauſeous men;
Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen;
'Tis time to quit their company, and chuſe
Some fitter ſubject for a ſharper muſe.
  Firſt let's behold the merrieſt man alive
Againſt his careleſs genius vainly ſtrive,
Quit his dear eaſe, ſome deep deſign to lay
'Gainſt a ſet time, and then forget the day;
Yet he will laugh at his beſt friends, and be
Juſt as good company as Nokes and Lee;
But when he aims at reaſon or at rule,
He turns himſelf the beſt to ridicule.
Let him at bus'neſs ne'er ſo earneſt ſit,
Shew him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit,
That ſhadow of a jeſt ſhall be enjoy'd,
Tho' he left all mankind to be deſtroy'd.

So cat, transform'd, ſat gravely and demure;
Till mouſe appear'd and thought himſelf ſecure;
But ſoon the lady had him in her eye,
And from her friend did juſt as oddly fly.
Reaching above our nature does no good;
We muſt fall back to our old fleſh and blood;
As by our little Machiavel we find,
That nimbleſt creature of the buſy kind,
His limbs are crippled, and his body ſhakes,
Yet his hard mind, which all this buſtle makes,
No pity of its poor companion takes.
What gravity can hold from laughing out,
To ſee him drag his feeble legs about,
Like hounds ill-coupled? Jowler lugs him ſtill
Thro' hedges, ditches, and thro' all that's ill.
'Twere crime in any man but him alone
To uſe a body ſo, tho' 'tis one's own:
Yet this falſe comfort never gives him o'er,
That whilſt he creeps his vig'rous thoughts can ſoar:
Alas! that ſoaring to thoſe few that know
Is but a buſy grov'ling here below.
So men in raptures think they mount the ſky,
Whilſt on the ground th' entranced wretches lie;
So modern fops have fancy'd they could fly.
As the new earl, with parts deſerving praiſe,
And wit enough to laugh at his own ways,
Yet loſes all ſoft days and ſenſual nights,
Kind Nature checks, and kinder Fortune ſlights,
Striving againſt his quiet all he can,
For the fine notion of a buſy man.
And what is that at beſt, but one whoſe mind
Is made to tire himſelf and all mankind?
For Ireland he would go; faith, let him reign;
For if ſome odd fantaſtic lord would fain
Carry in trunks, and all my drudgery do,
I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
But is there any other beaſt that lives
Who his own harm ſo wittingly contrives?
Will any dog that has his teeth and ſtones,
Refin'dly leave his bitches and his bones

To turn a wheel, and bark to be employ'd,
While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd?
Yet this fond man, to get a ſtateſman's name,
Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.
Tho' ſatire, nicely writ with humour, ſtings
But thoſe who merit praiſe in other things,
Yet we muſt needs this one exception make,
And break our rules for Folly Tropos' ſake,
Who was too much deſpis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore ſcarce deſerves to be abus'd;
Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
For railing ſmoothly and for reas'ning wrong.
As boys, on holidays let looſe to play,
Lay waggiſh traps for girls that paſs that way,
Then ſhout to ſee in dirt and deep diſtreſs
Some ſilly Cit in her flow'r'd fooliſh dreſs;
So have I mighty ſatisfaction found
To ſee his tinſel reaſon on the ground;
To ſee the florid fool deſpis'd and know it,
By ſome who ſcarce have words enough to ſhow it;
For Senſe ſits ſilent, and condemns for weaker
The finer, nay, ſometimes the wittieſt, ſpeaker.
But 'tis prodigious ſo much eloquence
Should be acquired by ſuch little ſenſe,
For words and wit did anciently agree,
And Tully was no fool, tho' this man be:
At bar abuſive, on the bench unable,
Knave on the woolſack, fop at council-table.
Theſe are the grievances of ſuch fools as wou'd
Be rather wiſe than honeſt, great than good.
Some other kind of wits muſt be made known,
Whoſe harmleſs errors hurt themſelves alone;
Exceſs of luxury they think can pleaſe,
And lazineſs call loving of their eaſe;
To live diſſolv'd in pleaſures till they feign,
Tho' their whole life's but intermitting pain:
So much of ſurfeits, headachs, claps, are ſeen,
We ſcarce perceive the little time between:
Well-meaning men who make this groſs miſtake,
And pleaſure loſe only for pleaſure's ſake.

Each pleaſure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of pain we ſquander life away.
Thus Dorſet, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Marry'd, but wiſer puſs ne'er thought of that;
And firſt he worry'd her with railing rhyme,
Like Pembroke's maſtiffs at his kindeſt time;
Then for one night ſold all his ſlaviſh life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife.
Swell'd by contact of ſuch a fulſome toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load,
Till Fortune, blindly kind, as well as he,
Has ill-reſtor'd him to his liberty,
Which he would uſe in his old ſneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his briſker times
Had fam'd for dulneſs in malicious rhymes.
Mulgrave had much ado to 'ſcape the ſnare,
Though learn'd in all thoſe arts that cheat the fair;
For after all his vulgar marriage-mocks,
With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the ſtocks;
Deluded parents dry'd their weeping eyes
To ſee him catch his Tartar for his prize;
Th' impatient town waited the wiſh'd-for change,
And cuckolds ſmil'd in hopes of ſweet revenge;
Till Petworth-plot made us with ſorrow ſee,
As his eſtate, his perſon too was free;
Him no ſoft thoughts, no gratitude, could move,
To gold he fled, from beauty and from love;
Yet failing there, he keeps his freedom ſtill,
Forc'd to live happily againſt his will.
'Tis not his fault if too much wealth and power
Break not his boaſted quiet ev'ry hour.
And little Sid. for ſimile renown'd,
Pleaſure has always ſought, but never found:
Though all his thoughts on wine and women fall,
His are ſo bad, ſure he ne'er thinks at all.
The fleſh he lives upon is rank and ſtrong;
His meat and miſtreſſes are kept too long.
But ſure we all miſtake this pious man,
Who mortifies his perſon all he can:

What we uncharitably take for ſin
Are only rules of this odd Capuchin;
For never hermit, under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common ſenſe,
And, 'tis a miracle we may ſuppoſe,
No naſtineſs offends his ſkilful noſe,
Which from all ſtink can, with peculiar art,
Extract perfume and eſſence from a f—t.
Expecting ſupper is his great delight;
He toils all day but to be drunk at night;
Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping ſits,
Till he takes Hewet and Jack Hall for wits.
Rocheſter I deſpiſe for want of wit,
Though thought to have a tail and cloven feet;
For while he miſchief means to all mankind,
Himſelf alone the ill effects does find;
And ſo like witches juſtly ſuffers ſhame,
Whoſe harmleſs malice is ſo much the ſame.
Falſe are his words, affected is his wit;
So often does he aim, ſo ſeldom hit;
To ev'ry face he cringes while he ſpeaks,
But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks:
Mean in each action, lewd in ev'ry limb,
Manners themſelves are miſchievous in him:
A proof that Chance alone makes ev'ry creature;
A very Killigrew, without good-nature;
For what a Beſſus has he always liv'd,
And his own kickings notably contriv'd?
For, there's the folly that's ſtill mix'd with fear,
Cowards more blows than any hero bear.
Of fighting ſparks ſome may their pleaſures ſay,
But 'tis a bolder thing to run away:
The world may well forgive him all his ill,
For ev'ry fault does prove his penance ſtill:
Falſely he falls into ſome dang'rous nooſe.
And then as meanly labours to get looſe.
A life ſo infamous is better quitting,
Spent in baſe injury and low ſubmitting.
I'd like to have left out his poetry,
Forgot by all almoſt as well as me.

Sometimes he has ſome humour, never wit,
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
'Tis under ſo much naſty rubbiſh laid,
To find it out's the cinder-woman's trade,
Who, for the wretched remnants of a fire,
Muſt toil all day in aſhes and in mire.
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
The wretched texts deſerve no comments here,
Where one poor thought ſometimes, left all alone,
For a whole page of dulneſs muſt atone.
How vain a thing is man, and how unwiſe!
E'en he who would himſelf the moſt deſpiſe!
I, who ſo wiſe and humble ſeem to be,
Now my own vanity and pride can't ſee.
While the world's nonſenſe is ſo ſharply ſhown,
We pull down others but to raiſe our own;
That we may angels ſeem, we paint them elves,
And are but ſatires to ſet up ourſelves.
I, who have all this while been finding fault
E'en with my maſter, who firſt ſatire taught,
And did by that deſcribe the taſk ſo hard,
It ſeems ſtupendous and above reward,
Now labour, with unequal force, to climb
That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time;
'Tis juſt that I ſhould to the bottom fall,
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE.

PRESENTED ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1662.

My Lord,

WHILE flatt'ring crowds officiously appear
To give themselves, not you, an happy year,
And, by the greatness of their presents, prove
How much they hope, but not how well they love,
The Muses, who your early courtship boast,
Though now your flames are with their beauty lost,
Yet watch their time, that if you have forgot
They were your mistresses, the world may not;
Decay'd by time and wars, they only prove
Their former beauty by your former love,
And now present, as ancient ladies do,
That, courted long, at length are forc'd to woe:
For still they look on you with such kind eyes
As those that see the church's sov'reign rise,
From their own order chose, in whose high state
They think themselves the second choice of Fate.
When our great monarch into exile went,
Wit and Religion suffer'd banishment,
Thus once, when Troy was wrapp'd in fire and smoke,
The helpless gods their burning shrines forsook;
They with the vanquish'd prince and party go,
And leave their temples empty to the foe.
At length the muses stand, restor'd again
To that great charge which Nature did ordain;
And their lov'd Druids seem reviv'd by Fate,
While you dispense the laws and guide the state.
The nation's soul, our monarch, does dispense
Through you to us his vital influence;
You are the channel where those spirits flow,
And work them higher as to us they go.

In open prospect nothing bounds our eye,
Until the earth seems join'd unto the sky;
So in this hemisphere our utmost view
Is only bounded by our king and you.

Our ſight is limited where you are join'd,
And beyond that no farther heav'n can find.
So well your virtues do with his agree,
That though your orbs of diff'rent greatneſs be,
Yet both are for each other's uſe diſpos'd,
His to encloſe and your's to be enclos'd:
Nor could another in your room have been,
Except an emptineſs had come between.
Well may he then to you his cares impart,
And ſhare his burden where he ſhares his heart.
In you his ſleep ſtill wakes; his pleaſures find
Their ſhare of bus'neſs in your lab'ring mind.
So when the weary ſun his place reſigns,
He leaves his light, and by reflection ſhines.
Juſtice that ſits and frowns where public laws
Exclude ſoft mercy from a private cauſe,
In your tribunal moſt herſelf does pleaſe;
There only ſmiles, becauſe ſhe lives at eaſe;
And, like young David, finds her ſtrength the more,
When diſencumber'd from thoſe arms ſhe wore.
Heav'n would our royal maſter ſhould exceed
Moſt in that virtue which we moſt did need;
And his mild father (who too late did find
All mercy vain but what with pow'r was join'd)
His fatal goodneſs left to fitter times,
Not to increaſe, but to abſolve our crimes:
But when the heir of this vaſt treaſure knew
How large a legacy was left to you,
(Too great for any ſubject to retain)
He wiſely ty'd it to the crown again:
Yet paſſing through your hands it gathers more,
As ſtreams through mines bear tincture of their ore.
While emp'ric politicians uſe deceit,
Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat.
You boldly ſhew that ſkill which they pretend,
And work by means as noble as your end;
Which ſhould you veil, we might unwind the clue,
As men do Nature, till we came to you.
And as the Indies were not found before
Thoſe rich perfumes which from the happy ſhore,

The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,
Whose guilty sweetness first their world betray'd,
So by your counsel's we are brought to view
A rich and undiscover'd world in you.
By you our monarch does that fame assure
Which kings must have, or cannot live secure;
For prosp'rous princes gain their subjects' heart,
Who love that praise in which themselves have part.
By you he fits those subjects to obey,
As heav'n's eternal monarch does convey
His pow'r unseen, and man to his designs
By his bright ministers, the stars, inclines.
  Our setting sun, from his declining seat,
Shot beams of kindness on you, not of heat;
And when his love was bounded in a few,
That were unhappy that they might be true,
Made you the fav'rite of his last sad times,
That is a suff'rer in his subject's crimes.
Thus those first favours you receiv'd were sent,
Like heav'n's rewards, in earthly punishment;
Yet Fortune, conscious of your destiny,
E'en then took care to lay you softly by,
And wrapp'd your fate among her precious things,
Kept fresh, to be unfolded with your king's.
Shewn, all at once you dazzled so our eyes,
As new-born Pallas did the gods surprise,
When, springing forth from Jove's new-closing wound,
She struck the warlike spear into the ground,
Which sprouting leaves did suddenly enclose,
And peaceful olives shaded as they rose.
  How strangely active are the arts of peace,
Whose restless motions less than wars do cease!
Peace is not freed from labour, but from noise,
And war more force, but not more pains employs.
Such is the mighty swiftness of your mind,
That like the earth it leaves our sense behind,
While you so smoothly turn and roll our sphere
That rapid motion does but rest appear.
For as in Nature's swiftness, with the throng
Of flying orbs while ours is borne along,

All ſeems at reſt to the deluded eye,
Mov'd by the ſoul of the ſame harmony;
So carry'd on by your unweary'd care,
We reſt in peace, and yet in motion ſhare.
Let Envy then thoſe crimes within you ſee,
From which the happy never muſt be free;
Envy, that does with Miſery reſide,
The joy and the revenge of ruin'd pride.
Think it not hard, if, at ſo cheap a rate,
You can ſecure the conſtancy of Fate,
Whoſe kindneſs ſent what does their malice ſeem,
By leſſer ills the greater to redeem.
Nor can we this weak ſhow'r a tempeſt call,
But drops of heat that in the ſunſhine fall.
You have already weary'd Fortune ſo,
She cannot farther be your friend or foe,
But ſits all breathleſs, and admires to feel
A fate ſo weighty, that it ſtops her wheel.
In all things elſe above our humble fate
Your equal mind yet ſwells not into ſtate,
But, like ſome mountain in thoſe happy iſles,
Where in perpetual ſpring young Nature ſmiles,
Your greatneſs ſhews; no horror to affright,
But trees for ſhade, and flow'rs to court the ſight.
Sometimes the hill ſubmits itſelf awhile
In ſmall deſcents, which do its height beguile;
And ſometimes mounts, but ſo as billows play,
Whoſe riſe not hinders, but makes ſhort our way.
Your brow, which does no fear of thunder know,
Sees rolling tempeſts vainly beat below;
And like Olympus' top, th' impreſſion wears
Of love and friendſhip writ in former years:
Yet unimpair'd with labours or with time,
Your age but ſeems to a new youth to climb.
Thus heav'nly bodies do our time beget,
And meaſure change, but ſhare no part of it;
And ſtill it ſhall without a weight increaſe,
Like this new-year, whoſe motions never ceaſe;
For ſince the glorious courſe you have begun
Is led by Charles, as that is by the ſun,

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It muſt both weightleſs and immortal prove,
Becauſe the centre of it is above.

UPON THE

DEATH OF LORD HASTINGS.

MUST noble Haſtings immaturely die,
The honour of his ancient family;
Beauty and learning thus together meet
To bring a winding for a wedding ſheet?
Muſt Virtue prove Death's harbinger? muſt ſhe,
With him expiring, feel mortality?
Is death, ſin's wages, grace's now? ſhall art
Make us more learned only to depart?
If merit be diſeaſe, if virtue death;
To be good not to be, who'd then bequeath
Himſelf to diſcipline? who'd not eſteem
Labour a crime? ſtudy ſelf-murder deem?
Our noble youth now have pretence to be
Dunces ſecurely, ign'rant healthfully.
Rare linguiſt! whoſe worth ſpeaks itſelf, whoſe praiſe,
Though not his own, all tongues beſides do raiſe:
Than whom great Alexander may ſeem leſs
Who conquer'd men but not their languages.
In his mouth nations ſpake; his tongue might be
Interpreter to Greece, France, Italy.
His native ſoil was the four parts o' th' earth;
All Europe was too narrow for his birth.
A young apoſtle, and, with rev'rence may
I ſpeak it, inſpir'd with gift of tongues as they.
Nature gave him, a child, what men in vain
Oft ſtrive, by art though further'd to obtain.
His body was an orb, his ſublime ſoul
Did move on Virtue's and on Learning's pole;
Whoſe reg'lar motions better to our view
Than Archimedes' ſphere the heav'ns did ſhew.
Graces and virtues, languages and arts,
Beauty and learning, fill'd up all the parts.
Heav'n's gifts, which did like falling ſtars appear
Scatter'd in others, all, as in their ſphere,

Were fix'd, conglobate in his ſoul; and thence
Shone thro' his body with ſweet influence,
Letting their glories ſo on each limb fall,
The whole frame render'd was celeſtial.
Come, learned Ptolemy, and trial make
If thou this hero's altitude canſt take:
But that tranſcends thy ſkill; thrice happy all
Could we but prove thus aſtronomical.
Liv'd Tycho now, ſtruck with this ray which ſhone
More bright i' th' morn than others beam at noon,
He'd take his aſtrolabe, and ſeek out here
What new ſtar 'twas did gild our hemiſphere.
Repleniſh'd then with ſuch rare gifts as theſe,
Where was room left for ſuch a foul diſeaſe?
The nation's ſin hath drawn that veil, which ſhrouds
Our dayſpring in ſo ſad benighting clouds;
Heav'n would no longer truſt its pledge, but thus
Recall'd it, rapt its Ganymede from us.
Was there no milder way but the ſmall pox,
The very filthineſs of Pandora's box?
So many ſpots, like næves on Venus' ſoil,
One jewel ſet off with ſo many a foil:
Bliſters with pride ſwell'd, which through's fleſh did [ſprout
Like roſe-buds ſtuck i' th' lily-ſkin about.
Each little pimple had a tear in it,
To wail the fault its riſing did commit;
Which, rebel-like, with its own lord at ſtrife
Thus made an inſurrection 'gainſt his life.
Or were theſe gems ſent to adorn his ſkin,
The cab'net of a richer ſoul within?
No comet need foretel his change drew on
Whoſe corpſe might ſeem a conſtellation.
O! had he dy'd of old, how great a ſtrife
Had been, who from his death ſhould draw their life?
Who ſhould, by one rich draught, become whate'er
Seneca, Cato, Numa, Cæſar, were?
Learn'd, virtuous, pious, great; and have by this
An univerſal metempſychoſis.
Muſt all theſe aged ſires in one fun'ral
Expire? all die in one ſo young, ſo ſmall?

Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great fame
Had ſwoll'n above any Greek or Roman name.
But haſty winter with one blaſt hath brought
The hopes of autumn, ſummer, ſpring, to nought:
Thus fades the oak i' th' ſprig; i' th' blade the corn;
Thus, without young, this phœnix dies new-born.
Muſt then old three-legg'd grey beards, with their gout,
Catarrhs, rheums, aches, live three long ages out?
Time's offals, only fit for th' hoſpital!
Or to hang antiquaries rooms withal!
Muſt drunkards, lechers, ſpent with ſinning, live
With ſuch helps as broths, poſſets, phyſic, give?
None live but ſuch as ſhould die? ſhall we meet
With none but ghoſtly fathers in the ſtreet?
Grief makes me rail; ſorrow will force its way,
And ſhow'rs of tears tempeſtuous ſighs beſt lay.
The tongue may fail, but overflowing eyes
Will weep out laſting ſtreams of elegies.
  But thou, O Virgin-widow! left alone,
Now thy belov'd, heav'n-raviſh'd, ſpouſe is gone,
Whoſe ſkilful fire in vain ſtrove to apply
Med'cines, when thy balm was no remedy,
With greater than Platonic love, O wed
His ſoul, though not his body, to thy bed:
Let that make thee a mother; bring thou forth
Th' ideas of his virtue, knowledge, worth;
Tranſcribe th' original in new copies; give
Haſtings o' th' better part; ſo ſhall he live
In's nobler half; and the great grandſire be
Of an heroic divine progeny:
An iſſue which t' eternity ſhall laſt,
Yet but th' irradiations which he caſt.
Erect no mauſoleums; for his beſt
Monument is his ſpouſe's marble breaſt.

IN times when princes cancell'd nature's law,
And declarations which themſelves did draw;
When children us'd their parents to dethrone,
And gnaw their way, like vipers, to the crown;
Tarquin, a ſavage, proud, ambitious prince,
Prompt to expel, yet thoughtleſs of defence,
The envied ſceptre did from Tullius ſnatch,
The Roman king, and father by the match.
To form his party, hiſtories report,
A ſanctuary was open'd in his court,
Where glad offenders ſafely might reſort.
Great was the crowd, and wondrous the ſucceſs,
For thoſe were fruitful times of wickedneſs,
And all, that liv'd obnoxious to the laws,
Flock'd to prince Tarquin, and embrac'd his cauſe.
'Mongſt theſe a pagan prieſt for refuge fled;
A prophet deep in godly faction read;
A ſycophant, that knew the modiſh way
To cant and plot, to flatter and betray,
To whine and ſin, to ſcribble and recant,
A ſhameleſs author, and a luſtful ſaint.
To ſerve all times he could diſtinctions coin,
And with great eaſe flat contradictions join:
A traitor now, once loyal in extreme,
And then obedience was his only theme:
He ſung in temples the moſt paſſive lays,
And wearied monarchs with repeated praiſe;
But manag'd awkwardly that lawful part;
To vent foul lies and treaſon was his art,
And pointed libels at crown'd heads to dart.
This prieſt, and others learned to defame,
Firſt murder injur'd Tullius in his name;
With blackeſt calumnies their ſovereign load,
A poiſon'd brother, and dark league abroad;
A ſon unjuſtly top'd upon the throne,
Which yet was prov'd undoubtedly his own;
Though, as the law was there, 'twas his behoof,
Who diſpoſſeſs'd the heir to bring the proof.

This helliſh charge they back'd with diſmal frights,
The loſs of property and ſacred rights,
And freedom, words which all falſe patriots uſe
As ſureſt names the Romans to abuſe.
Jealous of kings, and always malcontent,
Forward in change, yet certain to repent.
Whilſt thus the plotters needful fears create,
Tarquin with open force invades the ſtate.
Lewd nobles join him with their feeble might,
And atheiſt fools for dear religion fight.
The prieſts their boaſted principles diſown,
And level their harangues againſt the throne.
Vain promiſes the people's minds allure,
Slight were their ills, but deſperate the cure.
'Tis hard for kings to ſteer an equal courſe,
And they who baniſh one, oft gain a worſe.
Thoſe heav'nly bodies we admire above,
Do ev'ry day irregularly move;
Yet Tullius 'tis agreed muſt loſe the crown,
For faults that were his council's, not his own.
He now in vain commands e'en thoſe he pay'd,
By darling troops deſerted and betray'd,
By creatures which his generous warmth had made.
Of theſe a captain of the guards was worſt,
Whoſe memory to this day ſtands accurſt.
This rogue, advanc'd to military truſt
By his own whoredom, and his ſiſter's luſt,
Forſook his maſter after dreadful vows,
And plotted to betray him to his foes;
The kindeſt maſter to the vileſt ſlave,
As free to give, as he was ſure to crave.
His haughty female, who, as books declare,
Did always toſs wide noſtrils in the air,
Was to the younger Tullia governeſs,
And did attend her, when, in borrow'd dreſs,
She fled by night from Tullius in diſtreſs.
This wretch, by letters, did invite his foes,
And us'd all arts her father to depoſe;
A father, always generouſly bent,
So kind, that e'en her wiſhes he'd prevent.

'Twas now high time for Tullius to retreat,
When e'en his daughter haſten'd his defeat;
When faith and duty vaniſh'd, and no more
The name of father and of king he bore:
A king, whoſe right his foes could ne'er diſpute;
So mild, that mercy was his attribute;
Affable, kind, and eaſy of acceſs;
Swift to relieve, unwilling to oppreſs;
Rich without taxes, yet in payment juſt;
So honeſt that he hardly could diſtruſt:
His active ſoul from labours ne'er did ceaſe,
Valiant in war, and vigilant in peace;
Studious with traffic to enrich the land;
Strong to protect, and ſkilful to command;
Liberal and ſplendid, yet without exceſs;
Prone to relieve, unwilling to diſtreſs,
In ſum, how godlike muſt his nature be,
Whoſe only fault was too much piety!
This king remov'd, th' aſſembled ſtates thought fit
That Tarquin in the vacant throne ſhould ſit;
Voted him regent in their ſenate-houſe,
And with an empty name endow'd his ſpouſe,
The elder Tullia, who, ſome authors feign,
Drove o'er her father's corſe a rumbling wain:
But ſhe more guilty numerous wains did drive
To cruſh her father and her king alive;
And in remembrance of his haſten'd fall,
Reſolv'd to inſtitute a weekly ball.
The jolly glutton grew in bulk and chin,
Feaſted on rapine, and enjoy'd her ſin;
With luxury ſhe did weak reaſon force,
Debauch'd good-nature, and cramm'd down remorſe;
Yet when ſhe drank cold tea in liberal ſups,
The ſobbing dame was maudling in her cups.
But brutal Tarquin never did relent,
Too hard to melt, too wicked to repent;
Cruel in deeds, more mercileſs in will,
And bleſt with natural delight in ill.
From a wiſe guardian he receiv'd his doom
To walk the change, and not to govern Rome.

He ſwore his native honours to diſown,
And did by perjury aſcend the throne.
Oh! had that oath his ſwelling pride repreſt,
Rome had been then with peace and plenty bleſt.
But Tarquin, guided by deſtructive fate,
The country waſted, and embroil'd the ſtate,
Tranſported to their foes the Roman pelf,
And by their ruin hop'd to ſave himſelf.
Innumerable woes oppreſs the land,
When it ſubmitted to his curs'd command.
So juſt was heaven, that 'twas hard to tell,
Whether its guilt or loſſes did excel.
Men that renounc'd their God for dearer trade,
Were then the guardians of religion made.
Rebels were ſainted, foreigners did reign,
Outlaws return'd, preferment to obtain,
With frogs and toads, and all their croaking train.
No native knew their features nor their birth;
They ſeem'd the greaſy offspring of the earth.
The trade was ſunk, the fleet and army ſpent;
Devouring taxes ſwallow'd leſſer rent;
Taxes impos'd by no authority:
Each lewd collection was a robbery.
Bold ſelf-creating men did ſtatutes draw,
Skill'd to eſtabliſh villainy by law;
Fanatic drivers, whoſe unjuſt careers
Produc'd new ills exceeding former fears.
Yet authors here except a faithful band,
Which the prevailing faction did withſtand;
And ſome, who bravely ſtood in the defence
Of baffled juſtice and their exil'd prince.
Theſe ſhine to after-times, each ſacred name
Stands ſtill recorded in the rolls of fame.

WHEN lawleſs men their neighbours diſpoſſeſs,
The tenants they extirpate or oppreſs;
And make rude havoc in the fruitful ſoil,
Which the right owners plough'd with careful toil,
The ſame proportion does in kingdoms hold;
A new prince breaks the fences of the old!
And will o'er carcaſes and deſarts reign,
Unleſs the land its rightful lord regain.
He gripes the faithleſs owners of the place,
And buys a foreign army to deface
The fear'd and hated remnant of their race.
He ſtarves their forces, and obſtructs their trade;
Vaſt ſums are given, and yet no native paid.
The church itſelf he labours to aſſail,
And keeps fit tools to break the ſacred pale.
Of thoſe let him the guilty roll commence,
Who has betray'd a maſter and a prince;
A man, ſeditious, lewd, and impudent;
An engine always miſchievouſly bent:
One who from all the bands of duty ſwerves;
No tie can hold but that which he deſerves;
An author dwindled to a pamphleteer;
Skilful to forge, and always inſincere;
Careleſs exploded practices to mend;
Bold to attack, yet feeble to defend.
Fate's blindfold reign the Atheiſt loudly owns,
And Providence blaſphemouſly dethrones.
In vain the leering actor ſtrains his tongue
To cheat, with tears and empty noiſe, the throng,
Since all men know, whate'er he ſays or writes,
Revenge or ſtronger intereſt indites,
And that the wretch employs his venal wit
How to confute what formerly he writ.
Next him the grave Socinian claims a place,
Endow'd with reaſon, though bereft of grace;
A preaching pagan of ſurpaſſing fame;
No regiſter records his borrow'd name.

O, had the child more happily been bred,
A radiant mitre would have grac'd his head;
But now unfit, the moſt he ſhould expect
Is to be enter'd of T—— F——'s ſect.
To him ſucceeds, with looks demurely ſad,
A gloomy ſoul, with revelation mad;
Falſe to his friend, and careleſs of his word;
A dreaming prophet, and a griping lord;
He ſells the livings which he can't poſſeſs,
And farms that ſine-cure his dioceſe.
Unthinking man! to quit thy barren ſee,
And vain endeavours in chronology,
For the more fruitleſs care of royal charity.
Thy hoary noddle warns thee to return,
The treaſon of old age in Wales to mourn,
Nor think the city-poor may loſs ſuſtain,
Thy place may well be vacant in this reign.
I ſhould admit the booted prelate now,
But he is even for lampoon too low:
The ſcum and outcaſt of a royal race;
The nation's grievance, and the gown's diſgrace.
None ſo unlearn'd did e'er at London ſit;
This driv'ler does the ſacred chair beſh—t.
I need not brand the ſpiritual parricide,
Nor draw the weapon dangling by his ſide:
Th' aſtoniſh'd world remembers that offence,
And knows he ſtole the daughter of his prince.
'Tis time enough, in ſome ſucceeding age,
To bring this mitred captain on the ſtage.
Theſe are the leaders in apoſtacy,
The wild reformers of the liturgy,
And the blind guides of poor elective majeſty;
A thing which commonwealth's-men did deviſe,
Till plots were ripe, to catch the people's eyes.
Their king's a monſter, in a quagmire born,
Of all the native brutes the grief and ſcorn;
With a big ſnout, caſt in a crooked mould,
Which runs with glanders and an inborn cold.
His ſubſtance is of clammy ſnot and phlegm;
Sleep is his eſſence, and his life a dream.

To Capreæ this Tiberius does retire,
To quench with catamite his feeble fire.
Dear catamine! who rules alone the ſtate,
While monarch dozes on his unpropt height,
Silent, yet thoughtleſs, and ſecure of fate.
Could you but ſee the fulſome hero led
By loathing vaſſals to his noble bed!
In flannel robes the coughing ghoſt does walk,
And his mouth moates like cleaner breech of hawk,
Corruption ſpringing from his canker'd breaſt,
Furs up the channel, and diſturbs his reſt.
With head propt up the bolſter'd engine lies;
If pillow ſlip aſide, the monarch dies.

THE SOLILOQUY OF A ROYAL EXILE.

UNHAPPY I! who, once ordained to bear
God's juſtice ſword, and his vicegerent here,
Am now depos'd—'gainſt me my children riſe,
My life muſt be their only ſacrifice:
Highly they me accuſe, but nothing prove;
But this is out of tenderneſs and love!
They ſeek to ſpill my blood; 'tis that alone
Muſt for the nation's crying ſins atone.
But careful heaven forewarn'd me in a dream,
And ſhew'd me that my dangers were extreme;
The heavenly viſion ſpoke, and bade me flee
Th' ungrateful brood that were not worthy me!
Alarm'd I fled at the appointed time;
And mere neceſſity was made my crime!

EPISTLES*.

TO MY HON. FRIEND,

SIR ROBERT HOWARD,

On his excellent Poems.

AS there is muſic, uninform'd by art,
In thoſe wild notes which, with a merry heart,
The birds in unfrequented ſhades expreſs,
Who, better taught at home, yet pleaſe us leſs;
So in your verſe a native ſweetneſs dwells,
Which ſhames compoſure and its art excels.
Singing no more can your ſoft numbers grace,
Than paint adds charms unto a beauteous face.
Yet as when mighty rivers gently creep,
Their even calmneſs does ſuppoſe them deep,
Such is your muſe: no metaphor ſwell'd high,
With dang'rous boldneſs, lifts her to the ſky:
Thoſe mounting fancies, when they fall again,
Shew ſand and dirt at bottom do remain.
So firm a ſtrength, and yet withal ſo ſweet,
Did never but in Samſon's riddle meet,
'Tis ſtrange each line ſo great a weight ſhould bear,
And yet no ſign of toil, no ſweat, appear.
Either your art hides art, as Stoics feign
Then leaſt to feel when moſt they ſuffer pain,
And we, dull ſouls! admire, but cannot ſee
What hidden ſprings within the engine be;
Or 'tis ſome happineſs that ſtill purſues
Each act and motion of your graceful muſe.
Or is it Fortune's work, that in your head
The curious net that is for fancy ſpread
Lets thro' its meſhes ev'ry meaner thought,
While rich ideas there are only caught?
Sure that's not all: this is a piece too fair
To be the child of Chance and not of Care.

* The Epiſtles are in this edition arranged according to chronological order, which was never done before, excepting in the edition of the Miſcellanies in 1760, in four volumes octavo. The Epiſtle to Mr. Julian is retained, not from any high opinion of its value, but becauſe we find t in the Miſcellanies, and cannot there ſuppoſe it to be an impoſition.

No atoms caſually together hurl'd
Could e'er produce ſo beautiful a world:
Nor dare I ſuch a doctrine here admit
As would deſtroy the providence of wit.
'Tis your ſtrong genius then which does not feel
Thoſe weights would make a weaker ſpirit reel.
To carry weight, and run ſo lightly too,
Is what alone your Pegaſus can do.
Great Hercules himſelf could ne'er do more
Than not to feel thoſe heav'ns and gods he bore.
Your eaſier odes, which for delight were penn'd,
Yet our inſtruction make their ſecond end;
We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that woo
At once a beauty and a fortune too.
Of moral knowledge Poeſy was queen,
And ſtill ſhe might, had wanton wits not been,
Who, like ill guardians, liv'd themſelves at large,
And, not content with that, debauch'd their charge:
Like ſome brave captain, your ſucceſsful pen
Reſtores the exil'd to her crown again,
And gives us hope that, having ſeen the days
When nothing flouriſh'd but fanatic bays,
All will at length in this opinion reſt,
"A ſober prince's government is beſt."
This is not all; your art the way has found
To make th' improvement of the richeſt ground;
That ſoil which thoſe immortal laurels bore,
That once the ſacred Maro's temples wore.
Eliva's griefs are ſo expreſs'd by you,
They are too eloquent to have been true.
Had ſhe ſo ſpoke, Æneas had obey'd
What Dido rather than what Jove had ſaid.
If fun'ral rites can give a ghoſt repoſe,
Your muſe ſo juſtly has diſcharged thoſe,
Eliza's ſhade may now its wand'ring ceaſe,
And claim a title to the fields of peace.
But if Æneas be oblig'd, no leſs
Your kindneſs great Achilles doth confeſs,
Who dreſs'd by Statius in too bold a look,
Did ill become thoſe virgin robes he took

To understand how much we owe to you,
We must your numbers with your author's view;
Then we shall see his work was lamely rough,
Each figure stiff, as if design'd in buff;
His colours laid so thick on ev'ry place,
As only shew'd the paint, but hid the face.
But as in perspective we beauties see,
Which in the glass, not in the picture, be,
So here our sight obligingly mistakes
That wealth, which his your bounty only makes.
Thus vulgar dishes are, by cooks disguis'd,
More for their dressing than their substance priz'd.
Your curious notes so search into that age,
When all was fable but the sacred page,
That, since in that dark night we needs must stray,
We are at least misled in pleasant way.
But what we most admire, your verse no less
The prophet than the poet doth confess.
Ere our weak eyes discern'd the double streak
Of light, you saw great Charles his morning break.
So skilful seamen ken the land from far,
Which shews like mists to the dull passenger.
To Charles your muse first pays her duteous love,
As still the ancients did begin from Jove.
With Monk you end, whose name preserv'd shall be,
As Rome recorded Rufus' memory,
Who thought it greater honour to obey
His country's int'rest than the world to sway.
But to write worthy things of worthy men
Is the peculiar talent of your pen:
Yet let me take your mantle up, and I
Will venture in your right to prophesy.
" This work. by merit first of fame secure,
" Is likewise happy in its geniture;
" For since 'tis born when Charles ascends the throne,
" It shares at once his fortune and its own."

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND DR. CHARLETON,

ON HIS LEARNED AND USEFUL WORKS;

But more particularly his Treatiſe of Stone-Henge, by him reſtored to the true Founder.

THE longeſt tyranny that ever ſway'd,
Was that wherein our anceſtors betray'd
Their freeborn reaſon to the Stagyrite,
And made his torch their univerſal light.
So truth, while only one ſupply'd the ſtate,
Grew ſcarce and dear, and yet ſophiſticate.
Still it was bought, like emp'ric wares or charms,
Hard words, ſeal'd up with Ariſtotle's arms.
Columbus was the firſt that ſhook his throne,
And found a temp'rate in a torrid zone;
The fev'riſh air, fann'd by a cooling breeze,
The fruitful vales ſet round with ſhady trees,
And guiltleſs men, who danc'd away their time,
Freſh as their groves, and happy as their clime.
Had we ſtill paid that homage to a name,
Which only God and Nature juſtly claim,
The weſtern ſeas had been our utmoſt bound,
Where poets ſtill might dream the ſun was drown'd,
And all the ſtars that ſhine in ſouthern ſkies
Had been admir'd by none but ſavage eyes.

Among th' aſſerters of free Reaſon's claim
Our nation's not the leaſt in worth and fame.
The world to Bacon does not only owe
Its preſent knowledge, but its future too.
Gilber ſhall live till loadſtones ceaſe to draw,
Or Britiſh fleets the boundleſs ocean awe;
And noble Boyle, not leſs in nature ſeen
Than his great brother read in ſtates and men.
The circling ſtreams, once thought but pools of blood,
(Whether life's fuel or the body's food)
From dark oblivion Harvey's name ſhall ſave,
While Ent keeps all the honour that he gave.
Nor are you, learned friend! the leaſt renown'd,
Whoſe fame, not circumſcrib'd with Engliſh ground,

Flies, like the nimble journies of the light,
And is like that unſpent too in its flight.
Whatever truths have been by art or chance
Redeem'd from error or from ignorance,
Thin in their authors, like rich veins of ore,
Your works unite, and ſtill diſcover more;
Such is the healing virtue of your pen,
To perfect cures on books as well as men.
Nor is this work the leaſt; you well may give
To men new vigour who make ſtones to live.
Thro' you the Danes their ſhort dominion loſt,
A longer conqueſt than the Saxons boaſt.
Stone-Henge, once thought a temple, you have found
A throne, where kings our earthly gods were crown'd;
Where by their wond'ring ſubjects they were ſeen,
Joy'd with their ſtature and their princely mien.
Our ſov'reign here above the reſt might ſtand,
And here be choſe again to rule the land.
These ruins ſhelter'd once his ſacred head,
When he from Worc'ſter's fatal battle fled,
Watch'd by the Genius of his royal place,
And mighty viſions of the Daniſh race.
His refuge then was for a temple ſhown;
But, he reſtor'd, 'tis now become a throne.

TO LADY CASTLEMAIN,

ON HER ENCOURAGING HIS FIRST PLAY.

AS ſeamen, ſhipwreck'd on ſome happy ſhore,
Diſcover wealth in lands unknown before,
And, what their art had labour'd long in vain,
By their misfortune happily obtain;
So my much envy'd Muſe, by ſtorms long toſt,
Is thrown upon your hoſpitable coaſt,
And finds more favour by her ill ſucceſs
Than ſhe could hope for from her happineſs.
Once Cato's virtue did the gods oppoſe,
While they the victor, he the vanquiſh'd, choſe;
But you have done what Cato could not do,
To chuſe the vanquiſh, and reſtore him too.

Let others ſtill triumph and gain their cauſe
By their deſerts, or by the world's applauſe;
Let Merit crowns and Juſtice laurels give,
But let me, happy, by your pity live.
True poets empty fame and praiſe deſpiſe;
Fame is the trumpet, but your ſmile the prize.
You ſit above, and ſee vain men below
Contend for what you only can beſtow:
But thoſe great actions others do by chance,
Are, like your beauty, your inheritance:
So great a ſoul, ſuch ſweetneſs, join'd in one,
Could only ſpring from noble Grandiſon.
You, like the ſtars, not by reflection bright,
Are born to your own heaven and your own light;
Like them are good, but from a nobler cauſe,
From your own knowledge, not from Nature's laws.
Your power you never uſe but for defence,
To guard your own or others' innocence:
Your foes are ſuch as they, not you, have made,
And virtue may repel, though not invade.
Such courage did the ancient heroes ſhew,
Who, when they might prevent, would wait the blow
With ſuch aſſurance, as they meant to ſay
We will o'ercome, but ſcorn the ſafeſt way.
What further fear of danger can there be?
Beauty, which captives all things, ſets me free.
Poſterity will judge, by my ſucceſs,
I had the Grecian poet's happineſs,
Who, waving plots, found out a better way;
Some god deſcended, and preſerv'd the play.
When firſt the triumphs of your ſex were ſung
By thoſe old poets, Beauty was but young,
And few admir'd the native red and white,
Till poets dreſs'd them up to charm the ſight;
So Beauty took on truſt, and did engage
For ſums of praiſes till ſhe came to age:
But this long growing debt to poetry
You juſtly, madam, have diſcharg'd to me,
When your applauſe and favour did infuſe
New life to my condemn'd and dying Muſe.

TO MR. LEE, ON HIS ALEXANDER.

THE blaſt of common cenſure could I fear,
Before your play my name ſhould not appear;
For 'twill be thought, and with ſome colour too,
I pay the bribe I firſt receiv'd from you;
That mutual vouchers for our fame we ſtand,
And play the game into each other's hand;
And as cheap penn'worth's to ourſelves afford,
As Beſſus and the brothers of the ſword.
Such libels private men may well endure,
When ſtates and kings themſelves are not ſecure;
For ill men, conſcious of their inward guilt,
Think the beſt actions on bye-ends are built,
And yet my ſilence had not 'ſcap'd their ſpite;
Then envy had not ſuffer'd me to write;
For ſince I could not ignorance pretend,
Such merit I muſt envy or commend.
So many candidates there ſtand for wit,
A place at court is ſcarce ſo hard to get:
In vain they crowd each other at the door;
For e'en reverſions are all begg'd before:
Deſert, how known ſoe'er, is long delay'd,
And then, too, fools and knaves are better paid.
Yet as ſome actions bear ſo great a name,
That courts themſelves are juſt for fear of ſhame,
So has the mighty merit of your play
Extorted praiſe, and forc'd himſelf away.
'Tis here as 'tis at ſea; who fartheſt goes,
Or dares the moſt, makes all the reſt his foes.
Yet when ſome virtue much outgrows the reſt,
It ſhoots too faſt and high to be expreſt;
As his heroic worth ſtruck envy dumb
Who took the Dutchman, and who cut the boom.
Such praiſe is yours, while you the paſſions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd, 'tis real love,
Where Nature triumphs over wretched Art;
We only warm the head, but you the heart:
Always you warm; and if the riſing year,
As in hot regions, brings the ſun too near,

'Tis but to make your fragrant ſpices blow,
Which in our cooler climates will not grow.
They only think you animate your theme
With too much fire, who are themſelves all phlegm.
Prizes would be for lags of floweſt pace,
Were cripples made the judges of the race.
Deſpiſe theſe drones who praiſe while they accuſe
The too much vigour of your youthful muſe:
That humble ſtyle which they your virtue make
Is in your pow'r; you need but ſtoop and take.
Your beauteous images muſt be allow'd
By all, but ſome vile poets of the crowd.
But how ſhould any ſign-poſt dauber know
The worth of Titian or of Angelo?
Hard features ev'ry bungler can command;
To draw true beauty ſhows a maſter's hand.

TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON,

ON HIS EXCELLENT ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

WHETHER the fruitful Nile or Tyrian ſhore
The ſeeds of arts and infant ſcience bore,
'Tis ſure the noble plant, tranſlated firſt,
Advanc'd its head in Grecian gardens nurs'd.
The Grecians added verſe; their tuneful tongue
Made Nature firſt, and Nature's God, their ſong.
Nor ſtopt tranſlation here; for conqu'ring Rome,
With Grecian ſpoils brought Grecian numbers home;
Enrich'd by thoſe Athenian muſes more
Than all the vanquiſh'd world could yield before;
Till barb'rous nations, and more barb'rous times,
Debas'd the majeſty of verſe to rhymes:
Thoſe rude at firſt, a kind of hobbling proſe,
That limp'd along, and tinkled in the cloſe.
But Italy, reviving from the trance
Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkiſh ignorance,
With pauſes, cadence, and well-vowell'd words,
And all the graces a good ear affords,
Made rhyme an art; and Dante's poliſh'd page
Reſtor'd a ſilver not a golden age.

Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we ſee
What rhyme improv'd in all its height can be;
At beſt a pleaſing ſound, and fair barbarity.
The French purſu'd their ſteps; and Britain, laſt,
In manly ſweetneſs all the reſt ſurpaſs'd.
The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
Appear exalted in the Britiſh loom:
The Muſes' empire is reſtor'd again
In Charles's reign, and by Roſcommon's pen:
Yet modeſtly he does his work ſurvey,
And calls a finiſh'd poem an eſſay:
For all the needful rules are ſcatter'd here,
Truth ſmoothly told, and pleaſantly ſevere:
So well is art diſguis'd for nature to appear.
Nor need theſe rules to give tranſlation light;
His own example is a flame ſo bright,
That he who but arrives to copy well,
Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel.
Scarce his own Horace could ſuch rules ordain,
Or his own Virgil ſing a nobler ſtrain.
How much in him may riſing Ireland boaſt!
How much, in gaining him, has Britain loſt!
Their iſland in revenge has our's reclaim'd;
The more inſtructed we the more we ſtill are ſham'd.
'Tis well for us his gen'rous blood did flow,
Deriv'd from Britiſh channels long ago,
That ere his conq'ring anceſtors were nurs'd,
And Ireland but tranſlated England firſt:
By this repriſal we regain our right,
Elſe muſt the two contending nations fight;
A nobler quarrel for his native earth
Than what divided Greece for Homer's birth.
To what perfection will our tongue arrive,
How will invention and tranſlation thrive,
When authors nobly born will bear their part,
And not diſdain th' inglorious praiſe of art!
Great gen'rals thus, deſcending from command,
With their own toil provoke the ſoldiers' hand.
How will ſweet Ovid's ghoſt be pleas'd to hear
His fame augmented by an Engliſh peer;

How he embelliſhes his Helen's loves,
Outdoes his ſoftneſs, and his ſenſe improves!
When theſe tranſlate, and teach tranſlators too,
Nor firſtling kid, nor any vulgar vow,
Should at Apollo's grateful altar ſtand:
Roſcommon writes; to that auſpicious hand,
Muſe! feed the bull that ſpurns the yellow ſand.
Roſcommon! whom both court and camps commend,
True to his prince, and faithful to his friend;
Roſcommon! firſt in fields of honour known,
Firſt in the peaceful triumphs of the gown,
Who both Minervas juſtly makes his own,
Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they
Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better clay,
On equal terms with ancient wit engage,
Nor mighty Homer fear, nor ſacred Virgil's page:
Our Engliſh palace opens wide in ſtate,
And without ſtooping they may paſs the gate.

TO HER

ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS,

ON THE MEMORABLE VICTORY

GAINED BY THE DUKE OVER THE HOLLANDERS, JUNE 3, 1665.

And on her Journey afterwards into the North.

MADAM,

WHEN for our ſakes your hero you reſign'd
To ſwelling ſeas and ev'ry faithleſs wind,
When you releas'd his courage, and ſet free
A valour fatal to the enemy,
You lodg'd your country's cares within your breaſt,
(The manſion where ſoft love ſhould only reſt)
And, ere our foes abroad were overcome,
The nobleſt conqueſt you had gain'd at home.
Ah, what concerns did both your ſouls divide!
Your honour gave us what your love deny'd;
And 'twas for him much eaſier to ſubdue
Thoſe foes he fought with, than to part from you.

That glorious day which two ſuch navies ſaw,
As each unmatch'd might to the world give law,
Neptune, yet doubtful whom he ſhould obey,
Held to them both the trident of the ſea:
The winds were huſh'd, the waves in ranks were caſt,
As awfully as when God's people paſt;
Thoſe yet uncertain on whoſe ſails to blow,
Theſe where the wealth of nations ought to flow.
Then with the duke your highneſs rul'd the day;
While all the brave did his command obey,
The fair and pious under you did pray.
How pow'rful are chaſte vows! the wind and tide
You brib'd to combat on the Engliſh ſide.
Thus to your much-lov'd lord you did convey
An unknown ſuccour ſent the neareſt way:
New vigour to his weary'd arms you brought,
(So Moſes was upheld while Iſr'el fought)
While, from afar, we heard the cannon play
Like diſtant thunder on a ſhiny day.
For abſent friends we were aſham'd to fear,
When we conſider'd what you ventur'd there.
Ships, men, and arms, our country might reſtore,
But ſuch a leader could ſupply no more.
With gen'rous thoughts of conqueſt he did burn,
Yet fought not more to vanquiſh than return.
Fortune and Victory he did purſue,
To bring them, as his ſlaves, to wait on you;
Thus beauty raviſh'd the rewards of fame,
And the fair triumph'd when the brave o'ercame.
Then, as you meant to ſpread another way,
By land, your conqueſts, far as his by ſea,
Leaving our ſouthern clime, you march'd along
The ſtubborn north ten thouſand Cupids ſtrong.
Like commons the nobility reſort
In crowding heaps to fill your moving court:
To welcome your approach the vulgar run,
Like ſome new envoy from the diſtant ſun;
And country-beauties by their lovers go,
Bleſſing themſelves, and wond'ring at the ſhow.

So when the new-born phœnix firſt is ſeen,
Her feather'd ſubjects all adore their queen,
And while ſhe makes her progreſs thro' the Eaſt,
From ev'ry grove her num'rous train's increas'd;
Each poet of the air her glory ſings,
And round him the pleas'd audience clap their wings.

A LETTER TO SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

TO you who live in chill degree,
As map informs, of fifty-three,
And do not much for cold atone,
By bringing thither fifty one,
Methinks all climes ſhould be alike,
From tropic e'en to pole arctic,
Since you have ſuch a conſtitution
As no where ſuffers diminution.
You can be old in grave debate,
And young in love affairs of ſtate;
And both to wives and huſbands ſhew
The vigour of a Plenipo.
Like mighty miſſioner you come
Ad partes infidelium,
A work of wondrous merit ſure,
So far to go, ſo much t' endure;
And all to preach to German dame,
Where found of Cupid never came.
Leſs had you done had you been ſent
As far as Drake or Pinto went,
For cloves or nutmegs to the Line-a,
Or e'en for oranges to China,
That had indeed been charity,
Where love-ſick ladies helpleſs lie,
Chapt, and, for want of liquor, dry.
But you have made your zeal appear
Within the circle of the Bear:
What region of the earth ſo dull
That is not of your labours full?
Triptolemus (ſo ſung the Nine)
Strew'd plenty from his cart divine.

But, ſpite of all theſe fable-makers,
He never ſow'd on Almain acres:
No, that was left by Fate's decree
To be perform'd and ſung by thee,
Thou break'ſt through forms with as much eaſe
As the French king through articles.
In grand affairs thy days are ſpent
In waging weighty compliment,
With ſuch as monarchs repreſent.
They whom ſuch vaſt fatigues attend
Want ſome ſoft minutes to unbend,
To ſhew the world that now and then
Great miniſters are mortal men.
Then Rheniſh rummers walk the round,
In bumpers ev'ry king is crown'd;
Beſides three holy mitred Hectors,
And the whole college of Electors.
No health of potentate is ſunk
That pays to make his envoy drunk.
Theſe Dutch delights I mention'd laſt
Suit not, I know, your Engliſh taſte;
For wine to leave a whore or play
Was ne'er your Excellency's way.
Nor need this title give offence,
For here you were your Excellence;
For gaming, writing, ſpeaking, keeping,
His Excellence for all but ſleeping.
Now, if you top in form and treat,
'Tis the ſour ſauce to the ſweet meat,
The fine you pay for being great.
Nay, here's a harder impoſition,
Which is indeed the court's petition,
That, ſetting worldly pomp aſide,
Which poet has at font deny'd,
You would be pleas'd in humble way
To write a trifle, call'd a play.
This truly is a degradation,
But would oblige the crown and nation
Next to your wife negotiation.

If you pretend, as well you may,
Your high degree, your friends will ſay
The Duke St. Aignon made a play.
If Gallic wit convince you ſcarce,
His Grace of Bucks has made a farce;
And you, whoſe comic wit is terſe all,
Can hardly fall below Rehearſal:
Then finiſh what you have began,
But ſcribble faſter if you can:
For yet no George, to our diſcerning,
Has writ without a ten years' warning.

TO MR. SOUTHERN,

ON HIS COMEDY CALLED THE WIVES' EXCUSE.

SURE there's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain
To write while theſe malignant planets reign.
Some very fooliſh influence rules the pit,
Not always kind to ſenſe, or juſt to wit;
And while it laſts let buffoon'ry ſucceed
To make us laugh, for never was more need.
Farce in itſelf is of a naſty ſcent,
But the gain ſmells not of the excrement.
The Spaniſh nymph, a wit and beauty too,
With all her charms, bore but a ſingle ſhow;
But let a monſter Muſcovite appear,
He draws a crowded audience round the year.
May be thou haſt not pleas'd the box and pit;
Yet thoſe who blame thy tale applaud thy wit:
So Terence plotted, but ſo Terence writ.
Like his thy thoughts are true, thy language clean;
E'en lewdneſs is made moral in thy ſcene.
The hearers may for want of Nokes repine,
But reſt ſecure the readers will be thine.
Nor was thy labour'd drama damn'd or hiſs'd,
But with a kind civility diſmiſs'd;
With ſuch good manners as the wife did uſe,
Who, not accepting, did but juſt refuſe.
There was a glance at parting; ſuch a look
As bids thee not give o'er for one rebuke.

But if thou wouldſt be ſeen as well as read,
Copy one living author and one dead:
The ſtandard of thy ſtyle let Etherege be;
For wit, th' immortal ſpring of Wycherley:
Learn after both to draw ſome juſt deſign,
And the next age will learn to copy thine.

TO HENRY HIGDEN, ESQ.

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE Grecian wits, who ſatire firſt began,
Were pleaſant Paſquins on the life of man;
At mighty villains, who the ſtate oppreſt,
They durſt not rail; perhaps they laſh'd at leaſt,
And turn'd them out of office with a jeſt.
No fool could peep abroad, but ready ſtand
The drolls to clap a bauble in his hand.
Wiſe legiſlators never yet could draw
A fop within the reach of common law;
For poſture, dreſs, grimace, and affectation,
Tho' foes to ſenſe, are harmleſs to the nation.
Our laſt redreſs is dint of verſe to try,
And ſatire is our court of chancery.
This way took Horace to reform an age,
Not bad enough to need an author's rage.
But your's, who liv'd in more degen'rate times,
Was forc'd to faſten deep and worry crimes.
Yet you, my friend! have temper'd him ſo well,
You make him ſmile in ſpite of all his zeal;
An art peculiar to yourſelf alone
To join the virtue of two ſtyles in one.
Oh! were your author's principle receiv'd,
Half of the lab'ring world would be reliev'd;
For not to wiſh is not to be deceiv'd:
Revenge would into charity be chang'd,
Becauſe it coſts too dear to be reveng'd:
It coſts our quiet and content of mind;
And when 'tis compaſs'd leaves a ſting behind.
Suppoſe I had the better end o' th' ſtaff,
Why ſhould I help th' ill-natur'd world to laugh?

'Tis all alike to them who get the day;
They love the ſpite and miſchief of the fray.
No; I have cur'd myſelf of that diſeaſe,
Nor will I be provok'd but when I pleaſe;
But let me half that cure to you reſtore,
You gave the ſalve, I laid it to the ſore.
Our kind relief beyond a rainy day,
Beyond a tavern or a tedious play,
We take your book, and laugh our ſpleen away.
If all your tribe too ſtudious of debate,
Would ceaſe falſe hopes and titles to create,
Led by the rare example you begun,
Clients would fail, and lawyers be undone.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND MR. CONGREVE,

ON HIS COMEDY CALLED THE DOUBLE DEALER.

WELL, then, the promis'd hour is come at laſt,
The preſent age of wit obſcures the paſt:
Strong were our ſires, and as they fought they writ,
Conqu'ring with force of arms and dint of wit:
Theirs was the giant race before the flood;
And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire ſtood.
Like Janus, he the ſtubborn ſoil manur'd,
With rules of huſbandry the rankneſs cur'd;
Tam'd us to manners when the ſtage was rude,
And boiſt'rous Engliſh wit with art endu'd.
Our age was cultivated thus at length,
But what we gain'd in ſkill we loſt in ſtrength.
Our builders were with want of genius curs'd;
The ſecond temple was not like the firſt;
Till you, the beſt Vitruvius, come at length,
Our beauties equal, but excel our ſtrength.
Firm Doric pillars found your ſolid baſe,
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher ſpace;
Thus all below is ſtrength, and all above is grace.
In eaſy dialogue is Fletcher's praiſe;
He mov'd the mind, but had not pow'r to raiſe.
Great Jonſon did by ſtrength of judgment pleaſe;
Yet doubling Fletcher's force he wants his eaſe.

In diff'ring talents both adorn'd their age,
One for the ſtudy, th'other for the ſtage:
But both to Congreve juſtly ſhall ſubmit,
One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we ſee,
Etherege his courtſhip, Southern's purity,
The ſatire, wit, and ſtrength, of manly Wycherley.
All this in blooming youth you have achiev'd,
Nor are your foil'd contemporaries griev'd.
So much the ſweetneſs of your manners move,
We cannot envy you becauſe we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he ſaw
A beardleſs conſul made againſt the law,
And join his ſuffrage to the votes of Rome,
Tho' he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
And ſcholar to the youth he taught became.
O that your brows my laurel had ſuſtain'd!
Well had I been depos'd if you had reign'd:
The father had deſcended for the ſon,
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus when the ſtate one Edward did depoſe,
A greater Edward in his room aroſe,
But now not I, but poetry, is curs'd,
For Tom the Second reigns like Tom the Firſt.
But let 'em not miſtake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own deſert.
Yet this I propheſy; thou ſhalt be ſeen
(Tho' with ſome ſhort parentheſis between)
High on the throne of wit, and ſeated there,
Not mine (that's little) but thy laurel wear.
Thy firſt attempt an early promiſe made;
That early promiſe this has more than paid.
So bold, yet ſo judiciouſly you dare,
That your leaſt praiſe is to be regular.
Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought,
But genius muſt be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion, this your native ſtore,
Heav'n, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakeſpeare gave as much; ſhe could not give him more.

Maintain your poſt, that's all the fame you need,
For 'tis impoſſible you ſhould proceed.
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And juſt abandoning th' ungrateful ſtage.
Unprofitably kept at heav'n's expence,
I live a rent-charge on his providence:
But you, whom ev'ry muſe and grace adorn,
Whom I foreſee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and, O defend,
Againſt your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not th' inſulting foe my fame purſue,
But ſhade thoſe laurels which deſcend to you;
And take for tribute what theſe lines expreſs;
You merit more, nor could my love do leſs.

TO MR. GRANVILLE,

ON HIS EXCELLENT TRAGEDY CALLED HEROIC LOVE.

AUSPICIOUS poet! were thou not my friend,
How could I envy what I muſt commend.
But ſince 'tis nature's law in love and wit
That youth ſhould reign, and with'ring age ſubmit,
With leſs regret thoſe laurels I reſign,
Which dying on my brows revive on thine.
With better grace an ancient chief may yield
The long contended honours of the field,
Than venture all his fortune at a caſt,
And fight like Hannibal to loſe at laſt.
Young princes, obſtinate to win the prize,
Tho' yearly beaten, yearly yet they riſe:
Old monarchs, tho' ſucceſsful, ſtill in doubt,
Catch at a peace, and wiſely turn devout.
Thine be the laurel then; thy blooming age
Can beſt, if any can, ſupport the ſtage,
Which ſo declines, that ſhortly we may ſee
Players and plays reduc'd to ſecond infancy.
Sharp to the world, but thoughtleſs of renown,
They plot not on the ſtage, but on the town,
And, in deſpair their empty pit to fill,
Set up ſome foreign monſter in a bill.

Thus they jog on, ſtill tricking, never thriving,
And murd'ring plays, which they miſcal reviving.
Our ſenſe is nonſenſe thro' their pipes convey'd;
Scarce can a poet know the play he made,
'Tis ſo diſguis'd in death, nor thinks 'tis he
That ſuffers in the mangled tragedy.
Thus Itys firſt was kill'd, and after dreſt
For his own ſire, the chief invited gueſt.
I ſay not this of thy ſucceſsful ſcenes,
Where thine was all the glory, theirs the gains.
With length of time, much judgment, and more toil,
Not ill they acted what they could not ſpoil.
Their ſetting ſun ſtill ſhoots a glimm'ring ray,
Like ancient Rome, majeſtic in decay;
And better gleanings their worn ſoil can boaſt
Than the crab-vintage of the neighb'ring coaſt.
This diff'rence yet the judging world will ſee,
Thou copieſt Homer, and they copy thee.

TO MY FRIEND MR. MOTTEUX,

ON HIS TRAGEDY CALLED BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

'TIS hard, my friend! to write in ſuch an age
As damns not only poets but the ſtage.
That ſacred art, by heav'n itſelf infus'd,
Which Moſes, David, Solomon, have us'd.
Is now to be no more. The muſes' foes
Would ſink their maker's praiſes into proſe.
Were they content to prune the laviſh vine
Of ſtraggling branches, and improve the wine,
Who but a madman would his thoughts defend?
All would ſubmit; for all but fools will mend:
But when to common ſenſe they give the lie,
And turn diſtorted words to blaſphemy,
They give the ſcandal, and the wiſe diſcern
Their gloſſes teach an age too apt to learn.
What I have looſely or profanely writ,
Let them to fires, their due deſert, commit:
Nor when accus'd by me let them complain;
Their faults, and not their function, I arraign.

Rebellion, worſe than witchcraft, they purſu'd;
The pulpit preach'd the crime the people ru'd.
The ſtage was ſilenc'd, for the ſaints would ſee
In fields perform'd their plotted tragedy.
But let us firſt reform, and then ſo live,
That we may teach our teachers to forgive:
Our deſk be plac'd below their lofty chairs;
Ours be the practice as the precept theirs.
The moral part at leaſt we may divide,
Humility reward, and puniſh pride;
Ambition, int'reſt, avarice, accuſe;
Theſe are the province of a tragic muſe.
Theſe haſt thou choſen; and the public voice
Has equall'd thy performance with thy choice.
Time, action, place, are ſo preſerv'd by thee,
That e'en Cornëille might with envy ſee
Th'alliance of his tripled unity.
Thy incidents perhaps too thick are ſown;
But too much plenty is thy fault alone.
At leaſt but two can that good crime commit,
Thou in deſign, and Wycherley in wit.
Let thy own Gauls condemn thee if they dare,
Contented to be thinly regular.
Born there, but not for them, our fruitful ſoil
With more increaſe rewards thy happy toil.
Their tongue enfeebled is refin'd too much,
And like pure gold it bends at ev'ry touch:
Our ſturdy Teuton yet will art obey, [allay.
More fit for manly thought, and ſtrengthen'd with
But whence art thou inſpir'd, and thou alone,
To flouriſh in an idiom not thy own?
It moves our wonder that a foreign gueſt
Should overmatch the moſt and match the beſt.
In under-praiſing thy deſerts I wrong;
Here find the firſt deficience of our tongue;
Words, once my ſtock, are wanting to commend
So great a poet and ſo good a friend.

TO THE DUCHESS OF YORK,

On her return from Scotland in the year 1682.

WHEN factious rage to cruel exile drove
The queen of beauty and the court of love,
The muſes droop'd with their forſaken arts,
And the ſad Cupids broke their uſeleſs darts,
Our fruitful plains to wilds and deſerts turn'd,
Like Eden's face when baniſh'd man it mourn'd.
Love was no more when loyalty was gone,
The great ſupporter of his awful throne,
Love could no longer after beauty ſtay,
But wander'd northward to the verge of day,
As if the ſun and he had loſt their way.
But now th' illuſtrious nymph return'd again,
Brings ev'ry grace triumphant in her train.
The wond'ring Nereids, tho' they rais'd no ſtorm,
Foreflow'd her paſſage to behold her form.
Some cry'd, a Venus; ſome, a Thetis, paſt;
But this was not ſo fair, nor that ſo chaſte.
Far from her ſight flew Faction, Strife, and Pride,
And Envy did but look on her, and dy'd.
Whate'er we ſuffer'd from her ſullen fate,
Her ſight is purchas'd at an eaſy rate.
Three gloomy years againſt this day was ſet,
But this one mighty ſum has clear'd the debt:
Like Joſeph's dream, but with a better doom,
The famine paſt, the plenty ſtill to come.
For her the weeping heav'ns become ſerene;
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green;
For her the nightingales are taught to ſing,
And nature has for her delay'd the ſpring.
The Muſe reſumes her long-forgotten lays,
And Love, reſtor'd, his ancient realm ſurveys,
Recals our beauties, and revives our plays;
His waſte dominions peoples once again,
And from her preſence dates his ſecond reign.
But awful charms on her fair forehead ſit,
Diſpenſing what ſhe never will admit;

Pleaſing, yet cold, like Cynthia's ſilver beam,
The people's wonder, and the poet's theme.
Diſtemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,
No more ſhall vex the church and tear the ſtate;
No more ſhall Faction civil diſcords move,
Or only diſcords of too tender love;
Diſcord like that of muſic's various parts;
Diſcord that makes the harmony of hearts;
Diſcord that only this diſpute ſhall bring,
Who beſt ſhall love the duke and ſerve the king.

TO MY HONOURED KINSMAN,
JOHN DRYDEN, ESQ.
Of Cheſterton, in the County of Huntingdon.

HOW bleſt is he who leads a country life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares and void of ſtrife!
Who, ſtudying peace, and ſhunning civil rage,
Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age!
All who deſerve his love he makes his own,
And to be lov'd himſelf needs only to be known.

Juſt, good, and wiſe, contending neighbours come,
From your award to wait their final doom,
And, foes before, return in friendſhip home.
Without their coſt, you terminate the cauſe,
And ſave th' expence of long litigious laws,
Where ſuits are travers'd, and ſo little won,
That he who conquers is but laſt undone.
Such are not your decrees; but, ſo deſign'd,
The ſanction leaves a laſting peace behind,
Like your own ſoul ſerene a pattern of your mind.

Promoting concord, and compoſing ſtrife,
Lord of yourſelf, uncumber'd with a wife;
Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
Long penitence ſucceeds a ſhort delight:
Minds are ſo hardly match'd, that e'en the firſt,
Though prais'd by heav'n, in Paradiſe were curſt;
For man and woman, though in one they grow,
Yet firſt or laſt return again to two:
He to God's image, ſhe to his was made;
So farther from the fount the ſtream at random ſtray'd.

How could he ſtand when, put to double pain,
He muſt a weaker than himſelf ſuſtain?
Each might have ſtood, perhaps; but, each alone!
Two wreſtlers help to pull each other down.
Not that my verſe would blemiſh all the fair;
But yet if ſome be bad 'tis wiſdom to beware;
And better ſhun the bait than ſtruggle in the ſnare.
Thus have you ſhunn'd, and ſhun the marry'd ſtate,
Truſting as little as you can to fate.
No porter guards the paſſage of your door,
T' admit the wealthy and exclude the poor;
For God, who gave the riches, gave the heart
To ſanctify the whole, by giving part;
Heav'n, who foreſaw the will, the means has wrought,
And to the ſecond ſon a bleſſing brought:
The firſt begotten had his father's ſhare,
But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir.
So may your ſtores and fruitful fields increaſe,
And ever be you bleſs'd, who live to bleſs.
As Ceres ſow'd where'er her chariot flew;
As heav'n in deſerts rain'd the bed of dew;
So, free to many, to relations moſt,
You feed with manna your own Iſrael hoſt.
With crowds attended of your ancient race,
You ſeek the champion ſports or ſylvan chaſe:
With well-breath'd beagles you ſurround the wood,
E'er then induſtrious of the common good;
And often have you brought the wily fox
To ſuffer for the firſtlings of the flocks;
Chas'd e'en amid the folds, and made to bleed,
Like felons, where they did the murd'rous deed.
This fiery game, your active youth maintain'd,
Not yet by years extinguiſh'd, though reſtrain'd;
You ſeaſon ſtill with ſports your ſerious hours,
For age but taſtes of pleaſures youth devours.
The hare in paſtures or in plains is found,
Emblem of human life, who runs the round,
And after all his wandering ways are done,
His circle fills, and ends where he begun,
Juſt as the ſetting meets the riſing ſun.

Thus princes eaſe their cares; but happier he
Who ſeeks not pleaſure through neceſſity,
Than ſuch as once on ſlipp'ry thrones were plac'd,
And, chaſing, ſigh to think themſelves are chas'd.
So liv'd our ſires ere doctors learn'd to kill,
And multiply'd with theirs the weekly bill.
The firſt phyſicians by debauch were made;
Exceſs began, and ſloth ſuſtains the trade.
Pity the gen'rous kind their cares beſtow
To ſearch forbidden truths; (a ſin to know)
To which if human ſcience could attain,
The doom of death, pronounc'd by God, were vain:
In vain the leech would interpoſe delay;
Fate faſtens firſt, and vindicates the prey.
What help from Art's endeavours can we have?
Gibbons but gueſſes, nor is ſure to ſave; [grave,
But Maurus ſweeps whole pariſhes, and peoples ev'ry
And no more mercy to mankind will uſe
Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's muſe.
Wouldſt thou be ſoon diſpatch'd, and periſh whole?
'Truſt Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn with thy ſoul.
By chaſe our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food;
Toil ſtrung the nerves, and purify'd the blood;
But we, their ſons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threeſcore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauſeous draught.
The wiſe, for cure, on exerciſe depend:
God never made his work for man to mend.
The tree of knowledge, once in Eden plac'd,
Was eaſy found, but was forbid the taſte:
O, had our grandſire walk'd without his wife,
He firſt had ſought the better plant of life!
Now both are loſt; yet, wand'ring in the dark,
Phyſicians for the tree have found the bark:
They, lab'ring for relief of humankind,
With ſharpen'd ſight ſome remedies may find:
Th' apothecary-train is wholly blind.

From files a random recipe they take,
And many deaths of one preſcription make.
Garth, gen'rous as his muſe, preſcribes and gives:
The ſhopman ſells, and by deſtruction lives.
Ungrateful tribe! who like the viper's brood,
From med'cine iſſuing ſuck their mother's blood!
Let theſe obey, and let the learn'd preſcribe,
That men may die without a double bribe;
Let them, but under their ſuperiors, kill
When doctors firſt have ſign'd the bloody bill.
He 'ſcapes the beſt who, nature to repair,
Draws phyſic from the fields in draughts of vital air.
You hoard not health for your own private uſe,
But on the public ſpend the rich produce.
When, often urg'd, unwilling to be great,
Your country calls you from your lov'd retreat,
And ſends to ſenates, charg'd with common care,
Which none more ſhuns, and none can better bear,
Where could they find another form'd ſo fit
To poiſe with ſolid ſenſe a ſprightly wit?
Were theſe both wanting, as they both abound,
Where could ſo firm integrity be found?
Well-born and wealthy, wanting no ſupport,
You ſteer betwixt the country and the court;
Nor gratify whate'er the great deſire,
Nor grudging give what public needs require.
Part muſt be left, a fund when foes invade;
And part employ'd to roll the wat'ry trade:
E'en Canaan's happy land, when worn with toil,
Requir'd a ſabbath-year to mend the meagre ſoil.
Good ſenators (and ſuch as you) ſo give
That kings may be ſupply'd, the people thrive.
And he, when want requires, is truly wiſe,
Who ſlights not foreign aids nor overbuys,
But on our native ſtrength, in time of needs, relies.
Munſter was bought, we boaſt not the ſucceſs;
Who fights for gain, for greater makes his peace.
Our foes, compell'd by need, have peace embrac'd:
The peace both parties want is like to laſt;

Which if ſecure ſecurely we may trade;
Or, not ſecure, ſhould never have been made.
Safe in ourſelves, while on ourſelves we ſtand,
The ſea is ours, and that defends the land.
Be then the naval ſtores the nation's care,
New ſhips to build, and batter'd to repair.
Obſerve the war in ev'ry annual courſe;
What has been done was done with Britiſh force.
Namur ſubdu'd is England's palm alone;
The reſt beſieg'd, but we conſtrain'd the town.
We ſaw th' event that follow'd our ſucceſs;
France, tho' pretending arms, purſu'd the peace;
Oblig'd by one ſole treaty to reſtore
What twenty years of wars had done before.
Enough for Europe has our Albion fought;
Let us enjoy the peace our blood has bought.
When once the Perſian king was put to flight,
The weary Macedons refus'd to fight;
Themſelves their own mortality confeſt,
And left the ſon of Jove to quarrel for the reſt.
E'en victors are by victories undone;
Thus Hannibal, with foreign laurels won,
To Carthage was recall'd, too late to keep his own,
While ſore of battle, while our wounds are green,
Why ſhould we tempt the doubtful die agen?
In wars renew'd, uncertain of ſucceſs,
Sure of a ſhare as umpires of the peace.
A patriot both the king and country ſerves,
Prerogative and privilege preſerves;
Of each our laws the certain limit ſhow;
One muſt not ebb, nor th' other overflow:
Betwixt the prince and parliament we ſtand,
The barriers of the ſtate on either hand;
May neither overflow, for then they drown the land.
When both are full, they feed our bleſs'd abode,
Like thoſe who water'd once the Paradiſe of God.
Some overpoiſe of ſway by turns they ſhare,
In peace the people, and the prince in war:
Conſuls of mod'rate pow'r in calms were made:
When the Gauls came one ſole dictator ſway'd.

Patriot's in peace aſſert the people's right,
With noble ſtubbornneſs reſiſting might;
No lawleſs mandates from the court receive,
Nor lend by force, but in a body give.
Such was your gen'rous grandſire; free to grant
In parliaments that weigh'd their prince's want;
But ſo tenacious of the common cauſe
As not to lend the king againſt his laws;
And in a loathſome dungeon doom'd to lie,
In bonds retain'd his birthright liberty,
And ſham'd oppreſſion till it ſet him free.
O true deſcendant of a patriot line!
Who, while thou ſhar'ſt their luſtre lend'ſt them thine,
Vouchſafe this picture of thy ſoul to ſee;
'Tis ſo far good as it reſembles thee:
The beauties to th' original I owe,
Which when I miſs my own defects I ſhow:
Nor think the kindred muſes thy diſgrace;
A poet is not born in ev'ry race:
Two of a houſe few ages can afford,
One to perform, another to record.
Praiſe-worthy actions are by thee embrac'd,
And 'tis my praiſe to make thy praiſes laſt:
For ev'n when death diſſolves our human frame,
The ſoul returns to heav'n from whence it came;
Earth keeps the body, verſe preſerves the fame.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

PRINCIPAL PAINTER TO HIS MAJESTY.

ONCE I beheld the faireſt of her kind,
And ſtill the ſweet idea charms my mind:
True, ſhe was dumb; for Nature gaz'd ſo long,
Pleas'd with her work, that ſhe forgot her tongue;
But ſmiling ſaid, She ſtill ſhall gain the prize;
I only have transferr'd it to her eyes.
Such are thy pictures, Kneller! ſuch thy ſkill,
That Nature ſeems obedient to thy will;
Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the draught;
Lives there, and wants but words to ſpeak her thought,

At leaſt thy pictures look a voice; and we
Imagine ſounds; deceiv'd to that degree,
We think 'tis ſomewhat more than juſt to ſee.
Shadows are but privations of the light,
Yet when we walk they ſhoot before the ſight;
With us approach, retire, ariſe, and fall;
Nothing themſelves, and yet expreſſing all.
Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almoſt conquer in the ſtrife,
And from their animated canvaſs came
Demanding ſouls, and looſen'd from the frame.
Prometheus, were he here, would caſt away
His Adam, and refuſe a ſoul to clay;
And either would thy nobler work inſpire,
Or think it warm enough without his fire.
But vulgar hands may vulgar likeneſs' raiſe;
This is the leaſt attendant on thy praiſe:
From hence the rudiments of art began;
A coal or chalk firſt imitated man:
Perhaps the ſhadow, taken on a wall,
Gave outlines to the rude original,
Ere canvaſs yet was ſtrain'd, before the grace
Of blended colours found their uſe and place,
Or cypreſs tablets firſt receiv'd a face.
By ſlow degrees the godlike art advanc'd;
As man grew poliſh'd, picture was enhanc'd.
Greece added poſture, ſhade, and perſpective,
And then the mimic piece began to live.
Yet perſpective was lame, no diſtance true,
But all came forward in one common view;
No point of light was known, no bounds of art;
When light was there it knew not to depart,
But glaring, on remoter objects play'd,
Not languiſh'd, and inſenſibly decay'd.
Rome rais'd not art, but barely kept alive,
And with old Greece unequally did ſtrive,
Till Goths and Vandals, a rude northern race,
Did all the matchleſs monuments deface;
Then all the muſes in one ruin lie,
And rhyme began t' enervate poetry.

Thus in a ſtupid military ſtate
The pen and pencil find an equal fate:
Flat faces, ſuch as would diſgrace a ſcreen,
Such as in Bantam's embaſſy were ſeen,
Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight
Of brutal nations only born to fight.
Long time the ſiſter arts in iron ſleep,
A heavy ſabbath did ſupinely keep;
At length, in Raphael's age, at once they riſe,
Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes.
Thence roſe the Roman and the Lombard line;
One colour'd beſt, and one did beſt deſign.
Raphael's like Homer's was the nobler part,
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.
Thy genius gives thee both: where true deſign,
Poſtures unforc'd, and lively colours join,
Likeneſs is ever there; but ſtill the beſt,
Like proper thoughts in lofty language dreſt,
Where light, to ſhades deſcending, plays, not ſtrives,
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.
Shakeſpeare, thy gift, I place before my ſight;
With awe I aſk his bleſſing ere I write;
With rev'rence look on his majeſtic face,
Proud to be leſs but of his godlike race.
His ſoul inſpires me while thy praiſe I write,
And I like Teucer under Ajax fight:
Bids thee through me be bold; with dauntleſs breaſt
Contemn the bad and emulate the beſt.
Like his, thy critics in th' attempt are loſt;
When moſt they rail know then they envy moſt.
In vain they ſnarl aloof; a noiſy crowd,
Like women's anger, impotent and loud.
While they their barren induſtry deplore,
Paſs on ſecure, and mind the goal before.
Old as ſhe is, my muſe ſhall march behind,
Bear off the blaſt, and intercept the wind.
Our arts are ſiſters, though not twins in birth,
For hymns were ſung in Eden's happy earth:

But, oh! the painter-muſe, though laſt in place,
Has ſeiz'd the bleſſing firſt, like Jacob's race.
Appelles' art an Alexander found,
And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound,
But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd.
Thou hadſt thy Charles awhile, and ſo had I;
But paſs we that unpleaſing image by.
Rich in thyſelf, and of thyſelf divine,
All pilgrims come and offer at thy ſhrine,
A graceful truth thy pencil can command;
The fair themſelves go mended from thy hand.
Likeneſs appears in ev'ry lineament;
But likeneſs in thy work is eloquent.
Though Nature there her true reſemblance bears,
A nobler beauty in thy piece appears.
So warm thy work, ſo glows the gen'rous frame,
Fleſh looks leſs living in the lovely dame.
Thou paint'ſt as we deſcribe, improving ſtill
When on wild nature we ingraft our ſkill,
But not creating beauties at our will.

But poets are confin'd in narrower ſpace
To ſpeak the language of their native place:
The painter widely ſtretches his command;
Thy pencil ſpeaks the tongue of ev'ry land.
From hence, my friend! all climates are your own,
Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.
All nations, all immunities, will give
To make you theirs where'er you pleaſe to live,
And not ſev'n cities, but the world would ſtrive.

Sure ſome propitious planet then did ſmile
When firſt you were conducted to this iſle:
Our genius brought you here t' enlarge our fame.
For your good ſtars are ev'ry where the ſame:
Thy matchleſs hand, of ev'ry region free,
Adopts our climate, not our climate thee.

Great Rome and Venice early did impart
To thee th' example of their wondrous art,
Thoſe maſters then, but ſeen, not underſtood,
With gen'rous emulation fir'd thy blood;

For what in Nature's dawn the child admir'd,
The youth endeavour'd, and the man acquir'd.
If yet thou haſt not reach'd their high degree,
'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee.
Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,
Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare deſign
A more exalted work, and more divine.
For what a ſong or ſenſeleſs opera
Is to the living labour of a play;
Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,
Such is a ſingle piece to hiſtory.
But we, who life beſtow, ourſelves muſt live;
Kings cannot reign unleſs their ſubjects give;
And they who pay the taxes bear the rule:
Thus thou ſometimes art forc'd to draw a fool;
But ſo his follies in thy poſture ſink,
The ſenſeleſs idiot ſeems at laſt to think.
Good heav'n! that ſots and knaves ſhould be ſo vain
To wiſh their vile reſemblance may remain!
And ſtand recorded at their own requeſt,
To future days a libel or a jeſt!
Elſe ſhould we ſee your noble pencil trace
Our unities of action, time, and place;
A whole compos'd of parts, and thoſe the beſt,
With ev'ry various character expreſs'd,
Heroes at large, and at a nearer view;
Leſs, and at diſtance, an ignoble crew:
While all the figures in one action join,
As tending to complete the main deſign.
More cannot be by mortal art expreſt,
But venerable age ſhall add the reſt:
For Time ſhall with his ready pencil ſtand,
Retouch your figures with his rip'ning hand,
Mellow your colours, and imbrown the teint,
Add ev'ry grace which Time alone can grant;
To future ages ſhall your fame convey,
And give more beauties than he takes away.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO
MR. JULIAN,
Secretary of the Muſes.

THOU common ſhore of this poetic town,
Where all the excrements of wit are thrown,
For ſonnet, ſatire, bawdry, blaſphemy,
Are empty'd and diſburden'd all in thee;
The chol'ric wight, untruſſing all in rage,
Finds thee, and lays his load upon thy page.
Thou! Julian! or thou wiſe Veſpaſian rather,
Doſt from this dung thy well-pick'd guineas gather;
All miſchief's thine; tranſcribing thou wilt ſtoop
From lofty Middleſex to lowly Scroop.
What times are theſe when, in the hero's room,
Bow-bending Cupid doth with ballads come,
And little Aſton offers to the bum?
Can two ſuch pigmies ſuch a weight ſupport,
Two ſuch Tom Thumbs of ſatire in a court!
Poor George grows old, his muſe worn out of faſhion,
Hoarſely he ſung Ephelia's lamentation.
Leſs art thou help'd by Dryden's bedrid age,
That drone has loſt his ſting upon the ſtage.
Reſolve me, poor apoſtate! this my doubt,
What hope haſt thou to rub this winter out?
Know, and be thankful then, for Providence
By me hath ſent thee this intelligence.
A knight there is, if thou canſt gain his grace,
Known by the name of the Hard-favour'd Face,
For prowеſs of the pen renown'd is he,
From Don Quixote deſcended lineally;
And though, like him, unfortunate he prove,
Undaunted in attempts of wit and love:
Of his unfiniſh'd face what ſhall I ſay,
But that 'twas made of Adam's own red clay?
That much, much ochre was on it beſtow'd;
God's image 'tis not, but ſome Indian god;
Our Chriſtian earth can no reſemblance bring,
But ware of Portugal, for ſuch a thing.

Such carbuncles his fiery face confeſs,
As no Hungarian water can redreſs;
A face which, ſhould he ſee, (but heav'n was kind,
And to indulge his ſelf-love made him blind)
He durſt not ſtir abroad for fear to meet
Curſes of teeming women in the ſtreet:
The beſt could happen from this hideous ſight,
Is that they ſhould miſcarry with the fright—
Heav'n guard 'em from the likeneſs of the knight.
Such is our charming Strephon's outward man,
His inward parts let thoſe diſcloſe who can.
One while he honoureth Birtha with his flame,
And now he chants no leſs Loviſa's name;
For when his paſſion hath been bubbling long,
The ſcum at laſt boils up into a ſong;
And ſure no mortal creature at one time
Was e'er ſo far o'ergone with love and rhyme.
To his dear ſelf of poetry he talks,
His hands and feet are ſcanning as he walks;
His writhing looks his pangs of wit accuſe,
The airy ſymptoms of a breeding muſe,
And all to gain the great Loviſa's grace,
But never pen did pimp for ſuch a face.
There's not a nymph in city, town, or court,
But Strephon's billet-doux has been their ſport.
Still he loves on, yet ſtill he's ſure to miſs,
As they who waſh an Ethiop's face or his.
What fate unhappy Strephan does attend
Never to get a miſtreſs or a friend?
Strephon alike both wits and fools deteſt,
'Cauſe he's like Æſop's bat, half bird half beaſt;
For fools to poetry have no pretence,
And common wit ſuppoſes common ſenſe:
Not quite ſo low as fool, nor quite a top,
He hangs between them both, and is a fop.
His morals, like his wit, are motley too;
He keeps from arrant knave with much ado;
But vanity and lying ſo prevail,
That one grain more of each would turn the ſcale.

He would be more a villain had he time,
But he's ſo wholly taken up with rhyme,
That he miſtakes his talent: all his care
Is to be thought a poet fine and fair.
Small beer and gruel are his meat and drink,
The diet he preſcribes himſelf to think:
Rhyme, next his heart, he takes at the morn peep,
Some love-epiſtles at the hour of ſleep:
So betwixt elegy and ode, we ſee
Strephon is in a courſe of poetry.
This is the man ordain'd to do thee good,
The pelican to feed thee with his blood;
Thy wit, thy poet, nay, thy friend; for he
Is fit to be a friend to none but thee.
Make ſure of him, and of his muſe, betimes,
For all his ſtudy is hung round with rhymes.
Laugh at him, joſtle him, yet ſtill he writes;
In rhyme he challenges, in rhyme he fights;
Charg'd with the laſt and baſeſt infamy,
His bus'neſs is to think what rhymes to lie;
Which found, in fury he retorts again;
Strephon's a very dragon at his pen:
His brother murder'd, and his mother whor'd,
His miſtreſs loſt, and yet his pen's his ſword.

TO

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND,

WITH THE AUTHOR'S

TRANSLATION OF PALAMON AND ARCITE.

MADAM,

THE bard who firſt adorn'd our native tongue,
Tun'd to his Britiſh lyre this ancient ſong,
Which Homer might without a bluſh rehearſe,
And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's verſe:
He match'd their beauties where they moſt excel,
Of love ſung better, and of arms as well.
Vouchſafe, illuſtrious Ormond! to behold
What pow'r the charms of beauty had of old;

Nor wonder if ſuch deeds of arms were done,
Inſpir'd by two fair eyes that ſparkled like your own.
If Chaucer by the beſt idea wrought,
And poets can divine each other's thought,
The faireſt nymph before his eyes he ſet,
And then the faireſt was Plantagenet,
Who three contending princes made their prize,
And rul'd the rival nations with her eyes;
Who left immortal trophies of her fame,
And to the nobleſt order gave the name,
Like her, of equal kindred to the throne,
You keep her conqueſts and extend your own:
As when the ſtars in their ethereal race,
At length have roll'd around the liquid ſpace,
At certain periods they reſume their place;
From the ſame point of heav'n their courſe advance,
And move in meaſures of their former dance;
Thus after length of ages ſhe returns,
Reſtor'd in you, and the ſame place adorns;
Or you perform her office in the ſphere,
Born of her blood and make a new platonic year.
O true Plantagenet! O race divine!
(For beauty ſtill is fatal to the line)
Had Chaucer liv'd that angel face to view,
Sure he had drawn his Emily from you;
Or had you liv'd to judge the doubtful right,
Your noble Palamon had been the knight;
And conqu'ring Theſeus from his ſide had ſent
Your gen'rous lord to guide the Theban government.
Time ſhall accompliſh that; and I ſhall ſee
A Palamon in him, in you an Emily.
Already have the fates your path prepar'd,
And ſure preſage your future ſway declar'd.
When weſtward, like the ſun, you took your way,
And from benighted Britain bore the day,
Blue Triton gave the ſignal from the ſhore,
The ready Nereids heard, and ſwam before
To ſmooth the ſeas; a ſoft Eteſian gale
But juſt inſpir'd, and gently ſwell'd the ſail:

Portunus took his turn, whoſe ample hand
Heav'd up his lighten'd keel, and ſunk the ſand,
And ſteer'd the ſacred veſſel ſafe to land.
The land, if not reſtrain'd, had met your way,
Projected out a neck, and jutted to the ſea.
Hibernia, proſtrate at your feet, ador'd,
In you, the pledge of her expected lord,
Due to her iſle; a venerable name,
His father and his grandſire known to fame:
Aw'd by that houſe, accuſtom'd to command,
The ſturdy Kerns in due ſubjection ſtand,
Nor bear the reins in any foreign hand.
At your approach they crowded to the port,
And, ſcarcely landed, you create a court:
As Ormond's harbinger, to you they run;
For Venus is the promiſe of the ſun.
The waſte of civil wars their towns deſtroy'd,
Pales unhonour'd, Ceres unemploy'd,
Were all forgot; and one triumphant day
Wip'd all the tears of three campaigns away.
Blood, rapines, maſſacres, were cheaply bought;
So mighty recompence your beauty brought.
As when the dove, returning bore the mark
Of earth reſtor'd to the long-lab'ring ark,
The relics of mankind, ſecure of reſt,
Ope'd ev'ry window to receive the gueſt,
And the fair bearer of the meſſage bleſt:
So when you came with loud repeated cries
The nation took an omen from your eyes,
And God advanc'd his rainbow in the ſkies.
To ſign inviolable peace reſtor'd;
The ſaints with ſolemn ſhouts proclaim the new accord.
When at your ſecond coming you appear,
(For I foretel that millenary year)
The ſharpen'd ſhare ſhall vex the ſoil no more,
But earth unbidden ſhall produce her ſtore:
The land ſhall laugh, the circling ocean ſmile,
And heav'n's indulgence bleſs the holy iſle.
Heav'n from all ages has reſerv'd for you
That happy clime which venom never knew;

Or if it had been there, your eyes alone
Have pow'r to chaſe all poiſon but their own.
Now in this interval which fate has caſt
Betwixt your future glories and your paſt,
This pauſe of pow'r, 'tis Ireland's hour to mourn,
While England celebrates your ſafe return;
By which you ſeem the ſeaſons to command,
And bring our ſummers back to their forſaken land.
The vanquiſh'd iſle our leiſure muſt attend,
Till the fair bleſſing we vouchſafe to ſend;
Nor can we ſpare you long, tho' often we may lend.
The dove was twice employ'd abroad before
The world was dry'd, and ſhe return'd no more.
Nor dare we truſt ſo ſoft a meſſenger,
New from her ſickneſs, to that northern air:
Reſt here awhile your luſtre to reſtore,
That they may ſee you as you ſhone before;
For yet the 'clipſe not wholly paſt, you wade
Thro' ſome remains and dimneſs of a ſhade.
A ſubject in his prince may claim a right,
Nor ſuffer him with ſtrength impair'd to fight:
Till force returns, his ardour we reſtrain,
And curb his warlike wiſh to croſs the main.
Now paſt the danger, let the learn'd begin
Th' inquiry, where diſeaſe could enter in?
How thoſe malignant atoms forc'd their way?
What in the faultleſs frame they found to make their prey?
Where ev'ry element was weigh'd ſo well,
That heav'n alone who mix'd the maſs could tell
Which of the four ingredients could rebel;
And where, impriſon'd in ſo ſweet a cage,
A ſoul might well be pleas'd to paſs an age.
And yet the fine materials made it weak;
Porcelain, by being pure, is apt to break:
E'en to your breaſt the ſickneſs durſt aſpire,
And, forc'd from that fair temple to retire,
Profanely ſet the holy place on fire.
In vain your lord, like young Veſpaſian, mourn'd,
When the fierce flames the ſanctuary burn'd;
And I prepar'd to pay in verſes rude
A moſt deteſted act of gratitude.

E'en this had been your elegy, which now
Is offer'd for your health, the table of my vow.
Your angel ſure our Morley's mine inſpir'd,
To find the remedy your ill requir'd;
As once the Macedon, by Jove's decree,
Was taught to dream an herb for Ptolomee:
Or heav'n, which had ſuch over-coſt beſtow'd,
As ſcarce it could afford to fleſh and blood,
So lik'd the frame, he would not work anew
To ſave the charges of another you.
Or by his middle ſcience did he ſteer,
And ſaw ſome great contingent good appear,
Well worth a miracle to keep you here?
And for that end preſerv'd the precious mould,
Which all the future Ormonds was to hold;
And meditated, in his better mind,
An heir from you who may redeem the failing kind.
Bleſs'd be the pow'r which has at once reſtor'd
The hopes of loſt ſucceſſion to your lord!
Joy to the firſt and laſt of each degree,
Virtue to courts, and, what I long'd to ſee,
To you the Graces, and the Muſe to me!
O daughter of the roſe! whoſe cheeks unite
The diff'ring titles of the red and white;
Who heaven's alternate beauty well diſplay,
The bluſh of morning and the milky way;
Whoſe face is paradiſe, but fenc'd from ſin,
For God in either eye has plac'd a cherubin.
All is your lord's alone; e'en abſent, he
Employs the care of chaſte Penelope.
For him you waſte in tears your widow'd hours,
For him your curious needle paints the flow'rs:
Such works of old imperial dames were taught;
Such for Aſcanius fair Eliza wrought.
The ſoft receſſes of your hours improve
The three fair pledges of your happy love:
All other parts of pious duty done,
You owe your Ormond nothing but a ſon,
To fill in future times his father's place,
And wear the garter of his mother's race.

PROLOGUES.*

PROLOGUE,

Spoken the first day of the King's House acting after the fire.

SO shipwreck'd passengers escape to land,
So look they, when on the bare beach they stand,
Dropping and cold, and, their first fear scarce o'er,
Expecting famine on a desert shore.
From that hard climate we must wait for bread,
Whence e'en the natives forc'd by hunger fled.
Our stage does human chance present to view,
But ne'er before was seen so sadly true:
You are chang'd too, and your pretence to see
Is but a nobler name for charity.
Your own provisions furnish out our feasts,
While you, the founders, make yourselves the guests.
Of all mankind beside Fate had some care,
But for poor Wit no portion did prepare;
'Tis left a rent charge to the brave and fair.
You cherish'd it, and now its fall you mourn,
Which blind unmanner'd zealots make their scorn;
Who think that fire a judgment on the stage,
Which spar'd not temples in its furious rage.
But as our new-built city rises higher,
So from old theatres may new aspire,
Since fate contrives magnificence by fire.
Our great metropolis does far surpass
Whate'er is now, and equals all that was.
Our wit as far does foreign wit excel,
And like a king should in a palace dwell.
But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a shed.
Your presence here, for which we humbly sue,
Will grace old theatres and build up new.

* These prologues and epilogues are, as nearly as we could prove, here printed in their order of time; and for the dates of many of them we are particularly obliged to Mr. Garrick, who, with great civility, gave us the use of his fine collection of old quarto plays. *Advert to Dryden's Miscellanies, edit.* 1760 *in* 4 *volumes octavo.*

PROLOGUE,

Spoken at the opening of the New House, March 26, 1674.

A PLAIN-built house, after so long a stay,
Will send you half unsatisfy'd away;
When, fall'n from your expected pomp, you find
A bare convenience only is design'd.
You who each day can theatres behold,
Like Nero's palace, shining all with gold,
Our mean ungilded stage will scorn, we fear,
And for the homely room disdain the cheer.
Yet now cheap druggets to a mode are grown,
And a plain suit (since we can make but one)
Is better than to be by tarnish'd gaud'ry known.
They who are by your favours wealthy made,
With mighty sums may carry on the trade:
We, broken bankers, half destroy'd by fire,
With our small stock to humble roofs retire;
Pity our loss, while you their pomp admire.
For fame and honour we no longer strive,
We yield in both, and only beg to live:
Unable to support their vast expence,
Who build and treat with such magnificence,
That, like th' ambitious monarchs of the age,
They give the law to our provincial stage.
Great neighbours enviously promote excess,
While they impose their splendour on the less:
But only fools, and they of vast estate,
Th' extremity of modes will imitate,
The dangling knee-fringe and the bib-cravat.
Yet if some pride with want may be allow'd,
We, in our plainness, may be justly proud;
Our royal master will'd it should be so;
Whate'er he's pleas'd to own can need no show;
That sacred name gives ornament and grace,
And, like his stamp, makes basest metals pass.
'Twere folly now a stately pile to raise,
To build a play-house while you throw down plays;
While scenes, machines, and empty operas reign,
And for the pencil you the pen disdain;

While troops of famiſh'd Frenchmen hither drive,
And laugh at thoſe upon whoſe alms they live,
Old Engliſh author's vaniſh and give place
To theſe new conqu'rors of the Norman race:
More tamely than your fathers you ſubmit;
You're now grown vaſſals to 'em in your wit.
Mark, when they play, how our fine fops advance
The mighty merits of their men of France,
Keep time, cry *bon*, and humour the cadence.
Well, pleaſe yourſelves; but ſure 'tis underſtood
That French machines have ne'er done England good.
I would not propheſy our houſe's fate;
But while vain ſhows and ſcenes you over-rate,
'Tis to be fear'd—
That as a fire the former houſe o'erthrew,
Machines and tempeſts will deſtroy the new.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1674.

Spoken by Mr. Hart.

POETS, your ſubjects, have their parts aſſign'd
T'unbend and to divert the ſov'reign's mind:
When tir'd with following nature, you think fit
To ſeek repoſe in the cool ſhades of wit;
And, from the ſweet retreat, with joy ſurvey
What reſts, and what is conquer'd of the way;
Here free yourſelves from envy, care, and ſtrife,
You view the various turns of human life:
Safe in our ſcene, through dangerous courts you go,
And, undebauch'd, the vice of cities know.
Your theories are here to practice brought,
As in mechanic operations wrought;
And man, the little world, before you ſet,
As once the ſphere of cryſtal ſhew'd the great.
Bleſs'd ſure are you above all mortal kind
If to your fortunes you can ſuit your mind;
Content to ſee, and ſhun thoſe ills we ſhow,
And crimes on theatres alone to know.

With joy we bring what our dead authors writ,
And beg from you the value of their wit.
That Shakeſpeare's, Fletcher's, and great Johnſon's claim
May be renew'd with thoſe who gave them fame.
None of our living poets dare appear,
For muſes ſo ſevere are worſhipp'd here,
That, conſcious of their faults, they ſhun the eye,
And, as profane, from ſacred places fly,
Rather than ſee th' offended God and die.
We bring no imperfections but our own;
Such faults as made are by the makers ſhown:
And you have been ſo kind, that we may boaſt
The greateſt judges ſtill can pardon moſt.
Poets muſt ſtoop when they would pleaſe our pit,
Debas'd e'en to the level of their wit;
Diſdaining that which yet they know will take,
Hating themſelves what their applauſe muſt make:
But when to praiſe from you they would aſpire,
Though they like eagles mount, your Jove is higher.
So far your knowledge all their pow'r tranſcends,
As what ſhould be beyond what is extends.

PROLOGUE TO CIRCE.

By Dr. Davenant, 1675.

WERE you but half ſo wiſe as you're ſevere,
Our youthful poet ſhould not need to fear;
To his green years your cenſures you would ſuit,
Not blaſt the bloſſom, but expect the fruit.
The ſex that beſt does pleaſure underſtand
Will always chuſe to err on th' other hand:
They check not him that's awkward in delight,
But clap the young rogue's cheek and ſet him right;
Thus hearten'd well, and fleſh'd upon his prey,
The youth may prove a man another day.
Your Ben and Fletcher, in their firſt young flight,
Did no Volpone nor no Arbaces write;
But hopp'd about, and ſhort excurſions made
From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,
And each was guilty of ſome ſlighted maid.

Shakeſpeare's own muſe her Pericles firſt bore;
The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor.
'Tis miracle to ſee a firſt good play:
All hawthorns do not bloom on Chriſtmas-day,
A ſlender poet muſt have time to grow,
And ſpread and burniſh as his brothers do.
Who ſtill looks lean ſure with ſome pox is curſt;
But no man can be Falſtaff-fat at firſt.
Then damn not, but indulge, his rude eſſays,
Encourage him and bloat him up with praiſe,
That he may get more bulk before he dies;
He's not yet fed enough for ſacrifice.
Perhaps, if now your grace you will not grudge,
He may grow up to write and you to judge.

PROLOGUE TO CÆSAR BORGIA.

By Mr. N. Lee, 1682.

TH' unhappy man who once has trail'd a pen,
Lives not to pleaſe himſelf, but other men;
Is always drudging, waſtes his life and blood,
Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.
What praiſe ſoe'er the poetry deſerve,
Yet ev'ry fool can bid the poet ſtarve.
That fumbling lecher, to revenge is bent,
Becauſe he thinks himſelf or whore is meant:
Name but a cuckold, all the city ſwarms;
From Leadenhall to Ludgate is in arms:
Were there no fear of Antichriſt or France,
In the bleſs'd time poor poets live by chance.
Either you come not here, or, as you grace
Some old acquaintance, drop into the place,
Careleſs and qualmiſh, with a yawning face.
You ſleep o'er wit, and by my troth you may;
Moſt of your talents lie another way.
You love to hear of ſome prodigious tale,
The bell that toll'd alone, or Iriſh whale.
News is your food, and you enough provide,
Both for yourſelves and all the world beſide.

One theatre there is of vaſt reſort,
Which whilom of requeſts was call'd the court,
But now the great exchange of news 'tis hight,
And full of hum and buz from noon till night:
Up ſtairs and down you run, as for a race,
And each man wears three nations in his face:
So big you look, though claret you retrench,
That arm'd with bottled ale, you huff the French:
But all your entertainment ſtill is fed
By villains in your own dull iſland bred.
Would you return to us, we dare engage
To ſhew you better rogues upon the ſtage.
You know no poiſon but plain ratſbane here;
Death's more refin'd and better bred elſewhere.
They have a civil way in Italy,
By ſmelling a perfume to make you die;
A trick would make you lay your ſnuff-box by.
Murder's a trade ſo known and practis'd there
That 'tis infallible as is the chair:
But, mark their feaſt, you ſhall behold ſuch pranks;
The pope ſays grace, but 'tis the devil gives thanks.

PROLOGUE TO SOPHONISBA.

At Oxford, 1680.

THESPIS, the firſt profeſſor of our art,
At country-wakes ſung ballads from a cart.
To prove this true, if Latin be no treſpaſs,
Dicitur et plauſtris vexiſſe poemata Theſpis.
But Æſchylus, ſays Horace, in ſome page,
Was the firſt mountebank that trod the ſtage:
Yet Athens never knew your learned ſport
Of toſſing poets in a tennis-court.
But 'tis the talent of our Engliſh nation
Still to be plotting ſome new reformation:
And few years hence, if anarchy goes on,
Jack Preſbyter ſhall here erect his throne,
Knock out a tub with preaching once a day,
And ev'ry pray'r be longer than a play.

Then all your heathen wits ſhall go to pot
For diſbelieving of a popiſh-plot;
Your poets ſhall be us'd like infidels,
And worſt the author of the Oxford Bells:
Nor ſhould we 'ſcape the ſentence to depart,
E'en in our firſt original, a cart.
No zealous brother there would want a ſtone
To maul us cardinals, and pelt pope Joan:
Religion, learning, wit, would be ſuppreſt,
Rags of the whore and trappings of the beaſt:
Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin muſt go down,
As chief ſupporters of the triple crown;
And Ariſtotle's for deſtruction ripe;
Some ſay he call'd the ſoul an organ-pipe,
Which, by ſome little help of derivation,
Shall then be prov'd a pipe of inſpiration.

A PROLOGUE.

IF yet there be a few that take delight
In that which reaſonable men ſhould write,
To them alone we dedicate this night;
The reſt may ſatisfy their curious itch
With city gazettes or ſome factious ſpeech,
Or whate'er libel, for the public good,
Stirs up the Shrove-tide crew to fire and blood.
Remove your benches, you apoſtate pit,
And take above twelve pennyworth of wit;
Go back to your dear dancing on the rope,
Or ſee what's worſe, the devil and the pope.
The plays that take on our corrupted ſtage
Methinks reſemble the diſtracted age;
Noiſe, madneſs, all unreaſonable things,
That ſtrike at ſenſe as rebels do at kings.
The ſtyle of forty-one our poets write,
And you are grown to judge like forty-eight.
Such cenſures our miſtaking audience make,
That 'tis almoſt grown ſcandalous to take.
They talk of fevers that infect the brains;
But nonſenſe is the new diſeaſe that reigns.

Weak ſtomachs, with a long diſeaſe oppreſt,
Cannot the cordials of ſtrong wit digeſt;
Therefore thin nouriſhment of farce ye chuſe,
Decoctions of a barley-water muſe;
A meal of tragedy would make you ſick,
Unleſs it were a very tender chick:
Some ſcenes in ſippets would be worth your time;
Thoſe would go down; ſome love that's poach'd in
If theſe ſhould fail—— [rhyme.
We muſt lie down, and after all our coſt,
Keep holiday, like watermen in froſt,
While you turn players on the world's great ſtage,
And act yourſelves the farce of your own age.

PROLOGUE.

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1681.

THE fam'd Italian muſe, whoſe rhymes advance
Orlando and the paladins of France,
Records that, when our wit and ſenſe is flown,
'Tis lodg'd within the circle of the moon
In earthern jars, which one, who thither ſoar'd,
Set to his noſe, ſnuff'd up, and was reſtor'd.
Whate'er the ſtory be the moral's true;
The wit we loſt in town we find in you.
Our poets their fled parts may draw from hence,
And fill their windy heads with ſober ſenſe.
When London votes with Southwark's diſagree,
Here may they find their long-loſt loyalty.
Here buſy ſenates, to th' old cauſe inclin'd,
May ſnuff the votes their fellows left behind:
Your country neighbours, when their grain grows dear,
May come and find their laſt proviſion here;
Whereas we cannot much lament our loſs,
Who neither carry'd back nor brought one croſs.
We look'd what repreſentatives would bring,
But they help'd us juſt as they did the king.
Yet we deſpair not; for we now lay forth
The Sibyl's books to thoſe who know their worth,

And though the firſt was ſacrific'd before,
Theſe volumes doubly will the price reſtore.
Our poet bade us hope this grace to find,
To whom by long preſcription you are kind,
He whoſe undaunted muſe, with loyal rage,
Has never ſpar'd the vices of the age,
Here finding nothing that his ſpleen can raiſe,
Is forc'd to turn his ſatire into praiſe.

PROLOGUE TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,

UPON HIS FIRST APPEARANCE

At the Duke's Theatre, after his return from Scotland, 1682.

IN thoſe cold regions which no ſummers cheer,
Where brooding darkneſs covers half the year,
To hollow caves the ſhiv'ring natives go,
Bears range abroad, and hunt in tracks of ſnow;
But when the tedious twilight wears away,
And ſtars grow paler at th' approach of day,
The longing crowds to frozen mountains run,
Happy who firſt can ſee the glimm'ring ſun;
The ſurly ſavage offspring diſappear,
And curſe the bright ſucceſſor of the year.
Yet though rough bears in covert ſeek defence,
White foxes ſtay with ſeeming innocence;
That crafty kind with daylight can diſpenſe.
Still we are throng'd ſo full with Reynard's race,
That loyal ſubjects ſcarce can find a place.
Thus modeſt truth is caſt behind the crowd;
Truth ſpeaks too low, Hypocriſy too loud.
Let 'em be firſt to flatter in ſucceſs;
Duty can ſtay, but Guilt has need to preſs.
Once, when true zeal the ſons of God did call,
To make their ſolemn ſhew at heav'n's Whitehall,
The fawning devil appear'd among the reſt,
And made as good a courtier as the beſt.
The friends of Job, who rail'd at him before,
Came cap in hand when he had three times more:
Yet late repentance may perhaps be true,
Kings can forgive, if rebels can but ſue.

A tyrant's pow'r in rigour is expreſt;
The father yearns in the true prince's breaſt.
We grant an o'ergrown Whig no grace can mend;
But moſt are babes that know not they offend.
The crowd, to reſtleſs motion ſtill inclin'd,
Are clouds that tack according to the wind.
Driv'n by their chiefs they ſtorms of hailſtones pour,
Then mourn, and ſoften to a ſilent ſhow'r.
O welcome to this much-offending land,
The prince that brings forgiveneſs in his hand!
Thus angels on glad meſſages appear;
Their firſt ſalute commands us not to fear:
Thus Heav'n that could conſtrain us to obey,
(With rev'rence if we might preſume to ſay)
Seems to relax the rights of ſov'reign ſway;
Permits to man the choice of good and ill,
And makes us happy by our own free-will.

PROLOGUE TO THE EARL OF ESSEX.

BY MR. J. BANKS, 1682.

Spoken to the King and Queen at their coming to the Houſe.

WHEN firſt the ark was landed on the ſhore,
And heav'n had vow'd to curſe the ground no more,
When tops of hills the longing patriarch ſaw,
And the new ſcene of earth began to draw,
The dove was ſent to view the waves decreaſe,
And firſt brought back to man the pledge of peace.
'Tis needleſs to apply, when thoſe appear
Who bring the olive, and who plant it here.
We have before our eyes the royal dove,
Still innocent as harbinger of love:
The ark is open'd to diſmiſs the train,
And people with a better race the plain.
Tell me, ye pow'rs! why ſhould vain man purſue,
With endleſs toil each object that is new,
And for the ſeeming ſubſtance leave the true?
Why ſhould he quit for hopes his certain good,
And loath the manna of his daily food?

Muſt England ſtill the ſcene of changes be,
Toſs'd, and tempeſtuous, like our ambient ſea?
Muſt ſtill our weather and our wills agree;
Without our blood our liberties we have:
Who that is free would fight to be a ſlave?
Or, what can wars to after times aſſure,
Of which our preſent age is not ſecure?
All that our monarch would for us ordain
Is but t'enjoy the bleſſings of his reign.
Our land's an Eden, and the main's our fence,
While we preſerve our ſtate of innocence:
That loſt, then beaſts their brutal force employ,
And firſt their lord and then themſelves deſtroy.
What civil broils have coſt we know too well;
Oh! let it be enough that once we fell.
And ev'ry heart conſpire, and ev'ry tongue,
Still to have ſuch a king, and this king long.

PROLOGUE TO THE LOYAL BROTHER:

OR, THE PERSIAN PRINCE.

By Mr. Southern, 1682.

POETS, like lawful monarchs, rul'd the ſtage,
Till critics like damn'd whigs debauch'd our age.
Mark how they jump: critics would regulate
Our Theatres, and whigs reform our State:
Both pretend love, and both (plague rot 'em!) hate.
The critic humbly ſeems advice to bring,
The fawning whig, petitions to the king:
But one's advice into a ſatire ſlides;
Th' other's petition a remonſtrance hides.
Theſe will no taxes give, and thoſe no pence;
Critics would ſtarve the poet, whigs the prince.
The critic all our troops of friends diſcards;
Juſt ſo the whig would fain pull down the guards.
Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,
As watchful ſhepherds that fright beaſts of prey.
Kings, who diſband ſuch needleſs aids as theſe,
Are ſafe—as long as e'er their ſubjects pleaſe,
And that would be till next Queen Beſs's night:
Which thus grave penny chroniclers indite.

Sir Edmond Bury firſt, in woeful wiſe,
Leads up the ſhow, and milks their maudlin eyes.
There's not a butcher's wife but dribs her part,
And pities the poor pageant from her heart;
Who to provoke revenge rides round the fire,
And with a civil congé does retire.
But guiltleſs blood to ground muſt never fall;
There's Antichriſt behind to pay for all.
The punk of Babylon in pomp appears,
A lewd old gentleman of ſeventy years,
Whoſe age in vain our mercy did implore,
For few take pity on an old caſt whore.
The dev'l, who brought him to the ſhame, takes part,
Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart,
Like thief and parſon in a Tyburn cart.
The word is giv'n, and, with a loud huzza,
The mitred moppet from his chair they draw:
On the ſlain corpſe contending nations fall:
Alas! what's one poor Pope among 'em all!
He burns; now all true hearts your triumphs ring;
And next (for faſhion) cry, God ſave the King.
A needful cry in midſt of ſuch alarms,
When forty thouſand men are up in arms.
But after he's once ſav'd, to make amends,
In each ſucceeding health they damn his friends:
So God begins, but ſtill the Devil ends.
What if ſome one, inſpir'd with zeal, ſhould call,
Come, let's go cry God ſave him at Whitehall?
His beſt friends would not like this over-care,
Or think him e'er the ſafer for this pray'r.
Five praying ſaints are by an act allow'd,
But not the whole church-militant in crowd.
Yet, ſhould heav'n all the true petitions drain
Of preſbyterians, who would kings maintain,
Of forty thouſand, five would ſcarce remain.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Spoken by Mr. Hart, at the acting of the Silent Woman.

WHAT Greece, when learning flouriſh'd, only knew,
Athenian judges, you this day renew.
Here too are annual rites, to Pallas done,
And here poetic prizes loſt or won.
Methinks I ſee you, crown'd with olives ſit,
And ſtrike a ſacred horror from the pit.
A day of doom is this of your decree,
Where e'en the beſt are but by mercy free;
A day which none but Jonſon durſt have wiſh'd to ſee.
Here they, who long have known the uſeful ſtage,
Come to be taught themſelves, to teach the age.
As your commiſſioners, our poets go
To cultivate the virtue which you ſow;
In your Lycæum firſt themſelves refin'd,
And delegated thence to humankind.
But as ambaſſadors, when long from home,
For new inſtructions to their princes come;
So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Follies and faults elſewhere by them are ſhown,
But by your manners they correct their own.
Th' illit'rate writer, emp'ric like, applies
To minds diſeas'd unſafe chance remedies:
The learn'd in ſchools, where knowledge firſt began,
Studies with care the anatomy of man;
Sees virtue, vice, and paſſions, in their cauſe,
And fame from ſcience, not from fortune, draws.
So poetry, which is in Oxford made
An art, in London only is a trade:
Their haughty dunces, whoſe unlearned pen
Could ne'er ſpell grammar, would be reading men.
Such build their poems the Lucretian way;
So many huddled atoms make a play;
And if they hit in order by ſome chance,
They call that nature which is ignorance.

To ſuch a frame let mere town-wits aſpire,
And their gay nonſenſe their own cits admire.
Our poet, could he find forgiveneſs here,
Would wiſh it rather than a plaudit there.
He owns no crown from thoſe Prætorian bands,
But knows that right is in the ſenate's hands;
Not impudent enough to hope your praiſe,
Low at the Muſes' feet his wreath he lays,
And, where he took it up, reſigns his bays.
Kings make their poets whom themſelves think fit,
But 'tis your ſuffrage makes authentic wit.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

DISCORD and plots, which have undone our age,
With the ſame ruin have o'erwhelm'd the ſtage.
Our houſe has ſuffer'd in the common woe,
We have been troubled with Scotch rebels too.
Our brethren are from Thames to Tweed departed,
And of our ſiſters, all the kinder-hearted,
To Edinburgh gone, or coach'd or carted.
With bonny Bluecap there they act all night
For Scotch half-crown, in Engliſh three-pence hight.
One nymph, to whom fat Sir John Falſtaff's lean,
There with her ſingle perſon fills the ſcene.
Another, with long uſe and age decay'd,
Div'd here old woman, and roſe there a maid.
Our truſty door-keepers of former time
There ſtrut and ſwagger in heroic rhyme.
Tack but a copper lace to drugget ſuit,
And there's a hero made without diſpute;
And that which was a capon's tail before,
Becomes a plume for Indian emperor.
But all his ſubjects, to expreſs the care
Of imitation, go like Indians bare:
Lac'd linen there would be a dang'rous thing;
It might, perhaps, a new rebellion bring;
The Scot who wore it would be choſen king.
But why ſhould I theſe renegades deſcribe,
When you yourſelves have ſeen a lewder tribe?

Teague has been here, and to this learned pit,
With Iriſh action, ſlander'd Engliſh wit;
You have beheld ſuch barb'rous Macs appear,
As merited a ſecond maſſacre;
Such as like Cain were branded with diſgrace,
And had their country ſtamp'd upon their face.
When ſtrollers durſt preſume to pick your purſe,
We humbly thought our broken troop not worſe.
How ill ſoe'er our action may deſerve,
Oxford's a place where Wit can never ſtarve.

PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

THOUGH actors cannot much of learning boaſt,
Of all who want it we admire it moſt;
We love the praiſes of a learned pit,
As we remotely are ally'd to wit.
We ſpeak our poet's wit, and trade in ore,
Like thoſe who touch upon the golden ſhore;
Betwixt our judges can diſtinction make,
Diſcern how much, and why, our poems take;
Mark if the fools or men of ſenſe rejoice,
Whether the applauſe be only ſound or voice.
When our fop-gallants, or our city-folly
Clap over loud, it makes us melancholy:
We doubt that ſcene which does their wonder raiſe,
And for their ignorance contemn their praiſe.
Judge then if we who act and they who write
Should not be proud of giving you delight.
London likes groſsly; but this nicer pit
Examines, fathoms, all the depts of wit;
The ready finger lays on ev'ry blot,
Knows what ſhould juſtly pleaſe and what ſhould not;
Nature herſelf lies open to your view,
You judge by her what draught of her is true,
Where outlines falſe, and colours ſeem too faint,
Where bunglers daub, and where true poets paint.
But by the ſacred genius of this place,
By ev'ry Muſe, by each domeſtic grace,
Be kind to wit, which but endeavours well,
And, where you judge, preſumes not to excel.

Our poets thither for adoption come,
As nations ſu'd to be made free of Rome;
Not in the ſuffragating tribes to ſtand,
But in your utmoſt, laſt, provincial band.
If his ambition may thoſe hopes purſue,
Who with religion loves your arts and you,
Oxford to him a dearer name ſhall be
Than his own mother univerſity.
Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage;
He chuſes Athens in his riper age.

PROLOGUE TO THE DISAPPOINTMENT;

OR, THE MOTHER IN FASHION.

By Mr. Southern, 1684.—*Spoken by Mr. Betterton.*

HOW comes it, Gentlemen, that, now-a-days,
When all of you ſo ſhrewdly judge of plays,
Our poets tax you ſtill with want of ſenſe,
All prologues treat you at your own expence?
Sharp citizens a wiſer way can go;
They make you fools, but never call you ſo:
They, in good manners, ſeldom make a ſlip,
But treat a common whore with Ladyſhip:
But here each ſaucy wit at random writes,
And uſes ladies as he uſes knights.
Our author, young, and grateful in his nature,
Vows that from him no nymph deſerves a ſatire;
Nor will he ever draw—I mean his rhyme,
Againſt the ſweet partaker of his crime.
Nor is he yet ſo bold an undertaker
To call men fools; 'tis railing at their maker.
Beſides, he fears to ſplit upon that ſhelf,
He's young enough to be a fop himſelf;
And if his praiſe can bring you all a-bed,
He ſwears ſuch hopeful youth no nation ever bred.

Your nurſes, we preſume, in ſuch a caſe
Your father choſe, becauſe he lik'd the face,
And often they ſupply'd your mother's place.
The dry nurſe was your mother's ancient maid,
Who knew ſome former ſlip ſhe ne'er betray'd.

Betwixt 'em both for milk and ſugar-candy,
Your ſucking bottles were well ſtor'd with brandy.
Your father, to initiate your diſcourſe,
Meant to have taught you firſt to ſwear and curſe,
But was prevented by each careful nurſe:
For, leaving Dad and Mam, as names too common,
They taught you certain parts of man and woman.
I paſs your ſchools; for there, when firſt you came,
You would be ſure to learn the Latin name.
In colleges you ſcorn'd the art of thinking,
But learn'd all moods and figures of good drinking;
Thence come to town, you practiſe play, to know
The virtues of the high dice and the low.
Each thinks himſelf a ſharper moſt profound;
He cheats by pence, is cheated by the pound.
With theſe perfections, and what elſe he gleans,
The ſpark ſets up for love behind our ſcenes,
Hot in purſuit of princeſſes and queens.
There, if they know their man, with cunning carriage,
Twenty to one but it concludes in marriage.
He hires ſome homely room. Love's fruits to gather,
And, garret-high, rebels againſt his father;
But he once dead——
Brings her in triumph, with her portion down,
A toilette, dreſſing-box, and half-a-crown.
Some marry firſt, and then they fall to ſcouring,
Which is refining marriage into whoring.
Our women batten well on their good nature,
All they can rap and rend for the dear creature;
But while abroad, ſo liberal the dolt is,
Poor ſpouſe at home as ragged as a colt is.
Laſt, ſome there are who take their firſt degrees
Of lewdneſs in our middle galleries:
The doughty bullies enter bloody drunk,
Invade and grubble one another's punk:
They caterwaul, and make a diſmal rout,
Call ſons of whores, and ſtrike, but ne'er lug out:
Thus, while for paltry punk they roar and ſtickle,
They make it bawdier than a conventicle.

PROLOGUE

TO THE KING AND QUEEN,

Upon the Union of the two Companies, in 1686.

SINCE Faction ebbs, and rogues grow out of faſhion,
Their penny ſcribes take care t' inform the nation
How well men thrive in this or that plantation:

How Pennſylvania's air agrees with quakers,
And Carolina's with aſſociators:
Both e'en too good for madmen and for traitors.

Truth is, our land with ſaints is ſo run o'er,
And ev'ry age produces ſuch a ſtore,
That now there's need of two New Englands more.

What's this, you'll ſay, to us and our vocation?
Only thus much, that we have left our ſtation,
And made this theatre our new plantation.

The factious natives never could agree,
But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free,
Thoſe playhouſe whigs ſet up for property.

Some ſay they no obedience paid of late,
But would new fears and jealouſies create,
Till topſy-turvy they had turned the ſtate.

Plain ſenſe, without the talent of foretelling,
Might gueſs 'twould end in downright knocks and quelling;
For ſeldom comes the better of rebelling.

When men will needleſsly their freedom barter
For lawleſs pow'r, ſometimes they catch a tartar:
There's a damn'd word that rhymes to this, called charter.

But ſince the victory with us remains,
You ſhall be call'd to twelve in all our gains,
If you'll not think us ſaucy for our pains.

Old men ſhall have good old plays to delight 'em;
And you, fair ladies and gallants! that ſlight 'em,
We'll treat with good new plays, if our new wits can write 'em.

We'll take no blund'ring verſe, no fuſtain tumour;
No dribbling love from this or that perfumer;
No dull fat fool ſhamm'd on the ſtage for humour.

For, faith, ſome of 'em ſuch vile ſtuff have made,
As none but fools or fairies ever play'd;
But 'twas, as ſhopmen ſay, to force a trade.

We've giv'n you tragedies all ſenſe defying,
And ſinging-men in woeful metre dying;
Thus 'tis when heavy lubbers will be flying.

All theſe diſaſters we will hope to weather;
We bring you none of our old lumber hither;
Whig poets and whig ſheriffs may hang together.

PROLOGUE
TO THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES.

By Mr. N. Lee, 1689.

LADIES! (I hope there's none behind to hear)
I long to whiſper ſomething in your ear;
A ſecret which does much my mind perplex;
There's treaſon in the play againſt our ſex;
A man that's falſe to love, that vows and cheats,
And kiſſes ev'ry living thing he meets;
A rogue in mode, (I dare not ſpeak too broad)
One that does ſomething to the very bawd.
Out to him, traitor! for a filthy beaſt;
Nay, and he's like the pack of all the reſt:
None of 'em ſtick at mark; they all deceive;
Some Jew has chang'd the text, I half believe;
Their Adam cozen'd our poor grandame Eve.
To hide their faults they rap up oaths and tear:
Now, tho' we lie, we're too well bred to ſwear.
So we compound for half the ſin we owe,
But men are dipt for ſoul and body too;
And when found out excuſe themſelves, pox cant 'em,
With Latin ſtuff, *perjuria ridet amantûm*.
I'm not book-learn'd, to know that word in vogue,
But I ſuſpect 'tis Latin for a rogue.

I'm ſure I never heard that ſcreech-owl hollow'd
In my poor ears but ſeparation follow'd.
How can ſuch perjur'd villains e'er be ſaved?
Achitophel's not half ſo falſe to David.
With vows and ſoft expreſſions to allure,
They ſtand, like foreman of a ſhop, demure;
No ſooner out of ſight but they are gadding,
And for the next new face ride out a padding.
Yet, by their favour, when they have been kiſſing,
We can perceive the ready money miſſing.
Well! we may rail; but 'tis as good e'en wink;
Something we find, and ſomething they will ſink.
But ſince they're at renouncing, 'tis our parts
To trump their di'monds as they trump our hearts.

PROLOGUE
TO THE WIDOW RANTER.
By Mrs. Behn, 1690.

HEAV'N ſave ye Gallants! and this hopeful age,
Y'are welcome to the downfal of the ſtage:
The fools have labour'd long in their vocation,
And vice (the manufacture of the nation)
O'erſtocks the town ſo much, and thrives ſo well,
That fops and knaves grow drugs, and will not ſell.
In vain our wares on theatres are ſhewn,
When each has a plantation of his own.
His cauſe ne'er fails, for whatſoe'er he ſpends,
There's ſtill God's plenty for himſelf and friends.
Should men be rated by poetic rules,
Lord! what a poll would there be rais'd from fools!
Mean-time poor Wit prohibited muſt lie,
As if 'twere made ſome French commodity.
Fools you will have, and rais'd at vaſt expence,
And yet as ſoon as ſeen they give offence.
Time was when none would cry, that oaf was me,
But now you ſtrive about your pedigree.
Bawble and cap no ſooner are thrown down,
But there's a muſs of more than half the town.
Each one will challenge a child's part at leaſt;
A ſign the family is well increas'd.

Of foreign cattle there's no longer need,
When we're ſupply'd ſo faſt with Engliſh breed.
Well! flouriſh, countrymen! drink, ſwear, and roar,
Let ev'ry free-born ſubject keep his whore,
And, wand'ring in the wilderneſs about,
At end of forty years not wear her out.
But when you ſee theſe pictures, let none dare
To own beyond a limb or ſingle ſhare;
For where the punk is common, he's a ſot
Who needs will father what the pariſh got.

PROLOGUE

TO ARVIRAGUS AND PHILICIA, REVIVED.

By Lodowic Carlell, Eſq.—Spoken by Mr. Hart.

WITH ſickly actors, and an old houſe too,
We're match'd with glorious theatres and new;
And with our alehouſe ſcenes, and clothes bare-worn,
Can neither raiſe old plays nor new adorn.
If all theſe ills could not undo us quite,
A briſk French troop is grown your dear delight;
Who with broad bloody bills call you each day
To laugh, and break your buttons at their play;
Or ſee ſome ſerious piece, which we preſume
Is fall'n from ſome incomparable plume;
And therefore, *Meſſieurs*, if you'll do us grace,
Send lackeys early to preſerve your place.
We dare not on your privilege intrench,
Or aſk you why you like them; they are French:
Therefore ſome go with courteſy exceeding,
Neither to hear nor ſee, but ſhow their breeding;
Each lady ſtriving to outlaugh the reſt,
To make it ſeem they underſtood the jeſt.
Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay;
To teach us Engliſh where to clap the play.
Civil, i'gad! our hoſpitable land
Bears all the charge for them to underſtand;
Mean-time we languiſh, and neglected lie,
Live wives, while you keep better company;
And wiſh for your own ſakes, without a ſatire,
You 'ad leſs good-breeding, or had more good nature

PROLOGUE TO THE PROPHETESS.

BY BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Revived by Mr. Dryden.—Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

WHAT Noſtradame, with all his art, can gueſs,
The fate of our approaching Propheteſs?
A play which, like a perſpective ſet right,
Preſents our vaſt expences cloſe to ſight;
But turn the tube, and there we ſadly view
Our diſtant gains, and thoſe uncertain too;
A ſweeping tax, which on ourſelves we raiſe,
And all, like you, in hopes of better days.
When will our loſſes warn us to be wiſe?
Our wealth decreaſes, and our charges riſe.
Money, the ſweet allurer of our hopes,
Ebbs out in oceans, and comes in by drops.
We raiſe new objects to provoke delight,
But you grow ſated ere the ſecond ſight.
Falſe men! e'en ſo you ſerve your miſtreſſes;
They riſe three ſtories in their tow'ring dreſs,
And after all you love not long enough
To pay the rigging ere you leave 'em off:
Never content with what you had before,
But true to change, and Engliſhmen all o'er.
Now honour calls you hence, and all your care
Is to provide the horrid pomp of war.
In plume and ſcarf, jack-boots, and Bilboa blade,
Your ſilver goes that ſhould ſupport our trade.
Go, unkind heroes! leave our ſtage to mourn,
Till rich from vanquiſh'd rebels you return,
And the fat ſpoils of Teague in triumph draw,
His firkin butter and his uſquebaugh.
Go, conqu'rors of your male and female foes,
Men without hearts, and women without hoſe.
Each bring his love, a Bogland captive, home;
Such proper pages will long trains become;
With copper collars, and with brawny backs,
Quite to put down the faſhion of our blacks.
Then ſhall the pious muſes pay their vows,
And furniſh all their laurels for your brows;

Their tuneful voice ſhall raiſe for your delights;
We want not poets fit to ſing your flights.
But you, bright beauties! for whoſe only ſake
Thoſe doughty knights ſuch dangers undertake,
When they with happy gales are gone away,
With your propitious preſence grace our play,
And with a ſigh their empty ſeats ſurvey:
Then think on that bare bench my ſervant ſat;
I ſee him ogle ſtill, and hear him chat,
Selling facetious bargains, and propounding
That witty recreation, call'd dum-founding.
Their loſs with patience we will try to bear,
And would do more to ſee you often here,
That our dead ſtage, reviv'd by your fair eyes,
Under a female regency may riſe.

PROLOGUE TO THE MISTAKES.

BY JOSEPH HARRIS, COMEDIAN, 1690.

ENTER MR. BRIGHT.

GENTLEMEN, we muſt beg your pardon; here's no prologue to be had to-day; our new play is like to come on without a frontiſpiece; as bald as one of you young beaux without your periwig. I left our young poet ſnivelling and ſobbing behind the ſcenes, and curſing ſomebody that has deceived him.

ENTER MR. BOWEN.

Hold your prating to the audience: here is honeſt Mr. Williams, juſt come in, half mellow, from the Roſe-tavern. He ſwears he is inſpired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a prologue of his own, or ſomething like one. O, here he comes to his trial at all adventures. For my part I wiſh him a good deliverance.

[*Exeunt Mr. Bright and Mr. Bowen.*

ENTER MR. WILLIAMS.

Save ye, Sirs, ſave ye! I am in a hopeful way,
I ſhould ſpeak ſomething in rhyme now for the play;
But the deuce take me if I know what to ſay.
I'll ſtick to my friend the author, that I can tell ye,
To the laſt drop of claret in my belly.

So far I'm ſure 'tis rhyme—that needs no granting,
And if my verſes' feet ſtumble—you ſee my own are wanting.
Our young poet has brought a piece of work
In which, tho' much of art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days—and that's as long as Cork.
But for this play (which till I have done we ſhow not)
What may be its fortune—by the Lord—I know not.
This I dare ſwear, no malice here is writ;
'Tis innocent of all things—e'en of wit.
He's no high-flier—he makes no ſky-rockets;
His ſquibs are only levell'd at your pockets:
And if his crackers light among your pelf,
You are blown up; if not, then he's blown up himſelf.
By this time I'm ſomething recover'd of my fluſter'd
And now a word or two in ſober ſadneſs. [madneſs,
Ours is a common play, and you pay down
A common harlot's price—juſt half-a-crown.
You'll ſay I play the pimp on my friend's ſcore;
But, ſince 'tis for a friend, your gibes give o'er,
For many a mother has done that before.
How's this, you cry; an actor write?—we know it;
But Shakeſpeare was an actor and a poet.
Has not great Jonſon's learning often fail'd?
But Shakeſpeare's greater genius ſtill prevail'd.
Have not ſome writing actors in this age
Deſerv'd and found ſucceſs upon the ſtage?
To tell the truth, when our old wits are tir'd,
Not one of us but means to be inſpir'd.
Let your kind preſence grace our homely cheer;
Peace and the butt is all our bus'neſs here:
So much for that,—and the devil take ſmall beer.

A PROLOGUE.

GALLANTS! a baſhful poet bids me ſay
He's come to loſe his maidenhead to-day.
Be not too fierce, for he's but green of age,
And ne'er till now debauch'd upon the ſtage.
He wants the ſuffering part of reſolution,
And comes with bluſhes to his execution.

Ere you deflow'r his Muſe, he hopes the pit
Will make ſome ſettlement upon his wit.
Promiſe him well before the play begin,
For he would fain be cozen'd into ſin.
'Tis not but that he knows you mean to fail;
But if you leave him after being frail,
He'll have at leaſt a fair pretence to rail;
To call you baſe, and ſwear you us'd him ill,
And put you in the new Deſerters' bill.
Lord, what a troop of perjur'd men we ſee,
Enow to fill another Mercury!
But this the ladies may with patience brook;
Their's are not the firſt colours you forſook.
He would be loath the beauties to offend,
But, if he ſhould, he's not too old to mend.
He's a young plant, in his firſt year of bearing,
But his friend ſwears he will be worth the rearing.
His gloſs is ſtill upon him; tho' 'tis true
He's yet unripe, yet take him for the blue.
You think an apricot half green is beſt;
There's ſweet and ſour, and one ſide good at leaſt.
Mangos and limes, whoſe nouriſhment is little,
Tho' not for food, are yet preſerv'd for pickle.
So this green writer may pretend, at leaſt,
To whet your ſtomachs for a better feaſt.
He makes this diff'rence in the ſexes too,
He ſells to men, he gives himſelf to you.
To both he would contribute ſome delight,
A mere poetical hermaphrodite.
Thus he's equipp'd, both to be woo'd and woo,
With arms offenſive and defenſive too:
'Tis hard he thinks if neither part will do.

PROLOGUE TO ALBUMAZAR.

TO ſay this comedy pleas'd long ago
Is not enough to make it paſs you now;
Yet, gentlemen, your anceſtors had wit,
When few men cenſur'd, and when fewer writ:
And Jonſon, of thoſe few the beſt, choſe this,
As the beſt model of his maſter-piece.

Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
That alchymiſt by this aſtrologer;
Here he was faſhion'd, and, we may ſuppoſe,
He lik'd the faſhion well who wore the clothes.
But Ben made nobly his what he did mould;
What was another's lead becomes his gold:
Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,
Yet rules that well which he unjuſtly gains.
But this our age ſuch authors does afford,
As make whole plays, and yet ſcarce write one word;
Who in this anarchy of wit rob all,
And what's their plunder their poſſeſſion call;
Who, like old padders, ſcorn by night to prey,
But rob by ſunſhine, in the face of day:
Nay, ſcarce the common ceremony uſe
Of ſtand, Sir, deliver up your muſe;
But knock the poet down, and, with a grace,
Mount Pegaſus before the owner's face.
Faith if you have ſuch country Toms abroad,
'Tis time for all true men to leave that road:
Yet it were modeſt could it but be ſaid
They ſtrip the living, but theſe rob the dead,
Dare with the mummies of the muſes play,
And make love to them the Ægyptian way;
Or, as a rhyming author would have ſaid,
Join the dead living to the living dead.
Such men in poetry may claim ſome part,
They have the licenſe, though they want the art;
And might, where theft was prais'd, for laureates ſtand,
Poets not of the head but of the hand:
They make the benefits of other's ſtudying,
Much like the meals of politic Jack-pudding,
Whoſe diſh to challenge no man has the courage;
'Tis all his own when once h' has ſpit i' th' porridge.
But, gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this,
You are in fault for what they do amiſs:
For they their theſts ſtill undiſcover'd think,
And durſt not ſteal unleſs you pleas'd to wink.
Perhaps you may award, by your decree,
They ſhould refund; but that can never be:

For ſhould you letters of repriſal ſeal,
Theſe men write that which no man elſe would ſteal. 48

PROLOGUE TO THE PILGRIM.

BY BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Revived for our Author's Benefit, Anno 1700.

HOW wretched is the fate of thoſe who write!
Brought muzzled to the ſtage for fear they bite;
Where, like Tom Dove, they ſtand the common foe,
Lugg'd by the critic, baited by the beau.
Yet worſe, their brother poets damn the play,
And roar the loudeſt though they never pay.
The fops are proud of ſcandal, for they cry,
At ev'ry lewd low character—That's I.
He who writes letters to himſelf would ſwear
The world forgot him if he was not there.
What ſhould a poet do 'tis hard for one
To pleaſure all the fools that would be ſhewn,
And yet not two in ten will paſs the town.
Moſt coxcombs are not of the laughing kind;
More goes to make a fop than fops can find.
Quack Marus, though he never took degrees
In either of our univerſities,
Yet to be ſhown by ſome kind wit he looks,
Becauſe he play'd the fool and writ three books;
But if he would be worth a poet's pen,
He muſt be more a fool and write again;
For all the former fuſtian ſtuff he wrote
Was dead-born dogg'rel, or is quite forgot.
His Man of Uz, ſtript of his Hebrew robe,
Is juſt the proverb, and as poor as Job.
One would have thought he could no longer jog,
But Arthur was a level, Job's a bog:
There though he crept, yet ſtill he kept in ſight,
But here he founders in and ſinks downright.
Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by rule,
Tobit had firſt been turn'd to ridicule;
But our bold Britain, without fear or awe,
O'erleaps at once the whole Apocrypha;

Invades the pſalms with rhymes and leaves no room
For any Vandal-Hopkins yet to come.
But when, if, after all, this godly gear
Is not ſo ſenſeleſs as it would appear,
Our mountebank has laid a deeper train,
His cant, like Merry-Andrew's noble vein,
Cat-calls the ſects to draw them in again.
At leiſure hours in epic ſong he deals,
Writes to the rumbling of his coach's wheels;
Preſcribes in haſte, and ſeldom kills by rule,
But rides triumphant between ſtool and ſtool.
Well, let him go; 'tis yet too early day
To get himſelf a place in farce or play.
We know not by what name we ſhould arraign him,
For no one category can contain him;
A pedant, canting preacher, and a quack,
Are load enough to break one aſs's back.
At laſt grown wanton, he preſum'd to write,
Traduc'd two kings, their kindneſs to requite;
One made the doctor, and one dubb'd the knight.

PROLOGUE FOR THE WOMEN,

When they acted at the Old Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

WERE none of you, Gallants! e'er driv'n ſo hard,
As when the poor kind ſoul was under guard,
And could not do't at home, in ſome bye ſtreet
To take a lodging, and in private meet?
Such is our caſe; we can't appoint our houſe
The lover's old and wonted rendezvous;
But hither to this truſty nook remove;
The worſe the lodging is, the more the love;
For much good paſtime, many a dear ſweet hug,
Is ſtol'n in garrets on the humble rug.
Here's good accommodation in the pit;
The grave demurely in the midſt may ſit,
And ſo the hot Burgundian on the ſide
Ply vizard maſk, and o'er the benches ſtride:
Here are convenient upper-boxes too
For thoſe that make the moſt triumphant ſhow:
All that keep coaches muſt not ſit below.

There, gallants! you betwixt the acts retire,
And at dull plays have something to admire;
We, who look up, can your addresses mark,
And see the creatures coupled in the ark:
So we expect the lovers, braves, and wits,
The gaudy house with scenes will serve for cits.

PROLOGUE

TO THE DUKE OF GUISE, 1683.

OUR play's a parellel: the holy league
Begot our covenant: Guisards got the whig:
Whate'er our hot-brain'd sheriffs did advance,
Was, like our fashions, first produc'd in France;
And, when worn-out, well scourg'd, and banish'd there,
Sent over, like their godly beggars, here.
Could the same trick, twice play'd, our nation gull?
It looks as if the devil were grown dull,
Or serv'd us up, in scorn, his broken meat,
And thought we were not worth a better cheat.
The fulsome covenant, one would think in reason,
Had given us all our bellies full of treason:
And yet, the name but chang'd, our nasty nation
Chaws its own excrement, the association.
'Tis true we have not learn'd their poisoning way,
For that's a mode but newly come in play;
Besides, your drug's uncertain to prevail;
But your true protestant can never fail,
With that compendious instrument a flail.
Go on; and bite, e'en though the hook lies bare;
Twice in one age expel the lawful heir:
Once more decide religion by the sword;
And purchase for us a new tyrant lord.
Pray for your king; but let your purses spare:
Make him not two-pence richer by your pray'r.
To shew you love him much, chastise him more;
And make him very great, and very poor.
Push him to wars, but still no pence advance;
Let him lose England to recover France.
Cry freedom up with pop'lar noisy votes:
And get enough to cut each other's throats.

Lop all the rights that fence your monarch's throne;
For fear of too much pow'r pray leave him none.
A noiſe was made of arbitrary ſway;
But, in revenge, you whigs have found a way,
An arbitrary duty now to pay.
Let his own ſervants turn, to ſave their ſtake;
Glean from his plenty, and his wants forſake.
But let ſome Judas near his perſon ſtay
To ſwallow the laſt ſop, and then betray.
Make London independent of the crown:
A realm apart; the kingdom of the town.
Let ignoramus juries find no traitors:
And ignoramus poets ſcribble ſatires.
And, that your meaning none may fail to ſcan,
Do what in coffee-houſes you began;
Pull down the maſter and ſet up the man.

EPILOGUES.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken at the Opening of the New Houſe, March 26, 1674.

THO' what our prologue ſaid was ſadly true,
Yet, Gentlemen, our homely houſe is new,
A charm that ſeldom fails with wicked you.
A country lip may have the velvet touch;
Tho' ſhe's no lady, you may think her ſuch:
A ſtrong imagination may do much.
But you, loud Sirs, who through your curls look big,
Critics in plume and white vallancy wig,
Who lolling on our foremoſt benches ſit,
And ſtill charge firſt, the true forlorn of wit,
Whoſe favours like the ſun, warm where you roll,
Yet you, like him, have neither heat nor ſoul;
So may your hats your foretops never preſs,
Untouch'd your ribbands, ſacred be your dreſs;
So may you ſlowly to old age advance,
And have th' excuſe of youth for ignorance;

So may fop-corner full of noiſe remain,
And drive far off the dull attentive train;
So may your midnight ſcourings happy prove,
And morning batt'ries force your way to love;
So may not France your warlike hands recal,
But leave you by each others' ſwords to fall;
As you come here to ruffle vizard punk,
When ſober rail, and roar when you are drunk.
But to the wits we can ſome merit plead,
And urge what by themſelves has oft' been ſaid;
Our houſe relieves the ladies from the frights
Of ill-pav'd ſtreets, and long dark winter nights;
The Flanders horſes from a cold bleak road,
Where bears in furs dare ſcarcely look abroad:
The audience from worn plays and fuſtian ſtuff
Of rhyme, more nauſeous than three boys in buff.
Tho' in their houſe the poets' heads appear,
We hope we may preſume their wits are here.
The beſt which they reſerv'd they now will play;
For, like kind cuckolds, tho' we've not the way
To pleaſe, we'll find you abler men who may.
If they ſhould fail, for laſt recruits we breed
A troop of friſking Monſieurs to ſucceed;
You know the French ſure cards in time of need.

EPILOGUE.

Intended to have been ſpoken by the Lady Hen. Mar. Wentworth, when Caliſto was acted at Court.

AS Jupiter I made my court in vain,
I'll now aſſume my native ſhape again.
I'm weary to be ſo unkindly us'd,
And would not be a god to be refus'd.
State grows uneaſy when it hinders love;
A glorious burden, which the wiſe remove.
Now as a nymph I need not ſue, nor try
The force of any lightning but the eye.
Beauty and youth more than a god command,
No Jove could e'er the force of theſe withſtand.

'Tis here that sov'reign pow'r admits dispute;
Beauty sometimes is justly absolute.
Our sullen Catos, whatsoe'er they say,
E'en while they frown and dictate laws, obey.
You, mighty Sir! our bonds more easy make,
And gracefully what all must suffer take:
Above those forms the grave affect to wear,
For 'tis not to be wise to be severe.
True wisdom may some gallantry admit,
And soften business with the charms of wit.
These peaceful triumphs with your cares you bought,
And from the midst of fighting nations brought:
You only hear it thunder from afar,
And sit in peace the arbiter of war:
Peace, the loath'd manna which hot brains despise,
You knew its worth, and made it early prize,
And in its happy leisure sit and see
The promises of more felicity;
Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,
Whose morning rays like noontide strike and shine,
Whom you to suppliant monarchs shall dispose,
To bind your friends and to disarm your foes.

EPILOGUE TO THE MAN OF MODE;

OR, SIR FOPLING FLUTTER.

By Sir George Etherege, 1676.

MOST modern wits such monstrous fools have shewn,
They seem not of heav'n's making, but their own.
Those nauseous Harlequin's in farce may pass,
But there goes more to a substantial ass:
Something of man must be expos'd to view,
That, Gallants! they may more resemble you.
Sir Fopling is a fool so nicely writ,
The ladies would mistake him for a wit:
And when he sings, talks loud, and cocks, would cry
I vow methinks he's pretty company;
So brisk, so gay, so travell'd, so refin'd,
As he took pains to graft upon his kind.

True fops help Nature's work, and go to ſchool
To file and finiſh God Almighty's fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call ;
He's knight o' th' ſhire, and repreſents ye all.
From each he meets he culls whate'er he can ;
Legion's his name, a people in a man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And rolling o'er you, like a ſnowball, grows.
His various modes from various fathers follow,
One taught the toſs, and one the new French wallow.
His ſword-knot this, his cravat that deſign'd,
And this, the yard-long ſnake, he twirls behind.
From one the ſacred perriwig he gain'd,
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profan'd.
Another's diving bow he did adore,
Which with a ſhog caſts all the hair before,
Till he with full decorum brings it back,
And riſes with a water-ſpaniel ſhake.
As for his ſongs, the ladies' dear delight,
Theſe ſure he took from moſt of you who write.
Yet ev'ry man is ſafe from what he fear'd,
For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

EPILOGUE

TO MITHRIDATES, KING OF PONTUS.

By Mr. N. Lee, 1678.

YOU'VE ſeen a pair of faithful lovers die ;
And much you care ; for moſt of you will cry
'Twas a juſt judgment on their conſtancy.
For, heav'n be thank'd, we live in ſuch an age
When no man dies for love but on the ſtage :
And e'en thoſe martyrs are but rare in plays ;
A curſed ſign how much true faith decays.
Love is no more a violent deſire ;
'Tis a mere metaphor, a painted fire.
In all our ſex, the name, examin'd well,
'Tis pride to gain, and vanity to tell.
In women 'tis of ſubtle int'reſt made :
Curſe on the punk that made it firſt a trade !

She first did Wit's prerogative remove,
And made a fool presume to prate of love.
Let honour and preferment go for gold,
But glorious beauty is not to be sold;
Or, if it be, 'tis at a rate so high,
That nothing but adoring it should buy.
Yet the rich cullies may their boasting spare;
They purchase but sophisticated ware.
'Tis prodigality that buys deceit,
Where both the giver and the taker cheat.
Men but refine on the old half-crown way,
And women fight like Swissers for their pay.

EPILOGUE

TO A TRAGEDY CALLED TAMERLANE.

By Mr. Saunders.

LADIES, the beardless author of this day
Commends to you the fortune of his play;
A woman-wit has often grac'd the stage,
But he's the first boy-poet of our age.
Early as is the year his fancies blow,
Like young Narcissus peeping through the snow.
Thus Cowley blossom'd soon, yet flourish'd long;
This is as forward, and may prove as strong.
Youth with the fair should always favour find,
Or we are damn'd dissemblers of our kind.
What's all this love they put into our parts?
'Tis but the pit-a-pat of two young hearts.
Should Hag and Greybeard make such tender moan,
Faith you'd e'en trust 'em to themselves alone,
And cry, 'let's go, here's nothing to be done.'
Since love's our bus'ness, as 'tis your delight,
The young, who best can practise, best can write.
What though he be not come to his full pow'r?
He's mending and improving ev'ry hour.
You sly she-jockies of the box and pit
Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken wit:
By management he may in time be made,
But there's no hopes of an old batter'd jade;

Faint and unnerv'd he runs into a ſweat,
And always fails you at the ſecond heat.

AN EPILOGUE FOR THE KING'S HOUSE.

WE act by fits and ſtarts, like drowning men,
But juſt peep up, and then pop down again.
Let thoſe who call us wicked change their ſenſe;
For never men liv'd more on providence.
Not lott'ry cavaliers are half ſo poor,
Nor broken cits, nor a vacation whore.
Not courts, nor courtiers living on the rents
Of the three laſt ungiving Parliaments:
So wretched, that, if Pharaoh could divine,
He might have ſpar'd his dream of ſev'n lean kine,
And chang'd his viſion for the Muſes Nine.
The comet that, they ſay, portends a dearth,
Was but a vapour drawn from playhouſe earth,
Pent there ſince our laſt fire, and, Lilly ſays,
Foreſhows our change of ſtate, and thin-third days.
'Tis not our want of wit that keeps us poor,
For then the printers' preſs would ſuffer more.
Their pamphleteers each day their venom ſpit;
They thrive by treaſon, and we ſtarve by wit.
Confeſs the truth, which of you has not laid
Four farthings out to buy the Hatfield Maid?
Or, which is duller yet, and more would ſpite us,
Democritus his Wars with Heraclitus?
Such are the authors who have run us down,
And exercis'd you critics of the town.
Yet theſe are pearls to your lampooning rhymes;
Y' abuſe yourſelves more dully than the times.
Scandal, the glory of the Engliſh nation,
Is worn to rags, and ſcribbled out of faſhion.
Such harmleſs thruſts, as if, like fencers wiſe,
They had agreed their play before their prize.
Faith they may hang their harps upon their willows;
'Tis juſt like children when they box with pillows.
Then put an end to civil wars, for ſhame;
Let each knight errant who has wrong'd a dame

Throw down his pen, and give her, as he can,
The ſatisfaction of a gentleman. 37

EPILOGUE TO THE LOYAL BROTHER;

OR, THE PERSIAN PRINCE.

By Mr. Southern, 1682.

A VIRGIN poet was ſerv'd up to-day,
Who till this hour ne'er cackled for a play.
He's neither yet a Whig nor Tory boy,
But, like a girl, whom ſev'ral would enjoy,
Begs leave to make the beſt of his own nat'ral toy.
Were I to play my callow author's game,
The King's Houſe would inſtruct me by the name.
There's loyalty to one: I wiſh no more;
A commonwealth ſounds like a common whore.
Let huſband or gallant be what they will,
One part of woman is true Tory ſtill.
If any factious ſpirit ſhould rebel,
Our ſex with eaſe can ev'ry riſing quell.
Then, as you hope we ſhould your failings hide,
An honeſt jury for our play provide.
Whigs at their poets never take offence;
They ſave dull culprits who have murder'd ſenſe:
Tho' nonſenſe is a nauſeous heavy maſs,
The vehicle call'd Faction makes it paſs.
Faction in play's the commonwealth-man's bribe,
The leaden farthing of the canting tribe,
Tho' void in payment, laws and ſtatutes make it,
The neighbourhood that knows the man will take it.
'Tis Faction buys the votes of half the pit;
Their's is the penſion parliament of wit.
In city-clubs their venom let them vent;
For there 'tis ſafe in its own element.
Here, where their madneſs can have no pretence,
Let them forget themſelves an hour of ſenſe.
In one poor iſle why ſhould two factions be?
Small diff'rence in your vices I can ſee;
In drink and drabs both ſides too well agree.

Would there were more preferments in the land!
If places fell the party could not ſtand.
Of this damn'd grievance ev'ry Whig complains;
They grunt like hogs till they have got their grains.
Mean-time you ſee what trade our plots advance,
We ſend each year good money into France;
And they, that know what merchandiſe we need,
Send o'er true Proteſtants to mend our breed.

EPILOGUE.

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Spoken by Mr Hart, at the acting of the Silent Woman.

NO poor Dutch peaſant, wing'd with all his fear,
Flies with more haſte when the French arms draw [near,
Than we with our poetic train come down,
For refuge hither, from th' infected town.
Heaven, for our ſins, this ſummer has thought fit
To viſit us with all the plagues of wit.
A French troop firſt ſwept all things in its way,
But thoſe hot Monſieurs were too quick to ſtay:
Yet, to our coſt, in that ſhort time we find
They left their itch of novelty behind.
'Th' Italian Merry-Andrews took their place,
And quite debauch'd the ſtage with lewd grimace.
Inſtead of wit and humour, your delight
Was there to ſee two hobby-horſes fight:
Stout Scaramoucha with ruſh lance rode in,
And ran a-tilt at Centaur Harlequin.
For love you heard how am'rous aſſes bray'd,
And cats in gutters gave their ſerenade.
Nature was out of count'nance, and each day
Some new-born monſter ſhewn you for a play.
But when all fail'd, to ſtrike the ſtage quite dumb,
Thoſe wicked engines call'd Machines are come.
Thunder and lightning now for wit are play'd,
And ſhortly ſcenes in Lapland will be laid:
Art-magic is for poetry profeſt;
And cats and dogs, and each obſcener beaſt,

To which Egyptian dotards once did bow,
Upon our Engliſh ſtage are worſhipp'd now.
Witchcraft reigns there, and raiſes to renown
Macbeth, and Simon Magus of the town;
Fletcher's deſpis'd, your Jonſon's out of faſhion,
And wit the only drug in all the nation.
In this low ebb our wares to you are ſhewn;
By you thoſe ſtaple authors' worth is known;
For wit's a manufacture of your own.
When you, who only can, their ſcenes have prais'd,
We'll boldly back, and ſay their price is rais'd.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN AT OXFORD, BY MRS. MARSHALL.

OFT has our poet wiſh'd this happy ſeat
Might prove his fading Muſe's laſt retreat.
I wonder'd at his wiſh, but now I find
He ſought for quiet, and content of mind,
Which noiſeful towns and courts can never know,
And only in the ſhades, like laurels, grow.
Youth, ere it ſees the world, here ſtudies reſt,
And age, returning thence, concludes it beſt.
What wonder if we court that happineſs,
Yearly to ſhare, which hourly you poſſeſs;
Teaching e'en you, while the vext world we ſhow
Your peace to value more, and better know!
'Tis all we can return for favours paſt,
Whoſe holy memory ſhall ever laſt;
For patronage from him whoſe care preſides
O'er ev'ry noble art, and ev'ry ſcience guides;
Bathurſt! a name the learn'd with rev'rence know,
And ſcarcely more to his own Virgil owe;
Whoſe age enjoys but what his youth deſerv'd,
To rule thoſe Muſes whom before he ſerv'd.
His learning and untainted manners too,
We find, Athenians! are deriv'd to you:
Such ancient hoſpitality there reſts
In your's, as dwelt in the firſt Grecian breaſts,
Whoſe kindneſs was religion to their gueſts.

Such modeſty did to our ſex appear
As, had there been no laws, we need not fear,
Since each of you was our protector here:
Converſe ſo chaſte, and ſo ſtrict virtue ſhown,
As might Apollo with the Muſes own.
Till our return we muſt deſpair to find
Judges ſo juſt, ſo knowing, and ſo kind.

EPILOGUE

TO CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

By Mr. N. Lee, 1684.

OUR hero's happy in the play's concluſion;
The holy rogue at laſt has met confuſion.
Tho' Arius all along appear'd a ſaint,
The laſt act ſhew'd him a true Proteſtant.
Euſebius, (for you know I read Greek authors)
Reports that, after all theſe plots and ſlaughters,
The court of Conſtantine was full of glory,
And ev'ry Trimmer turn'd addreſſing Tory.
They follow'd him in herds as they were mad;
When Clauſe was king, then all the world was glad.
Whigs kept the places they poſſeſs'd before,
And moſt were in a way of getting more;
Which was as much as ſaying, Gentlemen,
Here's power and money to be rogues again.
Indeed there were a ſort of peaking tools,
Some call them modeſt, but I call them fools,
Men much more loyal, though not half ſo loud;
But theſe, poor devils! were caſt behind the crowd:
For bold knaves thrive, without one grain of ſenſe,
But good men ſtarve for want of impudence.
Beſides all theſe, there were a ſort of wights,
(I think my author calls them Tekelites)
Such hearty rogues againſt the king and laws,
They favour'd e'en a foreign rebel's cauſe:
When their own damn'd deſign was quaſh'd and aw'd,
At leaſt they gave it their good word abroad:
As many a man who, for a quiet life,
Breeds out his baſtard, not to noſe his wife.

Thus o'er their darling plot theſe Trimmers cry,
And tho' they cannot keep it in their eye,
They bind it 'prentice to Count Tekely.
They believe not the laſt plot; may I be curſt
If I believe they e'er believ'd the firſt.
No wonder their own plot no plot they think,
The man that makes it never ſmells the ſtink.
And, now it comes into my head, I'll tell
Why theſe damn'd Trimmers lov'd the Turks ſo well.
Th' original Trimmer, though a friend to no man,
Yet, in his heart, ador'd a pretty woman;
He knew that Mahomet laid up for ever
Kind black-ey'd rogues for ev'ry true believer;
And, which was more than mortal man e'er taſted,
One pleaſure that for threeſcore twelvemonths laſted:
To turn for this may ſurely be forgiven;
Who'd not be circumcis'd for ſuch a heav'n?

EPILOGUE

TO THE KING AND QUEEN,

Upon the Union of the two Companies, 1686.

NEW Miniſters, when firſt they get in place,
Muſt have a care to pleaſe; and that's our caſe.
Some laws for public welfare we deſign,
If you, the pow'r ſupreme, will pleaſe to join.
There was a ſort of prattlers in the pit,
Who either have, or who pretend to, wit.
Theſe noiſy ſirs ſo loud their parts rehearſe,
That oft' the play is ſilenc'd by the farce.
Let ſuch be dumb, this penalty to ſhun,
Each to be thought my lady's eldeſt ſon.
But ſtay; methinks ſome vizard maſk I ſee
Caſt out her lure from the mid gallery;
About her all the flutt'ring ſparks are rang'd,
The noiſe continues tho' the ſcene is chang'd:
Now growling, ſputt'ring, wawling, ſuch a clutter,
'Tis juſt like puſs defendant in a gutter.
Fine love, no doubt! but ere two days are o'er ye,
The ſurgeon will be told a woeful ſtory.

Let Vizard Maſk her naked face expoſe,
On pain of being thought to want a noſe.
Then for your lackeys, and your train beſide,
By whate'er name or title dignify'd,
They roar ſo loud, you'd think, behind the ſtairs,
Tom Dove, and all the brotherhood of bears.
They're grown a nuiſance, beyond all diſaſters;
We've none ſo great but their unpaying maſters.
We beg you, Sirs, to beg your men, that they
Would pleaſe to give you leave to hear the play.
Next in the playhouſe ſpare your precious lives;
Think, like good Chriſtians, on your bairns and wives;
Think on your ſouls; but, by your lugging forth,
It ſeems you know how little they are worth.
If none of theſe will move the warlike mind,
Think on the helpleſs whore you leave behind.
We beg you laſt our ſcene-room to forbear,
And leave our goods and chattles to our care.
Alas! our women are but waſhy toys,
And wholly taken up in ſtage employs:
Poor willing tits they are; but yet, I doubt,
This double duty ſoon will wear them out.
Then you are watch'd beſides with jealous care;
What if my Lady's page ſhould find you there?
My lady knows t' a tittle what there's in ye;
No paſſing your gilt ſhilling for a guinea.
Thus, Gentlemen, we have ſumm'd up in ſhort
Our grievances from country, town, and court,
Which humbly we ſubmit to your good pleaſure,
But firſt vote money, then redreſs at leiſure.

EPILOGUE

TO THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES.

A QUALM of conſcience brings me back again
To make amends to you beſpatter'd men.
We women love, like cats that hide their joys,
By growling, ſqualling, and a hideous noiſe.
I rail'd at wild young ſparks; but, without lying,
Never was man worſe thought on for high-flying.

The prodigal of love gives each her part,
And ſquand'ring ſhews at leaſt a noble heart.
I've heard of men who, in ſome lewd lampoon,
Have hir'd a friend to make their valour known.
That accuſation ſtraight this queſtion brings,
What is the man who does ſuch naughty things?
The ſpaniel lover, like a ſneaking fop,
Lies at our feet; he's ſcarce worth taking up.
'Tis true ſuch heroes in a play go far;
But chamber-practice is not like the bar.
When men ſuch vile, ſuch faint, petitions make,
We fear to give, becauſe they fear to take.
Since modeſty's the virtue of our kind,
Pray let it be to our own ſex confin'd:
When men uſurp it from the female nation,
'Tis but a work of ſupererogation—
We ſhew'd a Princeſs in the play, 'tis true,
Who gave her Cæſar more than all his due;
Told her own faults; but I ſhould much abhor
To chuſe a huſband for my confeſſor.
You ſee what fate follow'd the ſaint-like fool
For telling tales from out the nuptial-ſchool,
Our play a merry comedy had prov'd
Had ſhe confeſs'd ſo much to him ſhe lov'd.
True Preſbyterian wives the means would try,
But damn'd confeſſing is flat Popery.

EPILOGUE TO HENRY II.

BY MR. MOUNTFORT, 1693.

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

THUS you the ſad cataſtrophe have ſeen,
Occaſion'd by a miſtreſs and a queen.
Queen Eleanor the Proud was French, they ſay,
But Engliſh manufacture got the day,
Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver;
Fair Roſamond was but her *nom de guerre*.
Now tell me, gallants! would you lead your life
With ſuch a miſtreſs or with ſuch a wife?

If one muſt be your choice, which d'ye approve,
The curtain lecture or the curtain love?
Would ye be godly with perpetual ſtrife,
Still drudging on with homely Joan your wife,
Or take your pleaſure in a wicked way,
Like honeſt whoring Harry in the play?
I gueſs your minds; the miſtreſs would be taken,
And nauſeous matrimony ſent a-packing.
The devil's in you all; mankind's a rogue;
You love the bride, but you deteſt the clog.
After a year poor ſpouſe is left i' th' lurch,
And you, like Haynes, return to mother-church.
Or, if the name of Church comes croſs your mind,
Chapels of eaſe behind our ſcenes you find.
The playhouſe is a kind of market-place;
One chaffers for a voice, another for a face:
Nay, ſome of you, I dare not ſay how many,
Would buy of me a penn'worth for your penny.
E'en this poor face, which with my fan I hide,
Would make a ſhift my portion to provide,
With ſome ſmall perquiſites I have beſide.
Though for your love perhaps I ſhould not care,
I could not hate a man that bids me fair.
What might enſue 'tis hard for me to tell,
But I was drench'd to day for loving well,
And fear the poiſon that would make me ſwell.

AN EPILOGUE.

YOU ſaw our wife was chaſte, yet throughly try'd,
And, without doubt, y' are hugely edify'd;
For like our hero whom we ſhew'd to-day,
You think no woman true but in a play.
Love once did make a pretty kind of ſhow;
Eſteem and kindneſs in one breaſt would grow;
But 'twas heaven knows how many years ago.
Now ſome ſmall chat, and guinea expectation,
Gets all the pretty creatures in the nation.
In comedy your little ſelves you meet;
'Tis Covent-Garden drawn in Bridges-Street.

Smile on our author then, if he has ſhown
A jolly nut-brown baſtard of your own.
Ah! happy you, with eaſe and with delight,
Who act thoſe follies poets toil to write!
The ſweating muſe does almoſt leave the chaſe;
She puffs, and hardly keeps your Protean vices pace.
Pinch you but in one vice, away you fly
To ſome new friſk of contrariety.
You roll like ſnow-balls, gath'ring as you run,
And get ſev'n dev'ls when diſpoſſeſs'd of one.
Your Venus once was a Platonic queen;
Nothing of love beſide the face was ſeen;
But ev'ry inch of her you now uncaſe,
And clap a vizard-maſk upon the face.
For ſins like theſe the zealous of the land,
With little hair and little or no band,
Declare how circulating peſtilences
Watch ev'ry twenty years to ſnap offences.
Saturn e'en now takes doctoral degrees,
He'll do your work this ſummer without fees.
Let all the boxes, Phœbus! find thy grace,
And, ah! preſerve the eighteen-penny place!
But for the pit-confounders, let 'em go,
And find as little mercy as they ſhow:
The actors thus, and thus thy poets pray;
For ev'ry critic ſav'd thou damn'ſt a play.

EPILOGUE

TO THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD.

LIKE ſome raw ſophiſter that mounts the pulpit,
So trembles a young poet at a full pit.
Unus'd to crowds, the parſon quakes for fear,
And wonders how the dev'l he durſt come there,
Wanting three talents needful for the place,
Some beard, ſome learning, and ſome little grace.
Nor is the puny poet void of care,
For authors, ſuch as our new authors are,
Have not much learning nor much wit to ſpare:

And as for grace, to tell the truth, there's ſcarce one
But has as little as the very Parſon.
Both ſay they preach and write for your inſtruction,
But 'tis for a third day, and for induction.
The diff'rence is, that though you like the play,
The poet's gain is ne'er beyond his day.
But with the parſon 'tis another caſe;
He without holineſs may riſe to grace.
The poet has one diſadvantage more,
That if his play be dull he's damn'd all o'er,
Not only a damn'd blockhead but damn'd poor.
But dulneſs well becomes the ſable garment;
I warrant that ne'er ſpoil'd a prieſt's preferment:
Wit's not his bus'neſs, and as wit now goes,
Sirs, 'tis not ſo much your's as you ſuppoſe,
For you like nothing now but nauſeous beaux.
You laugh not, gallants! as by proof appears,
At what his beauſhip ſays, but what he wears;
So 'tis your eyes are tickled, not your ears.
The tailor and the furrier find the ſtuff,
The wit lies in the dreſs and monſtrous muff.
The truth on't is, the payment of the pit
Is like for like, clipt money for clipt wit.
You cannot from our abſent author hope
He ſhould equip the ſtage with ſuch a fop:
Fools change in England, and new fools ariſe;
For though th' immortal ſpecies never dies,
Yet ev'ry year new maggots make new flies:
But where he lives abroad he ſcarce can find
One fool for millions that he left behind.

EPILOGUE TO THE PILGRIM.

PERHAPS the parſon ſtretch'd a point too far,
When with our theatres he wag'd a war.
He tells you that this very moral age
Receiv'd the firſt infection from the ſtage.
But ſure a baniſh'd court, with lewdneſs fraught,
The ſeeds of open vice returning brought,
Thus lodg'd (as vice by great example thrives)
It firſt debauch'd the daughters and the wives.

London, a fruitful ſoil, yet never bore
So plentiful a crop of horns before.
'The poets, who muſt live by courts, or ſtarve,
Were proud ſo good a government to ſerve,
And, mixing with buffoons and pimps profane,
Tainted the ſtage for ſome ſmall ſnip of gain.
For they, like harlots under bawds profeſt,
Took all th' ungodly pains, and got the leaſt.
Thus did the thriving malady prevail,
The court its head, the poets but the tail.
The ſin was of our native growth 'tis true,
The ſcandal of the ſin was wholly new.
Miſſes they were, but modeſtly conceal'd;
White-hall the naked Venus firſt reveal'd,
Who ſtanding, as at Cyprus, in her ſhrine,
The ſtrumpet was ador'd with rites divine.
Ere this, if ſaints had any ſecret motion,
'Twas chamber-practice all, and cloſe devotion.
I paſs the peccadillos of their time;
Nothing but open lewdneſs was a crime.
A monarch's blood was venial to the nation,
Compar'd with one foul act of fornication.
Now they would ſilence us, and ſhut the door,
That let in all the bare-fac'd vice before.
As for reforming us, which ſome pretend,
That work in England is without an end:
Well may we change, but we ſhall never mend.
Yet if you can but bear the preſent ſtage,
We hope much better of the coming age.
What would you ſay if we ſhould firſt begin
To ſtop the trade of love behind the ſcene,
Where actreſſes make bold with marry'd men?
For while abroad ſo prodigal the dolt is,
Poor ſpouſe at home as ragged as a colt is.
In ſhort, we'll grow as moral as we can,
Save here and there a woman or a man:
But neither you nor we, with all our pains,
Can make clean work; there will be ſome remains
While you have ſtill your Oates, and we our Haynes.

EPILOGUE TO THE DUKE OF GUISE.

MUCH time and trouble this poor play has coſt;
And, faith, I doubted once the cauſe was loſt
Yet no one man was meant; nor great nor ſmall;
Our poets like frank gameſters, threw at all.
They took no ſingle aim—
But like bold boys, true to their prince and hearty,
Huzza'd, and fir'd broadſides at the whole party.
Duels at crimes; but when the cauſe is right,
In battle every man is bound to fight.
For what ſhould hinder me to ſell my ſkin
Dear as I could, if once my hand were in?
Se defendendo never was a ſin.
'Tis a fine world, my maſters, right or wrong,
The Whigs muſt talk, and Tories hold their tongue.
They muſt do all they can—
But we forſooth, muſt bear a chriſtian mind:
And fight, like boys, with one hand ty'd behind.
Nay, and when one boys down, 'twere wondrous nice,
'To cry *box fair*, and give him time to riſe.
When fortune favours none but fools will dally;
Would any of you ſparks, if Nan or Mally
Tipt you th' inviting wink, ſtand ſhall I; ſhall I?
A Trimmer cry'd (that heard me tell the ſtory)
Fie, * Miſtreſs Cook! faith, you're too rank a Tory!
Wiſh not Whigs hang'd, but pity their hard caſes;
You women love to ſee men make wry faces.
Pray, Sir, ſaid I, don't think me ſuch a Jew;
I ſay no more, but give the devil his due.
Lenetives, ſays he, beſt ſuit with our condition.
Jack Ketch, ſays I, 's an excellent phyſician.
I love no blood—Nor I, Sir, as I breathe;
But hanging is a fine dry kind of death.
We Trimmers are for holding all things even:
Yes—juſt like him that hung twixt hell and heaven.
Have we not had men's lives enough already?
Yes ſure:—but you're for holding all things ſteady:

* The actreſs, who ſpoke the epilogue.

Now, ſince the weight hangs all on our ſide, brother,
You Trimmers ſhould, to poize it, hang on t'other.
Damn'd neuters in their middle way of ſteering,
Are neither fiſh nor fleſh, nor good red-herring:
Not Whigs nor Tories they; nor this, nor that;
Not birds nor beaſts; but juſt a kind of bat,
A twilight animal, true to neither cauſe,
With Tory wings, but Whiggiſh teeth and claws.

ANOTHER EPILOGUE,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN TO THE PLAY,

*Before it was forbiddenr.**

TWO houſes join'd, two poets to a play?
You noiſy Whigs will ſure be pleas'd to-day;
It looks ſo like two ſhrieves the city way.
But, ſince our diſcords and diviſions ceaſe,
You, Bilboa gallants, learn to keep the peace:
Make here no tilts: let our poor ſtage alone;
Or, if a decent murder muſt be done,
Pray take a civil turn to Marybone.
If not, I ſwear, we'll pull up all our benches;
Not for your ſakes, but for our orange-wenches:
For you thruſt wide ſometimes; and many a ſpark,
That miſſes one, can hit the other mark.
This makes our boxes full: for men of ſenſe
Pay their four ſhillings in their own defence;
That ſafe behind the ladies they may ſtay,
Peep o'er the fan†, and judge the bloody fray.
But other foes give beauty worſe alarms;
The *poſſe poetarum's* up in arms:
No woman's fame their libels has eſcap'd;
Their ink runs venom, and their pens are clapt.
When ſighs and prayers their ladies cannot move,
They rail, write treaſon, and turn Whigs to love.

* Langbaine ſays, this play found many enemies at its firſt appearance on the ſtage.

† Hence Mr. Pope's couplet, Eſſay on Criticiſm, ver. 543.

"The modeſt fan was lifted up no more,
"And virgins ſmil'd at what they bluſh'd before."

Nay, and I fear they worſe deſigns advance, [France;
There's a damn'd love-trick now brought o'er from
We charm in vain, and dreſs, and keep a pother,
Whilſt thoſe falſe rogues are ogling one another.
All ſins beſide admit ſome expiation;
But this againſt our ſex is plain damnation.
They join for libels too, theſe women haters;
And as they club for love, they club for ſatires:
The beſt on't is they hurt not; for they wear
Stings in their tails, their only venom's there.
'Tis true, ſome ſhot at firſt the ladies hit,
While able markſmen made, and men of wit:
But now the fools give fire, whoſe bounce is louder:
And yet, like mere train-bands, they ſhoot but powder.
Libels, like plots, ſweep all in their firſt fury;
Then dwindle like an ignoramus jury.
Thus age begins with touzing and with tumbling;
But grunts and groans, and ends at laſt in fumbling.

SONGS.

THE FAIR STRANGER.

HAPPY and free, ſecurely bleſt,
No beauty could diſturb my reſt;
My am'rous heart was in deſpair
To find a new victorious fair:

II.

Till you, deſcending on our plains,
With foreign force renew my chains;
Where now you rule without control
The mighty ſov'reign of my ſoul.

III.

Your ſmiles have more of conqu'ring charms
Than all your native country arms:
Their troops we can expel with eaſe,
Who vanquiſh only when we pleaſe.

IV.

But in your eyes, oh! there's the ſpell,
Who can ſee them and not rebel?
You make us captives by your ſtay,
Yet kill us, if you go away.

ON THE YOUNG STATESMEN.

WRITTEN IN 1680.

CLARENDON had law and ſenſe;
Clifford was fierce and brave;
Bennet's grave looks was a pretence
And Danby's matchleſs impudence
Help'd to ſupport the knave.

But Sutherland, Godolphin, Lory,
Theſe will appear ſuch chits in ſtory,
'Twill turn all politics to jeſts,
To be repeated like John Dory,
When fiddlers ſing at feaſts.

Protect us, mighty Providence!
What would theſe madmen have?
Firſt they would bribe us without pence,
Deceive us without common-ſenſe,
And without pow'r enſlave.

Shall freeborn men, in humble awe,
Submit to ſervile ſhame,
Who from conſent and cuſtom draw
The ſame right to be rul'd by law
Which kings pretend to reign?

The Duke ſhall wield his conqu'ring ſword,
The Chancellor make a ſpeech,
The King ſhall paſs his honeſt word,
The pawn'd revenue ſums afford,
And then, Come kiſs my breech.

So have I ſeen a king on cheſs
(His rooks and knights withdrawn,
His queen and biſhops in diſtreſs)
Shifting about, grow leſs, and leſs,
With here and there a pawn.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

FROM harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This univerſal frame began.
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Ariſe, ye more than dead!
Then cold and hot, and moiſt and dry,
In order to their ſtations leap,
And Muſic's pow'r obey.
From harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This univerſal frame began:
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compaſs of the notes it ran,
The diapaſon cloſing full in man.

II.

What paſſion cannot Muſic raiſe and quell!
When Jubal ſtruck the chorded ſhell,
His liſt'ning brethren ſtood around,
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
To worſhip that celeſtial ſound.
Leſs than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that ſhell
That ſpoke ſo ſweetly and ſo well.
What paſſion cannot Muſic raiſe and quell!

III.

The trumpet's loud clangour
Excites us to arms,
With ſhrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms;
The double, double, double beat
Of the thund'ring drum
Cries, Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The ſoft complaining flute
In dying notes diſcovers

DRYDEN's POEMS.

On a bank, beside a willow,
Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
Sad Amynta sigh'd alone.

Vide Tears of Amynta Vol. 2.

Drawn by R. Corbould. *Printed for C. Cooke May 5 1798.* *Engraved by C. Warren.*

The woes of hopeleſs lovers,
Whoſe dirge is whiſper'd by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and deſperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of paſſion,
For the fair diſdainful dame.

VI.

But, oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The ſacred organ's praiſe?
Notes inſpiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heav'nly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the ſavage race,
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher,
When to her organ vocal breath was giv'n;
An angel heard, and ſtraight appear'd,
Miſtaking earth for heav'n.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of ſacred lays
The ſpheres began to move,
And ſung the great Creator's praiſe
To all the bleſs'd above;
So when the laſt and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant ſhall devour,
The trumpet ſhall be heard on high,
The dead ſhall live, the living die,
And Muſic ſhall untune the ſky.

THE TEARS OF AMYNTA

FOR THE DEATH OF DAMON.

ON a bank, beſide a willow,
Heav'n her cov'ring, earth her pillow,
Sad Amynta ſigh'd alone;

From the cheerleſs dawn of morning
Till the dews of night returning,
Sighing thus ſhe made her moan:
Hope is baniſh'd,
Joys are vaniſh'd,
Damon, my belov'd, is gone!

II.

Time, I dare thee to diſcover
Such a youth and ſuch a lover;
Oh! ſo true, ſo kind was he!
Damon was the pride of Nature,
Charming in his ev'ry feature;
Damon liv'd alone for me:
Melting kiſſes,
Murm'ring bliſſes:
Who ſo liv'd and lov'd as we!

III.

Never ſhall we curſe the morning,
Never bleſs the night returning,
Sweet embraces to reſtore:
Never ſhall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, love ſupplying
All the joys he drain'd before:
Death come end me,
To befriend me;
Love and Damon are no more!

A SONG.

SYLVIA the fair, in the bloom of fifteen,
Felt an innocent warmth as ſhe lay on the green;
She had heard of a pleaſure, and ſomething ſhe gueſt,
By the towſing, and tumbling, and touching her breaſt:
She ſaw the men eager, but was at a loſs
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe:
By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

II.

Ah! ſhe cry'd; ah! for a languiſhing maid
In a country of Chriſtians to die without aid?
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at leaſt,
Or a Proteſtant parſon, or Catholic prieſt,
To inſtruct a young virgin that is at a loſs
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe:
By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting, and wiſhing,
And ſighing, and kiſſing,
And ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

III.

Cupid, in ſhape of a ſwain, did appear;
He ſaw the ſad wound, and in pity drew near;
Then ſhew'd her his arrow, and bid her not fear,
For the pain was no more than a maiden might bear:
When the balm was infus'd ſhe was not at a loſs
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe:
By their praying, and whining,
And claſping, and twining,
And panting, and wiſhing,
And ſighing, and kiſſing,
And ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

THE LADIES' SONG.

A CHOIR of bright beauties in ſpring did appear
To chuſe a May-lady to govern the year;
All the mymphs were in white, and the ſhepherds in green;
The garland was given, and Phyllis was queen:
But Phyllis refus'd it, and, ſighing, did ſay,
I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

II.

While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from our ſhore,
The Graces are baniſh'd, and Love is no more;
The ſoft god of pleaſure, that warm'd our deſires,
Has broken his bow and extinguiſh'd his fires,
And vows that himſelf and his mother will mourn
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return,

III.

Forbear your addreſſes and court us no more,
For we will perform what the Deity ſwore;
But if you dare think of deſerving our charms,
Away with your ſheep-hooks, and take to your arms:
Then laurels and myrtles your brows ſhall adorn
When Pan and his ſon and fair Syrinx return.

A SONG.

FAIR, ſweet, and young, receive a prize
Reſerv'd for your victorious eyes:
From crowds, whom at your feet you ſee,
Oh pity and diſtinguiſh me!
As I, from thouſand beauties more
Diſtinguiſh you, and only you adore.

II.

Your face for conqueſt was deſign'd;
Your ev'ry motion charms my mind;
Angels, when you your ſilence break,
Forget their hymns to hear you ſpeak;
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loath to mount, and long to ſtay with you.

III.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are loſt unleſs you love;
While that ſweet paſſion you diſdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain:
In pity, then, prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

A SONG.

HIGH ſtate and honours to others impart,
But give me your heart:
That treaſure, that treaſure alone,
I beg for my own.
So gentle a love, ſo fervent a fire,
My ſoul does inſpire;
That treaſure, that treaſure alone,
I beg for my own.

Your love let me crave;
Give me in poſſeſſing
So matchleſs a bleſſing;
That empire is all I would have.
Love's my petition,
All my ambition;
If e'er you diſcover
So faithful a lover,
So real a flame,
I'll die, I'll die;
So give up my game.

RONDELAY.

CHLOE found Amyntas lying,
All in tears, upon the plain,
Sighing to himſelf, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Kiſs me, dear, before my dying;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain.

II.

Sighing to himſelf, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Ever ſcorning, and denying
To reward your faithful ſwain:
Kiſs me, dear, before my dying;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain!

III.

Ever ſcorning, and denying
To reward your faithful ſwain;
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain:
Kiſs me, dear, before my dying;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain!

IV.

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain:
But repenting, and complying,
When he kiſs'd, ſhe kiſs'd again:
Kiſs'd him up before his dying;
Kiſs'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

A SONG.

GO tell Amynta, gentle ſwain,
I would not die, nor dare complain;
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
To ſouls oppreſs'd, and dumb with grief,
The Gods ordain this kind relief,
That muſic ſhould in ſounds convey
What dying lovers dare not ſay.

II.

A ſigh, or tear, perhaps, ſhe'll give,
But love on pity cannot live:
Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid:
Tell her my pains ſo faſt increaſe,
That ſoon they will be paſt redreſs:
But, ah! the wretch that ſpeechleſs lies
Attends but death to cloſe his eyes.

A SONG

To a fair young Lady going out of the Town in the Spring.

ASK not the cauſe why ſullen Spring
So long delays her flowers to bear;
Why warbling birds forget to ſing,
And winter ſtorms invert the year:
Chloris is gone, and Fate provides
To make it ſpring where ſhe reſides.

II.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair!
She caſt not back a pitying eye,
But left her lover in deſpair,
To ſigh, to languiſh, and to die.
Ah, how can thoſe fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure?

III.

Great god of love, why haſt thou made
A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of ev'ry land?

Where thou hadſt plac'd ſuch pow'r before,
Thou ſhouldſt have made her mercy more.

IV.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her fall;
She can reſtore the dead from tombs,
And ev'ry life but mine recal.
I only am by Love deſign'd
To be the victim for mankind.

SONG

OF A SCHOLAR AND HIS MISTRESS;

Who, being croſſed by their Friends, fell mad for one another, and now firſt meet in Bedlam.

[*Muſic within.*]

The lovers enter at oppoſite doors, each held by a keeper.

PHIL. LOOK, look, I ſee—I ſee my love appear!
'Tis he, 'tis he alone,
For like him there is none:
Tis the dear, dear man; 'tis thee, Dear!

AMYNT. Hark! the winds war,
The foamy waves roar;
I ſee a ſhip afar,
Toſſing, and toſſing, and making to the ſhore:
But what's that I view,
So radiant of hue,
St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that ſits upon the ſails?
Ah! no, no, no;
St. Hermo never, never ſhone ſo bright:
'Tis Phillis, only Phillis can ſhoot ſo fair a light:
'Tis Phillis, 'tis Phillis that ſaves the ſhip alone,
For all the winds are huſh'd, and the ſtorm is over-
blown.

PHIL. Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his arms.

AMYNT. If all the Fates combine,
And all the Furies join, [charms.
I'll force my way to Phillis, and break through their

[*Here they break from their keepers, run to each other, and embrace.*]

PHIL. Shall I marry the man I love?
And ſhall I conclude my pains?
Now, bleſs'd be the powers above,
I feel the blood bound in my veins;
With a lively leap it began to move,
And the vapours leave my brains.
AMYNT. Body join'd to body, and heart join'd to heart,
To make ſure of the cure,
Go call the man in black to mumble o'er his part.
PHIL. But ſuppoſe he ſhould ſtay.
AMYNT. At worſt if he delay,
'Tis a work muſt be done,
We'll borrow but a day,
And the better the ſooner begun.
Cho. of both.] At worſt if he delay, *&c.*

[*They run out together hand in hand.*

ELEGIES & EPITAPHS.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. OLDHAM.

FAREWEL, too little, and too lately, known,
Whom I began to think and call my own;
For ſure our ſouls were near ally'd, and thine
Caſt in the ſame poetic mould with mine:
One common note on either lyre did ſtrike,
And knaves and fools were both abhorr'd alike:
To the ſame goal did both our ſtudies drive;
The laſt ſet out, the ſooneſt did arrive.
Thus Niſus fell upon the ſlipp'ry place,
Whilſt his young friend perform'd and won the race:
O early ripe! to thy abundant ſtore
What could advancing age have added more?
It might, what Nature never gives the young,
Have taught the ſmoothneſs of thy native tongue,
But ſatire needs not thoſe, and wit will ſhine
Through the harſh cadence of a rugged line:
A noble error, and but ſeldom made,
When poets are by too much force betray'd.

Thy gen'rous fruits, though gather'd ere their prime,
Still ſhew'd a quickneſs; and maturing Time
But mellows what we write to the dull ſweets of rhyme.
Once more hail, and farewel; farewel thou young,
But, ah, too ſhort, Marcellus of our tongue!
Thy brows with ivy and with laurels bound;
But Fate and gloomy Night encompaſs thee around.

AN ODE

To the pious Memory of that accompliſhed young Lady

MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW,

Excellent in the two ſiſter-arts of Poeſy and Painting.

THOU brighteſt virgin-daughter of the Skies,
Made in the laſt promotion of the bleſs'd;
Whoſe palms, new pluck'd from Paradiſe,
In ſpreading branches more ſublimely riſe,
Rich with immortal green above the reſt;
Whether adopted to ſome neighb'ring ſtar,
Thou roll'ſt above us in thy wand'ring race,
Or, in proceſſion fix'd and regular,
Mov'd with the heaven's-majeſtic pace;
Or, call'd to more ſuperior bliſs,
Thou tread'ſt, with ſeraphims, the vaſt abyſs.
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Ceaſe thy celeſtial ſong a little ſpace;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine:
Hear, then, a mortal muſe thy praiſe rehearſe
In no ignoble verſe;
But ſuch as thy own voice did practiſe here,
When thy firſt-fruits of poeſy were given
To make thyſelf a welcome inmate there,
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the leſs to find
A ſoul ſo charming from a ſtock ſo good;
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:

So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
But if thy pre-existing soul
Was form'd at first with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last which once it was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore,
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial kind.

III.

May we presume to say that at thy birth
New joy was sprung in heaven, as well as here on earth.
For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And e'en the most malicious were in trine.
Thy brother angels, at thy birth,
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,
That all the people of the sky
Might know a poetess was born on earth;
And then if ever mortal ears,
Had heard the music of the spheres.
And if no clust'ring swarm of bees
On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,
'Twas that such vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leisure to renew;
For all thy bless'd fraternity of love
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holiday above.

IV.

O gracious God! how far have we
Profan'd thy heavenly gift of poesy?
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
For tongues of angels and for hymns of love?
O wretched we, why were we hurried down
This lubrique and adult'rate age,

(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own)
T'increaſe the ſtreaming ordures of the ſtage?
What can we ſay t'excuſe our ſecond fall?
Let this thy veſtal, Heav'n, atone for all:
Her Arethuſian ſtream remains unſoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

V.

Art ſhe had none, yet wanted none,
For nature did that want ſupply;
So rich in treaſures of her own,
She might our boaſted ſtores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verſe adorn,
That it ſeem'd borrow'd where 'twas only born.
Her morals too were in her boſom bred;
By great examples daily fed,
What in the beſt of books, her father's life, ſhe read.
And to be read herſelf ſhe need not fear;
Each teſt, and ev'ry light, her Muſe will bear,
Tho' Epictetus with his lamp was there.
E'en love, for love ſometimes her Muſe expreſt,
Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her breaſt,
Light as the vapours of a morning dream;
So cold herſelf, while ſhe ſuch warmth expreſt,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's ſtream.

VI.

Born to the ſpacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought ſhe ſhould have been content
To manage well that mighty government;
But what can young ambitious ſouls confine?
To the next realm ſhe ſtretch'd her ſway,
For Painture near adjourning lay,
A plenteous province and alluring prey.
A chamber of Dependencies was fram'd,
(As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to juſtify th' offence)
And the whole fief, in right of poetry, ſhe claim'd.
The country open lay without defence,
For poets frequent inroads there had made,

And perfectly could repreſent
The ſhape, the face, with ev'ry lineament,
And all the large domains which the dumb ſiſter ſway'd;
All bow'd beneath her government,
Receiv'd in triumph whereſoe'er ſhe went,
Her pencil drew whate'er her ſoul deſign'd,
And oft' the happy draught ſurpaſs'd the image in her [mind.
The ſylvan ſcenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
Of ſhallow brooks that flow'd ſo clear,
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrors, ſhew'd the woods;
Of lofty trees, with ſacred ſhades,
And perſpectives of pleaſant glades,
Where nymphs of brighteſt form appear,
And ſhaggy ſatyrs ſtanding near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins too of ſome majeſtic piece,
Boaſting the pow'r of ancient Rome or Greece,
Whoſe ſtatues, freezes, columns, broken lie,
And, tho' defac'd, the wonder of the eye;
What Nature, Art, bold Fiction, e'er durſt frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
So ſtrange a concourſe ne'er was ſeen before,
But when the peopled ark thy whole creation bore.

VII.

The ſcene then chang'd, with bold erected look
Our martial king the ſight with rev'rence ſtrook:
For, not content t'expreſs his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart:
His warlike mind, his ſoul devoid of fear,
His high-deſigning thoughts were figur'd there,
As when by magic ghoſts are made appear,
Our phœnix queen was pourtray'd too ſo bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take ſo right:
Her dreſs, her ſhape, her matchleſs grace,
Were all obſerv'd, as well as heav'nly face.
With ſuch a peerleſs majeſty ſhe ſtands,
As in that day ſhe took the crown from ſacred hands?

Before a train of heroines was ſeen
In beauty foremoſt, as in rank a queen.
Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,
But like a ball of fire, the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze ſhe ſhone,
And her bright ſoul broke out on ev'ry ſide.
What next ſhe had deſign'd heav'n only knows:
To ſuch immod'rate growth her conqueſt roſe,
That fate alone its progreſs could oppoſe.

VII.

Now all thoſe charms, that blooming grace,
The well proportion'd ſhape and beauteous face,
Shall never more be ſeen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much lamented virgin lies.
Nor wit nor piety could fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel deſtiny content
To finiſh all the murder at a blow,
To ſweep at once her life and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more miſchievouſly ſlow,
And plunder'd firſt, and then deſtroy'd.
O double ſacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relic and deface the ſhrine!
But thus Orinda dy'd:
Heav'n by the ſame diſeaſe did both tranſlate:
As equal were their ſouls, ſo equal were their fate.

IX.

Meantime her warlike brother on the ſeas
His waving ſtreamers to the winds diſplays,
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.
Ah, gen'rous youth! that wiſh forbear,
The winds too ſoon will waft thee here:
Slack all thy ſails, and fear to come,
Alas! thou know'ſt not thou art wreck'd at home!
No more ſhalt thou behold thy ſiſter's face,
Thou haſt already had her laſt embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou kenn'ſt from far,
Among the Pleiads a new kindled ſtar,
If any ſparkles than the reſt more bright,
'Tis ſhe that ſhines in that propitious light.

X.

When in mid-air the golden trump ſhall ſound,
To raiſe the nations under ground;
When in the valley of Jehoſhaphat,
The judging God ſhall cloſe the book of fate,
And there the laſt aſſizes keep
For thoſe who wake and thoſe who ſleep;
When rattling bones together fly
From the four corners of the ſky;
When ſinews o'er the ſkeletons are ſpread,
Thoſe cloath'd with fleſh, and life inſpires the dead;
The ſacred poets firſt ſhall hear the ſound,
And foremoſt from the tomb ſhall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lighteſt ground;
And ſtraight, with inborn vigour, on the wing,
Like mounting larks to the new morning ſing;
There thou, ſweet ſaint! before the choir ſhall go,
As harbinger of heav'n, the way to ſhow,
The way which thou ſo well haſt learnt below.

ELEONORA:

A PANEGYRICAL POEM.

Dedicated to the Memory of

THE LATE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

To the Right Honourable

THE EARL OF ABINGDON, *&c.*

My Lord,

THE commands with which you honoured me ſome months ago are now performed: they had been ſooner, but, betwixt ill health, ſome buſineſs, and many troubles, I was forced to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his baniſhment, and writing from on ſhipboard to his friends, excuſed the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes, and told them that good verſes never flow but from a ſerene and compoſed ſpirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury with wings faſtened to its head and heels, can fly but ſlowly in a

damp air; I therefore choſe rather to obey you late than ill, if at leaſt I am capable of writing any thing at any time which is worthy your peruſal and your patronage. I cannot ſay that I have eſcaped from a ſhipwreck, but have only gained a rock by hard ſwimming, where I may pant awhile and gather breath: for the doctors gave me a ſad aſſurance that my diſeaſe never took its leave of any man but with a purpoſe to return. However, my Lord, I have laid hold on the interval, and managed the ſmall ſtock which age has left me to the beſt advantage, in performing this inconſiderable ſervice to my Lady's memory. We, who are prieſts of Apollo, have not the inſpiration when we pleaſe; but muſt wait till the god comes ruſhing on us, and invades us with a fury which we are not able to reſiſt; which gives us double ſtrength while the fit continues, and leaves us languiſhing and ſpent at its departure. Let me not ſeem to boaſt, my Lord; for I have really felt it on this occaſion, and propheſied beyond my natural power. Let me add, and hope to be believed, that the excellency of the ſubject contributed much to the happineſs of the execution; and that the weight of thirty years was taken off me while I was writing. I ſwam with the tide, and the water under me was buoyant. The reader will eaſily obſerve that I was tranſported by the multitude and variety of my ſimilitudes, which are generally the product of luxuriant fancy, and the wantonneſs of wit. Had I called in my judgment to my aſſiſtance, I had certainly retrenched many of them. But I defend them not; let them paſs for beautiful faults amongſt the better ſort of critics; for the whole poem, though written in that which they call heroic verſe, is of the Pindaric nature, as well in the thought as the expreſſion; and, as ſuch, requires the ſame grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as your Lordſhip ſees in the title, not for an elegy, but a panygeric: a kind of apotheoſis, indeed, if a heathen word may be applied to a chriſtain uſe. And, on all occaſions of praiſe, if we take the ancients for our patterns, we are bound, by

preſcription, to employ the magnificence of words, and the force of figures, to adorn the ſublimity of thoughts. Iſocrates, among the Grecian orators, and Cicero and the Younger Pliny amongſt the Romans, have left their precedents for our ſecurity: for I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who ſtretches on theſe pinions out of ſight, and is carried upward as it were into another world.

This at leaſt, my Lord, I may juſtly plead, that if I have not performed ſo well as I think I have, yet I have uſed my beſt endeavours to excel myſelf. One diſadvantage I have had, which is, never to have known or ſeen my Lady; and to draw the lineaments of her mind from the deſcription which I have received from others, is for a painter to ſet himſelf at work without the living original before him; which, the more beautiful it is, will be ſo much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only a relation given him of ſuch and ſuch features by an acquintance or a friend, without the nice touches, which give the beſt reſemblance, and make the graces of the picture. Every artiſt is apt enough to flatter himſelf (and I among the reſt) that his own ocular obſervations would have diſcovered more perfections, at leaſt others, than have been delivered to him; though I have received mine from the beſt hands, that is, from perſons who neither want a juſt underſtanding of my Lady's worth, nor a due veneration of her memory.

Doctor Donne, the greateſt wit, though not the greateſt poet, of our nation, acknowledges that he had never ſeen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable anniverſaries. I have had the ſame fortune, though I have not ſucceeded to the ſame genius. However, I have followed his footſteps in the deſign of his panegyric, which was to raiſe an emulation in the living to copy out the example of the dead; and therefore it was that I once intended to have called this poem *The Pattern*; and though, on a ſecond conſideration, I changed the title into the name of the illuſtrious perſon, yet the deſign continues, and Eleo-

nora is ſtill the pattern of charity, devotion, and humility; of the beſt wife, the beſt mother, and the beſt of friends.

And now, my Lord, though I have endeavoured to anſwer your commands, yet I could not anſwer it to the world, nor to my conſcience, if I gave not your Lordſhip my teſtimony of being the beſt huſband now living: I ſay my teſtimony only; for the praiſe of it is given you by yourſelf. They who deſpiſe the rules of virtue, both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happineſs of the Counteſs of Abingdon to have been ſo truly loved by you while ſhe was living, and ſo gratefully honoured after ſhe was dead. Few there are who have either had or could have ſuch a loſs; and yet fewer who carried their love and conſtancy beyond the grave. The exteriors of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the uſual ſtints of common huſbands; and perhaps their wives deſerve no better than to be mourned with hypocriſy, and forgot with eaſe. But you have diſtinguiſhed yourſelf from ordinary lovers by a real and laſting grief for the deceaſed; and by endeavouring to raiſe for her the moſt durable monument, which is that of verſe. And ſo it would have proved, if the workman had been equal to the work, and your choice of the artificer as happy as your deſign. Yet, as Phidias, when he had made the ſtatue of Minerva, could not forbear to engrave his own name as author of the piece; ſo give me leave to hope that, by ſubſcribing mine to this poem, I may live by the goddeſs, and tranſmit my name to poſterity by the memory of her's. It is no flattery to aſſure your Lordſhip that ſhe is remembered in the preſent age by all who have had the honour of her converſation and acquaintance; and that I have never been in any company ſince the news of her death was firſt brought me, where they have not extolled her virtues, and even ſpoken the ſame things of her in proſe which I have done in verſe.

I therefore think myſelf obliged to thank your Lordſhip for the commiſſion which you have given me: how I have acquitted myſelf of it muſt be left to the opinion of the world, in ſpite of any proteſtation which I can enter againſt the preſent age as incompetent or corrupt judges. For my comfort they are but Engliſhmen, and, as ſuch, if they think ill of me to-day, they are inconſtant enough to think well of me to-morrow. And, after all, I have not much to thank my fortune that I was born amongſt them. The good of both ſexes are ſo few in England, that they ſtand like exceptions againſt general rules; and though one of them has deſerved a greater commendation than I could give her, they have taken care that I ſhould not tire my pen with frequent exerciſe on the like ſubjects; that praiſes, like taxes, ſhould be appropriated, and left almoſt as individual as the perſon. They ſay my talent is ſatire: if it be ſo it is a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather; but a ſingle hand is inſufficient for ſuch a harveſt. They have ſown the dragon's teeth themſelves, and it is but juſt they ſhould reap each other in lampoons. You, my Lord, who have the character of honour, though it is not my happineſs to know you, may ſtand aſide, with the ſmall remainders of the Engliſh nobility, truly ſuch, and, unhurt yourſelves, behold the mad combat. If I have pleaſed you, and ſome few others, I have obtained my end: You ſee I have diſabled myſelf, like an elected Speaker of the Houſe: yet, like him, I have undertaken the charge, and find the burden ſufficiently recompenſed by the honour. Be pleaſed to accept, of theſe my unworthy labours, this paper monument; and let her pious memory, which I am ſure is ſacred to you, not only plead the pardon of my many faults, but gain me your protection, which is ambitiouſly fought by,

My Lord,
Your Lordſhip's
Moſt obedient ſervant,
JOHN DRYDEN.

ELEONORA:

A PANEGYRICAL POEM.

Dedicated to the Memory of the late Countess of Abingdon.

AS when some great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whispers first and mournful murmurs rise
Among the sad attendants; then the sound
Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news around,
Thro' town and country, till the dreadful blast
Is blown to distant colonies at last,
Who then perhaps were off'ring vows in vain,
For his long life, and for his happy reign;
So slowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame
Did matchless Eleonora's fate proclaim,
Till public as the loss the news became.
The nation felt it in th' extremest parts,
With eyes o'erflowing and with bleeding hearts;
But most the poor, whom daily she supply'd,
Beginning to be such but when she dy'd:
For, while she liv'd, they slept in peace by night,
Secure of bread as of returning light;
And with such firm dependence on the day,
That Need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray:
So sure the dole, so ready at their call,
They stood prepar'd to see the manna fall.
Such multitudes she fed, she cloath'd, she nurst,
That she herself might fear her wanting first.
Of her five talents other five she made;
Heav'n, that had largely giv'n, was largely paid;
And in few lives, in wond'rous few, we find
A fortune better fitted to the mind.
Nor did her alms from ostentation fail,
Or proud desire of praise; the soul gave all:
Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a bribe appear,
No less than heav'n, to heap huge treasures there.
Want pass'd for merit at her open door;
Heav'n saw he safely might increase his poor,
And trust their sustenance with her so well,
As not to be at charge of miracle.

None could be needy whom she saw or knew;
All in the compass of her sphere she drew:
He who could touch her garment was as sure
As the first Christians of th' apostles' cure.
The distant heard by fame her pious deeds,
And laid her up for their extremest needs,
A future cordial for a fainting mind;
For what was ne'er refus'd all hop'd to find
Each in his turn. The rich might freely come,
As to a friend; but to the poor 'twas home.
As to some holy house th' afflicted came,
The hunger-starv'd, the naked, and the lame,
Want and diseases fled before her name.
For zeal like her's her servants were too slow;
She was the first, where need requir'd, to go;
Herself the foundress and attendant too.
Sure she had guests sometimes to entertain,
Guests in disguise, of her great master's train:
Her Lord himself might come, for ought we know,
Since in a servants form he liv'd below:
Beneath her roof he might be pleas'd to stay;
Or some benighted angel in his way
Might ease his wings, and, seeing heav'n appear
In its best work of mercy, think it there,
Where all the deeds of charity and love
Were in as constant method as above,
All carry'd on: all of a piece with theirs;
As free her alms, as diligent her cares;
As loud her praises, and as warm her pray'rs.
Yet was she not profuse, but fear'd to waste,
And wisely manag'd, that the stock might last;
That all might be supply'd, and she not grieve,
When crowds appear'd, she had not to relieve:
Which to prevent, she still increas'd her store;
Laid up, and spar'd, that she might give the more.
So Pharoah, or some greater king than he,
Provided for the seventh necessity;
Taught from above his magazines to frame,
That famine was prevented ere it came.

Thus heaven, tho' all-ſufficient, ſhews a thrift
In his economy, and bounds his gift;
Creating for our day one ſingle light,
And his reflection too ſupplies the night.
Perhaps a thouſand other worlds that lie
Remote from us, and latent in the ſky,
Are lighten'd by his beams, and kindly nurſt,
Of which our earthly dunghill is the worſt.
Now, as all virtues keep the middle line,
Yet ſomewhat more to one extreme incline,
Such was her ſoul; abhorring avarice,
Bounteous, but almoſt bounteous to a vice:
Had ſhe giv'n more it had profuſion been,
And turn'd the exceſs of goodneſs into ſin.
Theſe virtues rais'd her fabric to the ſky;
For that which is next heav'n is charity.
But, as high turrets, for their airy ſteep
Require foundations in proportion deep,
And lofty cedars as far upwards ſhoot
As to the nether heav'ns they drive the root,
So low did her ſecure foundation lie;
She was not humble, but humility.
Scarcely ſhe knew that ſhe was great or fair,
Or wiſe, beyond what other women are,
Or, which is better, knew, but never durſt compare:
For to be conſcious of what all admire,
And not be vain, advances virtue higher.
But ſtill ſhe found, or rather thought ſhe found,
Her own worth wanting, others' to abound;
Aſcrib'd above their due to ev'ry one,
Unjuſt and ſcanty to herſelf alone.
Such her devotion was as might give rules
Of ſpeculation to diſputing ſchools,
And teach us equally the ſcales to hold
Betwixt the two extremes of hot and cold;
That pious hint may moderately prevail,
And we be warm'd, but not be ſcorch'd with zeal.
Buſ'neſs might ſhorten, not diſturb her pray'r;
Heav'n had the beſt, if not the greater ſhare.

An active life long oriſons forbids;
Yet ſtill ſhe pray'd, for ſtill ſhe pray'd by deeds.
Her ev'ry day was ſabbath! only free
From hours of pray'r to hours of charity.
Such as the Jews from ſervile toil releaſt,
Where works of mercy were a part of reſt;
Such as bleſs'd angels exerciſe above,
Vary'd with ſecret hymns and acts of love:
Such ſabbaths as that one ſhe now enjoys,
E'en that perpetual one, which ſhe employs
(For ſuch viciſſitudes in heav'n there are)
In praiſe alternate, and alternate pray'r.
All this ſhe practis'd here, that when ſhe ſprung
Amidſt the choirs, at the firſt ſight ſhe ſung:
Sung, and was ſung herſelf in angels' lays,
For praiſing her they did her maker praiſe.
All offices of heav'n ſo well ſhe knew
Before ſhe came, that nothing there was new;
And ſhe was ſo familiarly receiv'd,
As one returning, not as one arriv'd.
Muſe! down again precipitate thy flight,
For how can mortal eyes ſuſtain immortal light?
But as the ſun in water we can bear,
Yet not the ſun, but his reflection there,
So let us view her here in what ſhe was,
And take her image in this wat'ry glaſs:
Yet look not ev'ry lineament to ſee;
Some will be caſt in ſhades, and ſome will be
So lamely drawn, you'll ſcarcely know 'tis ſhe:
For where ſuch various virtues we recite,
'Tis like the milky-way, all over bright,
But ſown ſo thick with ſtars, 'tis undiſtinguiſh'd light.
Her virtue, not her virtues, let us call,
For one heroic comprehends 'em all:
One, as a conſtellation is but one,
Tho' 'tis a train of ſtars that, rolling on,
Riſe in their turn, and in the Zodiac run,
Ever in motion; now 'tis faith aſcends,
Now hope, now charity, that upward tends,
And downwards with diffuſive good deſcends.

As in perfumes, compos'd with art and coſt,
'Tis hard to ſay what ſcent is uppermoſt;
Nor this part muſk or civet can we call,
Or amber, but a rich reſult of all;
So ſhe was all a ſweet, whoſe ev'ry part,
In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's art.
No ſingle virtue we could moſt commend,
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend;
For ſhe was all, in that ſupreme degree,
That, as no one prevail'd, ſo all was ſhe.
The ſev'ral parts lay hidden in the piece;
Th' occaſion but exerted that or this.
A wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the firſt woman was before her fall;
Made for the man of whom ſhe was a part,
Made to attract his eyes and keep his heart.
A ſecond Eve, but by no time accurſt:
As beauteous, not as brittle, as the firſt.
Had ſhe been firſt, ſtill Paradiſe had been,
And death had found no entrance by her ſin.
So ſhe not only had preſerv'd from ill
Her ſex and ours, but liv'd their pattern ſtill.
Love and obedience to her lord ſhe bore;
She much obey'd him, but ſhe lov'd him more:
Not aw'd to duty by ſuperior ſway,
But taught by his indulgence to obey.
Thus we love God as author of our good;
So ſubjects love juſt kings, or ſo they ſhould.
Nor was it with ingratitude return'd;
In equal fires the bliſsful couple burn'd; [mourn'd.
One joy poſſeſs'd 'em both, and in one grief they
His paſſion ſtill improv'd; he lov'd ſo faſt,
As if he fear'd each day would be her laſt.
Too true a prophet to foreſee the fate
That ſhould ſo ſoon divide their happy ſtate,
When he to Heav'n entirely muſt reſtore
That love, that heart, where he went halves before.
Yet as the ſoul is all in ev'ry part,
So God and he might each have all her heart

So had her children too; for charity
Was not more fruitful or more kind than ſhe:
Each under other by degrees they grew,
A goodly perſpective of diſtant view.
Anchiſes look'd not with ſo pleas'd a face
In numb'ring o'er his future Roman race,
And marſhalling the heroes of his name,
As in their order next to light they came;
Nor Cybele, with half ſo kind an eye,
Survey'd her ſons and daughters of the ſky;
Proud, ſhall I ſay, of her immortal fruit,
As far as pride with heav'nly minds may ſuit.
Her pious love excell'd to all ſhe bore;
New objects only multiplied it more:
And as the choſen found the pearly grain
As much as ev'ry veſſel could contain;
As in the bliſsful viſion each ſhall ſhare
As much of glory as his ſoul can bear;
So did ſhe love, and ſo diſpenſe her care.
Her eldeſt thus, by conſequence, was beſt,
As longer cultivated than the reſt.
The babe had all that infant care beguiles,
And early knew his mother in her ſmiles:
But when dilated organs let in day
To the young ſoul, and gave it room to play,
At his firſt aptneſs the maternal love
Thoſe rudiments of reaſon did improve,
The tender age was pliant to command,
Like wax it yielded to the forming hand;
True to th' artificer, the labour'd mind
With eaſe was pious, gen'rous, juſt, and kind;
Soft for impreſſion, from the firſt prepar'd,
Till virtue with long exerciſe grew hard;
With ev'ry act confirm'd, and made at laſt
So durable as not to be effac'd,
It turn'd to habit; and, from vices free,
Goodneſs reſolv'd into neceſſity.
Thus fix'd ſhe Virtue's image, that's her own,
Till the whole mother in the children ſhone,

For that was their perfection: she was such,
They never could express her mind too much.
So unexhausted her perfections were,
That for more children she had more to spare;
For souls unborn, whom her untimely death
Depriv'd of bodies and of mortal breath:
And, could they take th' impressions of her mind,
Enough still left to sanctify her kind.
Then wonder not to see this soul extend
The bounds, and seek some other self, a friend.
As swelling seas to gentle rivers glide,
To seek repose, and empty out the tide;
So this full soul, in narrow limits pent,
Unable to contain her, sought a vent
To issue out, and in some friendly breast
Discharge her treasures, and securely rest;
T' unbosom all the secrets of her heart,
Take good advice, but better to impart:
For 'tis the bliss of friendship's holy state
To mix their minds, and to communicate;
Tho' bodies cannot, souls can penetrate:
Fix'd to her choice, inviolably true,
And wisely chusing, for she chose but few.
Some she must have, but in no one could find
A tally fitted for so large a mind.
The souls of friends like kings in progress are;
Still in their own, tho' from the palace far:
Thus her friend's heart her country dwelling was,
A sweet retirement to a coarser place,
Where pomp and ceremonies enter'd not,
Where greatness was shut out, and bus'ness well forgot.
This is th' imperfect draught: but short as far
As the true height and bigness of a star
Exceeds the measures of th' astronomer.
She shines above, we know, but in what place,
How near the throne, and heav'ns imperial face,
By our weak optics is but vainly guest;
Distance and altitude conceal the rest.
Tho' all these rare endowments of the mind
Were in a narrow space of life confin'd,

The figure was with full perfection crown'd,
Tho' not ſo large an orb, as truly round.
As when in glory thro' the public place
The ſpoils of conquer'd nations were to paſs,
And but one day for triumph was allow'd,
The conſul was conſtrain'd his pomp to crowd,
And ſo the ſwift proceſſion hurry'd on,
That all, tho' not diſtinctly, might be ſhown;
So in the ſtraighten'd bounds of life confin'd,
She gave but glimpſes of her glorious mind:
And multitudes of virtues paſs'd along,
Each preſſing foremoſt in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be ſeen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come.
Yet unemploy'd no minute ſlipt away;
Moments were precious in ſo ſhort a ſtay,
The haſte of heav'n to have her was ſo great,
That ſome were ſingle acts, tho' each complete,
But every act ſtood ready to repeat.
Her fellow ſaints with buſy care will look
For her bleſs'd name in Fate's eternal book,
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will ſee
Numberleſs virtues, endleſs charity;
But more will wonder, at ſo ſhort an age,
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page,
And, with a pious fear, begin to doubt
The piece imperfect, and the reſt torn out:
But 'twas her Saviour's time; and, could there be
A copy near the original, 'twas ſhe.
As precious gums are not for laſting fire,
They but perfume the temple and expire;
So was ſhe ſoon exhal'd, and vaniſh'd hence,
A ſhort ſweet odour of a vaſt expence.
She vaniſh'd, we can ſcarely ſay ſhe dy'd;
For but a Now did heav'n and earth divide:
She paſs'd ſerenely with a ſingle breath;
This moment perfect health, the next was death:
One ſigh did her eternal bliſs aſſure;
So little penance needs when ſouls are almoſt pure.

As gentle dreams our waking thoughts purſue,
Or, one dream paſs'd, we ſlide into a new;
So cloſe they follow, ſuch wild order keep,
We think ourſelves awake, and are aſleep;
So ſoftly death ſucceeded life in her,
So did but dream of heav'n and ſhe was there.
No pain ſhe ſuffer'd, nor expir'd with noiſe,
Her ſoul was whiſper'd out with God's ſtill voice.
As an old friend is beckon'd to a feaſt,
And treated like a long familiar gueſt,
He took her as he found, but found her ſo,
As one in hourly readineſs to go:
E'en on that day, in all her trim prepar'd,
As early notice, ſhe from heav'n had heard,
And ſome deſcending courier from above
Had giv'n her timely warning to remove,
Or counſell'd her to dreſs the nuptial room,
For on that night the bridegroom was to come.
He kept his hour, and found her where ſhe lay,
Cloth'd all in white, the liv'ry of the day.
Scarce had ſhe ſinn'd in thought, or word, or act,
Unleſs omiſſions were to paſs for fact,
That hardly Death a conſequence could draw,
To make her liable to Nature's law.
And that ſhe dy'd we only have to ſhow
The mortal part of her ſhe left below:
The reſt, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſuddenly ſhe went,
Look'd like tranſlation thro' the firmament,
Or like the fiery car on the third errand ſent.
O happy ſoul! if thou canſt view from high,
Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find'ſt that any way be pervious,
Survey the ruins of thy houſe, and ſee
Thy widow'd and thy orphan family;
Look on thy tender pledges left behind,
And, if thou canſt a vacant minute find
From heav'nly joys, that interval afford
To thy ſad children, and thy mourning lord!

See how they grieve, miſtaken in their love,
And ſhed a beam of comfort from above;
Give 'em, as much as mortal eyes can bear,
A tranſient view of thy full glories there,
That they with mod'rate ſorrow may ſuſtain
And mollify their loſſes in thy gain;
Or elſe divide the grief; for ſuch thou wert,
That ſhould not all relations bear a part,
It were enough to break a ſingle heart.
Let this ſuffice; nor thou, great ſaint! refuſe
This humble tribute of no vulgar muſe,
Who not by cares, or wants, or age, depreſt,
Stems a wild deluge with a dauntleſs breaſt,
And dares to ſing thy praiſes in a clime
Where vice triumphs, and virtue is a crime;
Where e'en to draw the picture of thy mind
Is ſatire on the moſt of humankind:
Take it while yet 'tis praiſe; before my rage,
Unſafely juſt, break looſe on this bad age;
So bad, that thou thyſelf haſt no defence
From vice, but barely by departing hence.
Be what, and where thou art; to wiſh thy place
Were, in the beſt, preſumption more than grace.
Thy relics (ſuch thy works of mercy are)
Have in this poem been my only care.
As earth thy body keeps, thy ſoul the ſky,
So ſhall this verſe preſerve thy memory,
For thou ſhalt make it live, becauſe it ſings of thee.

UPON THE
DEATH OF THE EARL OF DUNDEE.

OH laſt and beſt of Scots! who didſt maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign.
New people fill the land, now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the throne.
Scotland and thee did each in other live;
Nor wouldſt thou her nor could ſhe thee ſurvive.
Farewel! who dying didſt ſupport the ſtate,
And couldſt not fall but with thy country's fate.

ON THE DEATH OF AMYNTAS.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

'TWAS on a joyleſs and a gloomy morn,
Wet was the graſs, and hung with pearls the thorn;
When Damon, who deſign'd to paſs the day
With hounds and horns, and chaſe the flying prey,
Roſe early from his bed; but ſoon he found
The welkin pitch'd with ſullen clouds around,
An eaſtern wind, and dew upon the ground.
Thus while he ſtood, and, ſighing, did ſurvey
The fields, and curs'd th' ill omens of the day,
He ſaw Menalcas come with heavy pace,
Wet were his eyes, and cheerleſs was his face;
He wrung his hands, diſtracted with his care,
And ſent his voice before him from afar:
Return, he cry'd, return, unhappy ſwain!
The ſpungy clouds are filled with gath'ring rain;
The promiſe of the day not only croſt,
But e'en the ſpring, the ſpring itſelf, is loſt.
Amyntas—Oh!—He could not ſpeak the reſt,
Nor needed, for preſaging Damon gueſt.
Equal with heav'n, young Damon lov'd the boy,
The boaſt of Nature, both his parents' joy.
His graceful form revolving in his mind,
So great a genius, and a ſoul ſo kind,
Gave ſad aſſurance that his fears were true;
Too well the envy of the gods he knew:
For when their gifts too laviſhly are plac'd,
Soon they repent, and will not make them laſt:
For ſure it was too bountiful a dole,
The mother's features, and the father's ſoul.
Then thus he cry'd: the morn beſpoke the news;
The morning did her cheerful light diffuſe;
But ſee how ſuddenly ſhe chang'd her face,
And brought on clouds and rain, the day's diſgrace:
Juſt ſuch, Amyntas! was thy promis'd race.
What charms adorn'd thy youth, where Nature ſmil'd,
And more than man has giv'n us in a child!

His infancy was ripe; a ſoul ſublime
In years ſo tender that prevented time;
Heav'n had him all at once! then ſnatch'd away,
Ere mortals all his beauties could ſurvey;
Juſt like the flow'r that buds and withers in a day.
MEN. The mother, lovely, tho' with grief oppreſt,
Reclin'd his dying head upon her breaſt:
The mournful family ſtood all around;
One groan was heard, one univerſal ſound;
All were in floods of tears and endleſs ſorrow drown'd.
So dire a ſadneſs ſat on ev'ry look,
E'en Death repented he had giv'n the ſtroke;
He griev'd his fatal work had been ordain'd,
But promis'd length of life to thoſe who yet remained.
The mother's and her eldeſt daughter's grace
It ſeems had brib'd him to prolong their ſpace.
The father bore it with undaunted ſoul,
Like one who durſt his deſtiny control;
Yet with becoming grief he bore his part,
Reſign'd his ſon, but not reſign'd his heart:
Patient as Job; and may he live to ſee,
Like him, a new increaſing family!
DAM. Such is my wiſh, and ſuch my prophecy.
For yet my friend the beauteous mould remains;
Long may ſhe exerciſe her fruitful pains!
But, ah! with better hap, and bring a race
More laſting, and endu'd with equal grace!
Equal ſhe may, but farther none can go;
For he was all that was exact below.
MEN. Damon behold yon breaking purple cloud;
Hear'ſt thou not hymns and ſongs divinely loud?
There mounts Amyntas; the young cherubs play
About their godlike mate, and ſing him on his way:
He cleaves the liquid air, behold he flies,
And ev'ry moment gains upon the ſkies.
The new-come gueſt admires th' etherial ſtate,
The ſapphire portal, and the golden gate;
And now admitted in the ſhining throng,
He ſhows the paſſport which he brought along:

His paſſport is his innocence and grace,
Well known to all the natives of the place.
Now ſing, ye joyful angels! and admire
Your brother's voice that comes to mend your choir:
Sing you, while endleſs tears our eyes beſtow,
For like Amyntas none is left below. 81

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

HE who could view the book of deſtiny,
And read whatever there was writ of thee,
O charming youth! in the firſt op'ning page,
So many graces in ſo green an age,
Such wit, ſuch modeſty, ſuch ſtrength of mind,
A ſoul at once ſo manly and ſo kind,
Would wonder, when he turn'd the volume o'er,
And after ſome few leaves ſhould find no more,
Nought but a blank remain, a dead void ſpace,
A ſtep of life that promis'd ſuch a race.
We muſt not, dare not, think that heav'n began
A child, and could not finiſh him a man,
Reflecting what a mighty ſtore was laid
Of rich materials, and a model made;
The coſt already furniſh'd, ſo beſtow'd,
As more was never to one ſoul allow'd;
Yet after this profuſion ſpent in vain,
Nothing but mould'ring aſhes to remain!
I gueſs not, leſt I ſplit upon the ſhelf,
Yet, durſt I gueſs, heav'n kept it for himſelf;
And giving us the uſe, did ſoon recal,
Ere we could ſpare, the mighty principal.
Thus then he diſappear'd, was rarify'd;
For 'tis improper ſpeech to ſay he dy'd:
He was exhal'd, his great Creator drew
His ſpirit, as the ſun the morning dew.
'Tis ſin produces death; and he had none
But the taint Adam left on ev'ry ſon.
He added not, he was ſo pure, ſo good,
'Twas but th' orig'nal forfeit of his blood,
And that ſo little, that the river ran
More clear than the corrupted fount began.

Nothing remain'd of the firſt muddy clay,
The length of courſe had waſh'd it in the way;
So deep, and yet ſo clear, we might behold
The gravel bottom, and that bottom gold.
As ſuch we lov'd, admir'd, almoſt ador'd,
Gave all the tribute mortals could afford:
Perhaps we gave ſo much, the pow'rs above
Grew angry at our ſuperſtitious love;
For when we more than happy homage pay,
The charming cauſe is juſtly ſnatch'd away.
Thus was the crime not his, but ours alone,
And yet we murmur that he went ſo ſoon,
Tho' miracles are ſhort and rarely ſhown.
Hear then, ye mournful parents! and divide
That love in many which in one was ty'd.
That individual bleſſing is no more,
But multiply'd in your remaining ſtore.
The flame's diſpers'd, but does not all expire;
The ſparkles blaze, tho' not the globe of fire.
Love him by parts in all your num'rous race,
And from thoſe parts form one collected grace;
Then when you have refin'd to that degree,
Imagine all in one, and think that one is he.

UPON YOUNG MASTER ROGERS, OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

OF gentle blood, his parents' only treaſure,
Their laſting ſorrow, and their vaniſh'd pleaſure;
Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large proviſion for ſo ſhort a race;
More moderate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
Too early fitted for a better ſtate;
But, knowing heaven his home, to ſhun delay
He leap'd o'er age, and took the ſhorteſt way.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. PURCELL. SET TO MUSIC BY DR. BLOW.

MARK how the lark and linnet ſing;
With rival notes
They ſtrain their warbling throats
To welcome in the ſpring.

But in the close of night,
When Philomel begins her heav'nly lay,
They seize their mutual spite,
Drink in her music with delight,
And, list'ning, silently obey.

II.

So ceas'd the rival crew when Purcell came;
They sung no more, or only sung his fame:
Struck dumb, they all admir'd the godlike man;
The godlike man,
Alas! too soon retir'd,
As he too late began.
We beg not hell our Orpheus to restore:
Had he been there,
Their sov'reign's fear,
Had sent him back before.
The pow'r of harmony too well they knew;
He long ere this had tun'd their jarring sphere,
And left no hell below.

III.

The heav'nly choir, who heard his notes from high,
Let down the scale of music from the sky;
They handed him along,
And all the way he taught, and all the way they sung,
Ye brethren of the lyre and tuneful voice!
Lament his lot, but at your own rejoice;
Now live secure, and linger out your days;
The gods are pleas'd alone with Purcell's lays,
Nor know to mend their choice.

EPITAPH
ON THE LADY WHITMORE.

FAIR, kind, and true, a treasure each, alone,
A wife, a mistress, and a friend, in one,
Rest in this tomb, rais'd at thy husband's cost,
Here sadly summing what he had, and lost.
Come, virgins! ere in equal bands ye join,
Come first and offer at her sacred shrine;
Pray but for half the virtues of this wife,
Compound for all the rest with longer life,

And wiſh your vows, like her's, may be return'd,
So lov'd when living, and when dead ſo mourn'd.

EPITAPH

On Sir Palmes Fairbone's Tomb in Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Sacred to the immortal memory of Sir Palmes Fairbone, Knight, Governor of Tangier; in execution of which command he was mortally wounded by a ſhot from the Moors, then beſieging the town, in the forty-ſixth year of his age, October 24, 1680.

YE ſacred relics! which your marble keep,
Here, undiſturb'd by wars, in quiet ſleep;
Diſcharge the truſt which, when it was below,
Fairbone's undaunted ſoul did undergo,
And be the town's Palladium from the foe.
Alive and dead theſe walls he will defend:
Great actions great examples muſt attend.
The Candian ſiege his early valour knew,
Where Turkiſh blood did his young hands imbrue:
From thence returning with deſerv'd applauſe,
Againſt the Moors his well-fleſh'd ſword he draws;
The ſame the courage, and the ſame the cauſe.
His youth and age, his life and death combine,
As in ſome great and regular deſign,
All of a piece throughout, and all divine.
Still nearer heav'n his virtues ſhone more bright,
Like riſing flames, expanding in their height;
The martyr's glory crown'd the ſoldier's fight.
More bravely Britiſh general never fell,
Nor general's death was e'er reveng'd ſo well;
Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their cloſe,
Follow'd by thouſand victims of his foes.
To his lamented loſs for time to come
His pious widow conſecrates this tnmb.

UNDER MR. MILTON'S PICTURE,

BEFORE HIS PARADISE LOST.

THREE poets, in three diſtant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn.
The firſt in loftineſs of thought ſurpaſt;
The next in Majeſty; in both the laſt.
The force of nature could not further go;
To make a third ſhe join'd the former two.

ON THE

MONUMENT OF A FAIR MAIDEN LADY,

Who died at Bath, and is there interred.

BELOW this marble monument is laid
All that heav'n wants of this celeſtial maid;
Preſerve, O ſacred tomb! thy truſt conſign'd;
The mould was made on purpoſe for the mind,
And ſhe would loſe, if at the latter day
One atom could be mix'd of other clay.
Such were the features of her heav'nly face,
Her limbs were form'd with ſuch harmonious grace,
So faultleſs was the frame, as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the ſoul,
Which her own inward ſymmetry reveal'd,
And like a picture ſhone, in glaſs anneal'd,
Or like the ſun eclips'd, with ſhaded light,
Too piercing, elſe, to be ſuſtain'd by ſight;
Each thought was viſible that roll'd within,
As thro' a cryſtal caſe the figur'd hours are ſeen;
And heav'n did this tranſparent veil provide,
Becauſe ſhe had no guilty thought to hide.
All white, a virgin-ſaint, ſhe ſought the ſkies;
For marriage, tho' it ſullies not, it dies.
High tho' her wit, yet humble was her mind,
As if ſhe could not, or ſhe would not, find
How much her worth tranſcended all her kind.
Yet ſhe had learnt ſo much of heav'n below,
That, when arriv'd, ſhe ſcarce had more to know,
But only to refreſh the former hint,
And read her Maker in a fairer print.
So pious, as ſhe had no time to ſpare
For human thoughts, but was confin'd to pray'r.
Yet in ſuch charities ſhe paſs'd the day,
'Twas wondrous how ſhe found an hour to pray.
A ſoul ſo calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
Which paſſion could but curl, not diſcompoſe.
A female ſoftneſs, with a manly mind;
A daughter duteous, and a ſiſter kind;
In ſickneſs patient, and in death reſign'd.

EPITAPH

ON MRS. MARGARET PASTON,

Of Burningham in Norfolk.

SO fair, ſo young, ſo innocent, ſo ſweet,
So ripe a judgment, and ſo rare a wit,
Require at leaſt an age in one to meet.
In her they met; but long they could not ſtay,
'Twas gold too fine to mix without allay.
Heav'n's image was in her ſo well expreſt,
Her very ſight upbraided all the reſt;
Too juſtly raviſh'd from an age like this,
Now ſhe is gone the world is of a piece.

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER

HE who in impious times undaunted ſtood,
And 'midſt rebellion durſt be juſt and good,
Whoſe arms aſſerted, and whoſe ſuff'rings more
Confirmed the cauſe for which he fought before,
Reſts here, rewarded by an heav'nly prince,
For what his earthly could not recompenſe.
Pray, reader! that ſuch times no more appear;
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
Aſk of this age's faith and loyalty,
Which, to preſerve them, heav'n confin'd in thee;
Few ſubjects could a king like thine deſerve,
And fewer ſuch a king ſo well could ſerve.
Bleſs'd king! bleſs'd ſubject! whoſe exalted ſtate
By ſuff'rings roſe, and gave the law to fate.
Such ſouls are rare, but mighty patterns giv'n
To earth, and meant for ornaments to heav'n.

EPITAPH

Upon the Earl of Rocheſter's being diſmiſſed from the Treaſury, in 1687.

HERE lies a creature of indulgent fate,
From Tory Hyde rais'd to a chit of ſtate;

In chariot now, Eliſha like, he's hurl'd
To th' upper empty regions of the world:
The airy thing cuts thro' the yielding ſky;
And as it goes does into atoms fly:
While we on earth ſee, with no ſmall delight,
The bird of prey turn'd to a paper kite.
With drunken pride and rage he did ſo well,
The hated thing without compaſſion fell;
By powerful force of univerſal prayer,
The ill-blown bubble is now turn'd to air;
To his firſt leſs than nothing he is gone,
By his prepoſterous tranſaction!

EPITAPH

INTENDED FOR DRYDEN'S WIFE.

HERE lies my wife: here let her lie!
Now ſhe's at reſt, and ſo am I.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH'S PICTURE.

SURE we do live by Cleopatra's age,
Since Sunderland does govern now the ſtage:
She of Septinius had nothing made,
Pompey alone had been by her betray'd.
Were ſhe a poet, ſhe would ſurely boaſt,
That all the world for pearls had well been loſt.

DESCRIPTION OF OLD JACOB TONSON.*

WITH leering look, bull-fac'd, and freckled fair,
With two left-legs, with Judas-colour'd hair,
And frowzy pores that taint the ambient air.—

* On Tonſon's refuſing to give Dryden the price he aſked for his Virgil, the poet ſent him the above; and added, "Tell the dog that he who wrote them, can write more." The money was paid.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE BEGINNING OF
THE FIRST BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

DELIGHT of human kind, and Gods above,
Parent of Rome, propitious Queen of Love,
Whoſe vital power, air, earth, and ſea, ſupplies;
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rolling ſkies:
For ev'ry kind, by thy prolific might,
Springs, and beholds the regions of the light.
Thee, goddeſs, thee the clouds and tempeſts fear,
And at thy pleaſing preſence diſappear:
For thee the land in fragrant flow'rs is dreſt;
For thee the ocean ſmiles, and ſmooths her wavy breaſt;
And heaven itſelf with more ſerene and purer light is [bleſt.
For when the riſing ſpring adorns the mead,
And a new ſcene of nature ſtands diſplay'd;
When teeming buds and cheerful greens appear,
And weſtern gales unlock the lazy year,
The joyous birds thy welcome firſt expreſs,
Whoſe native ſongs thy genial fire confeſs:
Then ſavage beaſts bound o'er their ſlighted food,
Struck with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood.
All nature is thy gift; earth, air, and ſea;
Of all that breathes, the various progeny,
Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.
O'er barren mountains, o'er the flow'ry plain,
The leafy foreſt, and the liquid main,
Extends thy uncontroll'd and boundleſs reign:
Through all the living regions doſt thou move,
And ſcatter'ſt, where thou go'ſt, the kindly ſeeds of love.
Since then the race of every living thing
Obeys thy power; ſince nothing new can ſpring
Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear,
Or beautiful or loveſome can appear;
Be thou my aid, my tuneful ſong inſpire,
And kindle with thy own productive fire:
While all thy province, Nature, I ſurvey,
And ſing to Memmius an immortal lay [pow'r diſplay;

Of heaven and earth, and every where thy wondrous
To Memmius, under thy ſweet influence born,
Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces doſt adorn.
The rather then aſſiſt my muſe and me,
Infuſing verſes worthy him and thee.
Meantime on land and ſea let barbarous diſcord ceaſe,
And lull the liſtening world in univerſal peace.
To thee mankind their ſoft repoſe muſt owe,
For thou alone that bleſſing canſt beſtow;
Becauſe the brutal buſineſs of the war
Is manag'd by thy dreadful ſervant's care;
Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove
The pleaſing pains of thy eternal love;
And, panting on thy breaſt, ſupinely lies,
While with thy heavenly form he feeds his famiſh'd eyes;
Sucks in with open lips thy balmy breath,
By turns reſtor'd to life, and plung'd in pleaſing death.
There while thy curling limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of love,
When, wiſhing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy charms in that auſpicious moment try,
With winning eloquence our peace implore,
And quiet to the weary world reſtore.

THE BEGINNING OF
THE SECOND BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

'TIS pleaſant, ſafely to behold from ſhore
The rolling ſhip, and hear the tempeſt roar:
Not that another's pain is our delight;
But pains unfelt produce the pleaſing ſight.
'Tis pleaſant alſo to behold from far
The moving legions mingled in the war:
But much more ſweet thy labouring ſteps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wiſdom well ſupply'd,
And all the magazines of learning fortify'd:
From thence to look below on human kind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind;
To ſee vain fools ambitiouſly contend
For wit and power; their laſt endeavours bend

T' outſhine each other, waſte their time and health
In ſearch of honour, and purſuit of wealth.
O wretched man! in what a miſt of life,
Inclos'd with dangers and with noiſy ſtrife,
He ſpends his little ſpan, and overfeeds
His cramm'd deſires with more than nature needs!
For nature wiſely ſtints our appetite,
And craves no more than undiſturb'd delight;
Which minds, unmix'd with cares and fears, obtain;
A ſoul ſerene, a body void of pain.
So little this corporeal frame requires,
So bounded are our natural deſires,
That, wanting all, and ſetting pain aſide,
With bare privation ſenſe is ſatisfied.
If golden ſconces hang not on the walls,
To light the coſtly ſuppers and the balls!
If the proud palace ſhines not with the ſtate
Of burniſh'd bowls, and of reflected plate;
If well-tun'd harps, nor the more pleaſing ſound
Of voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound;
Yet on the graſs, beneath the pop'lar ſhade,
By the cool ſtream, our careleſs limbs are laid;
With cheaper pleaſures innocently bleſt,
When the warm ſpring with gaudy flow'rs is dreſt.
Nor will the raging fever's fire abate,
With golden canopies and beds of ſtate:
But the poor patient will as ſoon be found
On the hard mattraſs, or the mother ground.
Then ſince our bodies are not eas'd the more
By birth, or pow'r, or fortune's wealthy ſtore,
'Tis plain, theſe uſeleſs toys of ev'ry kind
As little can relieve the labouring mind;
Unleſs we could ſuppoſe the dreadful ſight
Of marſhall'd legions moving to the fight,
Could, with their ſound and terrible array,
Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of death away.
But ſince the ſuppoſition vain appears,
Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
Are not with ſounds to be afrighted thence,
But in the midſt of pomp purſue the prince,

Not aw'd by arms, but in the preſence bold,
Without reſpect to purple or to gold;
Why ſhould not we theſe pageantries deſpiſe,
Whoſe worth but in our want of reaſon lies?
For life is all in wandering errors led;
And juſt as children are ſurpris'd with dread,
And tremble in the dark, ſo riper years,
E'en in broad day-light, are poſſeſs'd with fears.
And ſhake at ſhadows fanciful and vain
As thoſe which in the breaſts of children reign.
Theſe bugbears of the mind, this inward hell,
No rays of outward ſunſhine can diſpel;
But nature and right reaſon muſt diſplay [day.
Their beams abroad, and bring the darkſome ſoul to-

FROM THE FIFTH BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

"Tum porro puer, &c."

THUS, like a ſailor by a tempeſt hurl'd
Aſhore, the babe is ſhipwreck'd on the world:
Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
Helpleſs of all that human wants require;
Expos'd upon unhoſpitable earth,
From the firſt moment of his hapleſs birth.
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room,
Too true preſages of his future doom.
But flocks and herds, and ev'ry ſavage beaſt,
By more indulgent nature are increas'd.
They want no rattles for their froward mood,
Nor nurſe to reconcile them to their food,
With broken words; nor winter blaſts they fear;
Nor change their habits with the changing year;
Nor, for their ſafety, citadels prepare;
Nor forge the wicked inſtruments of war:
Unlabour'd earth her bounteous treaſure grants;
And nature's laviſh hand ſupplies their common wants.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE III.

Inſcribed to the Earl of Roſcommon, on his intended voyage to Ireland.

SO may th' auſpicious Queen of Love,
And the Twin Stars, the ſeed of Jove,
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O ſacred ſhip! be kind,
And gentle breezes fill thy ſails,
Supplying ſoft Eteſian gales,
As thou to whom the muſe commends
The beſt of poets and of friends,
Doſt thy committed pledge reſtore,
And land him ſafely on the ſhore,
And ſave the better part of me
From periſhing with him at ſea.
Sure he who firſt the paſſage try'd,
In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his ſide;
Or his at leaſt, in hollow wood
Who tempted firſt the briny flood;
Nor fear'd the wind's contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the ſhore;
Nor Hyades portending rain,
Nor all the tyrants of the main.
What form of death could him affright,
Who, unconcern'd, with ſtedfaſt ſight,
Could view the ſurges mounting ſteep,
And monſters rolling in the deep!
Could thro' the ranks of ruin go,
With ſtorms above and rocks below!
In vain did nature's wiſe command
Divide the waters from the land.
If daring ſhips, and men profane,
Invade th' inviolable main,
Th' eternal fences overleap,
And paſs at will the boundleſs deep.
No toil, no hardſhip, can reſtrain
Ambitious man inur'd to pain;
The more confin'd the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.

Thus bold Prometheus did aſpire,
And ſtole from heav'n the ſeeds of fire;
A train of ills, a ghaſtly crew,
The robber's blazing track purſue;
Fierce Famine, with her meagre face,
And fevers of the fiery race,
In ſwarms th' offending wretch ſurround,
All brooding on the blaſted ground;
And limping Death, laſh'd on by Fate,
Comes up to ſhorten half our date.
This made not Dedalus beware,
With borrow'd wings, to ſail in air:
To hell Alcides forc'd his way,
Plung'd thro' the lake, and ſnatch'd the prey.
Nay, ſcarce the gods or heav'nly climes
Are ſafe from our audacious crimes;
We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
And pull th' unwilling thunder down.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE IX.

BEHOLD yon' mountain's hoary height
Made higher with new mounts of ſnow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppreſs the lab'ring woods below;
And ſtreams with icy fetters bound,
Benumb'd and crampt to ſolid ground.

II.

With well-heap'd logs diſſolve the cold,
And feed the genial hearth with fires;
Produce the wine that makes us bold,
And ſprightly wit and love inſpires;
For what hereafter ſhall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

III.

Let him alone with what he made,
To toſs and turn the world below;
At his command the ſtorms invade,
The winds by his commiſſion blow,
Till with a nod he bids 'em ceaſe,
And then the calm returns, and all is peace.

IV.

To-morrow and her works defy;
Lay hold upon the preſent hour,
And ſnatch the pleaſures paſſing by,
To put them out of Fortune's pow'r:
Nor love, nor love's delights diſdain;
Whate'er thou gett'ſt to-day is gain.

V.

Secure thoſe golden early joys
That youth unſour'd with ſorrow bears,
Ere with'ring time the taſte deſtroys
With ſickneſs and unweildy years.
For active ſports, for pleaſing reſt,
This is the time to be poſſeſt;
The beſt is but in ſeaſon beſt.

VI.

Th' appointed hour of promis'd bliſs,
The pleaſing whiſper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kiſs,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyneſs feign,
And hides but to be found again;
Theſe, theſe are joys the gods for youth ordain.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXIX.

Paraphraſed in Pindaric verſe, and inſcribed to the Right Hon. Laurence Earl of Rocheſter.

DESCENDED of an ancient line,
That long the Tuſcan ſceptre ſway'd,
Make haſte to meet the gen'rous wine,
Whoſe piercing is for thee delay'd:
The roſy wreath is ready made,
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant Syrian oil that ſhall perfume thy hair.

II.

When the wine ſparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd friend cries, Come away,
Make haſte, and leave thy bus'neſs and thy care;
No mortal int'reſt can be worth thy ſtay.

III.

Leave for awhile thy coſtly country-ſeat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauſeous pleaſures of the great.
Make haſte and come:
Come, and forſake thy cloying ſtore,
Thy turret, that ſurveys from high,
The ſmoke, and wealth, and noiſe, of Rome,
And all the buſy pageantry
That wiſe men ſcorn and fools adore:
Come, give thy ſoul a looſe, and taſte the pleaſures of the poor.

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich to try
A ſhort viciſſitude and fit of poverty,
A ſav'ry diſh, a homely treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the ſtately ſpacious room,
The Perſian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

V.

The ſun is in the lion mounted high;
The Syrian ſtar
Barks from afar,
And with his ſultry breath infects the ſky;
The ground below is parch'd, the heav'ns above us fry.
The ſhepherd drives his fainting flock
Beneath the covert of a rock,
And ſeeks refreſhing riv'let's nigh:
The Sylvans to their ſhades retire;
Thoſe very ſhades and ſtreams, new ſhades and ſtreams require,
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging fire.

VI.

Thou, what befits the new lord may'r,
And what the city factions dare,
And what the Gallic arms will do,
And what the quiver-bearing foe,
Art anxiouſly inquiſitive to know;

But God has wiſely hid from human ſight
The dark decrees of future fate,
And ſown their ſeeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of ſtate,
When mortals ſearch too ſoon, and fear too late.

VII.

Enjoy the preſent ſmiling hour,
And put it out of Fortune's power.
The tide of bus'neſs, like the running ſtream,
Is ſometimes high, and ſometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempeſtuous flow,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiſeleſs gentle courſe
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force;
And trunks of trees come rolling down,
Sheep and their folds together drown;
Both houſe and homeſtead into ſeas are borne,
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their ſcatter'd ho-

VIII. [nours mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own:
He who, ſecure within, can ſay,
To-morrow do thy worſt, for I have liv'd to-day.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or ſhine,
The joys I have poſſeſt in ſpite of Fate are mine.
Not Heaven itſelf upon the paſt has power;
But what has been has been, and I have had my hour.

IX.

Fortune, that with malicious joy
Does man her ſlave oppreſs,
Proud of her office to deſtroy,
Is ſeldom pleaſed to bleſs;
Still various, and unconſtant ſtill,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in ſtrife,
And makes a lottery of life.

I can enjoy her while ſhe's kind;
But when ſhe dances in the wind,
And ſhakes the winds, and will not ſtay,
I puff the proſtitute away:
The little or the much ſhe gave is quietly reſign'd:
Content with poverty, my ſoul I arm,
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

X.

What is't to me,
Who never ſail in her unfaithful ſea,
If ſtorms ariſe, and clouds grow black,
If the maſt ſplit, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain,
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.
For me, ſecure from Fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot loſe,
In my ſmall pinnace I can ſail,
Contemning all the bluſt'ring roar;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly ſtars my ſafety ſeek
Within ſome little winding creek,
And ſee the ſtorm aſhore.

HORACE, EPODE II.

HOW happy in his low degree,
How rich in humble poverty, is he
Who leads a quiet country life,
Diſcharg'd of bus'neſs, void of ſtrife,
And from the griping ſcriv'ner free;
Thus, ere the ſeeds of vice were ſown,
Liv'd men in better ages born,
Who plough'd with oxen of their own
Their ſmall paternal field of corn.
Nor trumpets ſummon him to war,
Nor drums diſturb his morning ſleep,
Nor knows he merchants' gainful care,
Nor fears the dangers of the deep,

The clamours of contentious law,
And court and ſtate he wiſely ſhuns;
Nor bribed with hopes, nor dar'd with awe,
To ſervile ſalutations runs;
But either to the claſping vine
Does the ſupporting poplar wed,
Or, with his pruning-hook, disjoin
Unbearing branches from their head,
And grafts more happy in their ſtead;
Or, climbing to a hilly ſteep,
He views his herds in vales afar,
Or ſheers his overburden'd ſheep,
Or mead for cooling drink prepares,
Of virgin honey in the jars;
Or in the now declining year,
When bounteous Autumn rears his head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd pear,
And cluſt'ring grapes with purple ſpread.
The faireſt of his fruit he ſerves,
Priapus! thy rewards;
Sylvanus, too, his part deſerves,
Whoſe care the fences guards.
Sometimes beneath an ancient oak,
Or on the matted graſs, he lies;
No god of ſleep he need invoke,
The ſtream that o'er the pebbles flies
With gentle ſlumber crowns his eyes.
The wind that whiſtles through the ſprays
Maintains the concert of the ſong,
And hidden birds with native lays
The golden ſleep prolong.
But when the blaſt of winter blows,
And hoary froſt inverts the year,
Into the naked woods he goes,
And ſeeks the tuſky boar to rear
With well-mouth'd hounds and pointed ſpear;
Or ſpreads his ſubtle nets from ſight
With twinkling glaſſes to betray
The larks that in the meſhes light,
Or makes the fearful hare his prey,

Amidſt his harmleſs eaſy joys,
No anxious care invades his health,
Nor love his peace of mind deſtroys,
Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
But if a chaſte and pleaſing wife,
To eaſe the bus'neſs of his life,
Divides with him his houſhold care,
Such as the Sabine matrons were,
Such as the ſwift Apulian's bride,
Sunburnt and ſwarthy though ſhe be,
Will fire for winter nights provide,
And, without noiſe, will overſee
His children and his family,
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty, and over-labour'd, home:
If ſhe in pens his flocks will fold,
And then produce her dairy ſtore,
With wine to drive away the cold,
And unbought dainties of the poor;
Not oyſters of the Lucrine lake
My ſober appetite would wiſh,
Nor turbot, or the foreign fiſh
That rolling tempeſts overtake,
And hither waft the coſtly diſh;
Not heathpout, or the rarer birds
Which Phaſis or Ionia yields,
More pleaſing morſels would afford
Than the fat olives of my fields;
Than ſhards or mallows for the pot,
That keep the looſen'd body ſound;
Or than the lamb that falls by lot
To the juſt guardian of my ground.
Amidſt this feaſt of happy ſwains,
The jolly ſhepherd ſmiles to ſee
His flock returning from the plains;
The farmer is as pleas'd as he
To view his oxen ſweating ſmoke,
Bear on their neck the looſen'd yoke,
To look upon his menial crew
That ſit around his cheerful hearth,

And bodies ſpent in toil renew
With wholeſome food and country mirth.
This Morecraft ſaid within himſelf;
Reſolved to leave the wicked Town,
And live retir'd upon his own,
He call'd his money in;
But the prevailing love of pelf
Soon ſplit him on the former ſhelf,
He put it out again.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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